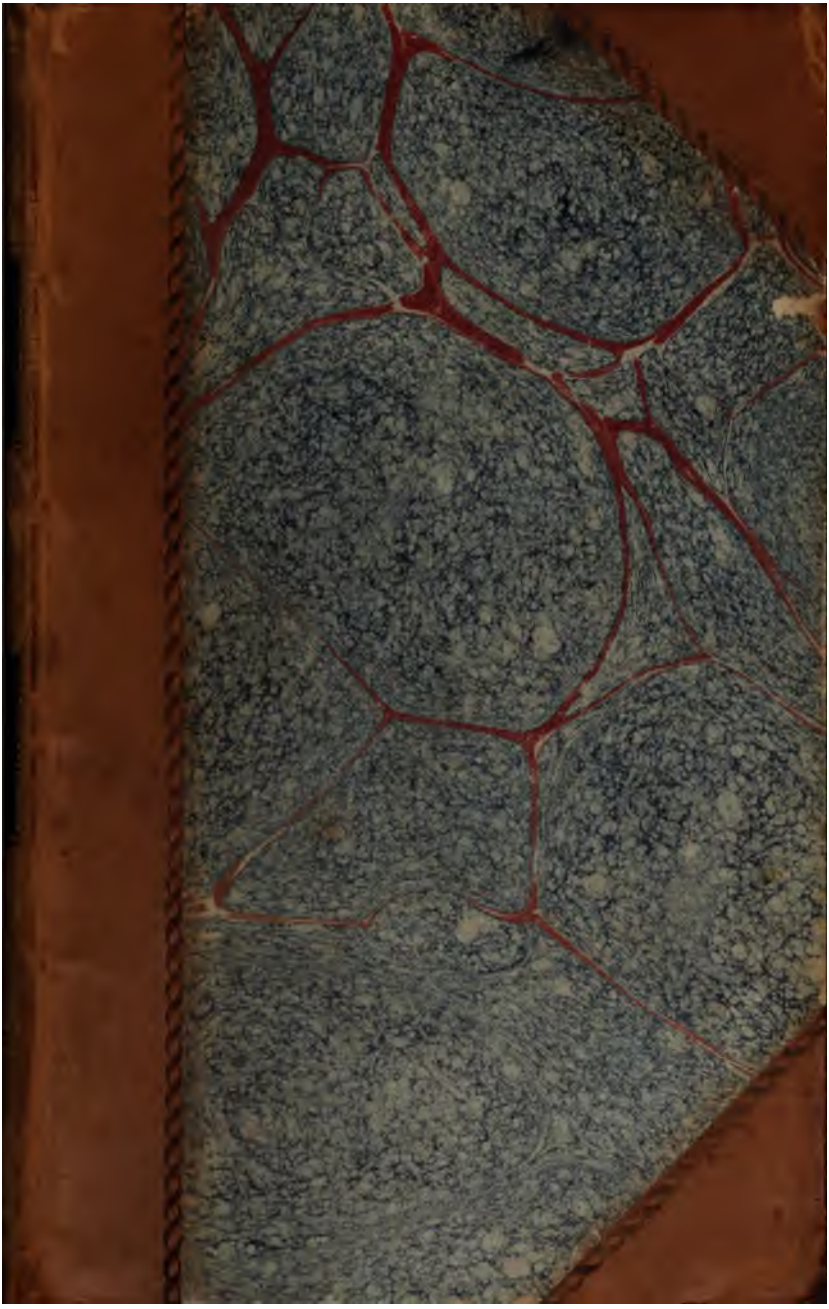

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

The Christian Lady's Magazine.

Edited by
Charlotte Elizabeth.

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R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE,
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MDCCCXXXIX.

PREFACE.

THE Editor of the Christian Lady's Magazine feels that in offering to the public another volume of the work so kindly fostered by their patronage, she has also to tender an apology for the many imperfections in this and the preceding volume, arising from a cause at length mercifully removed—the long-continued effects of an injury to the sight. She trusts that the work may now proceed under more favorable circumstances; and would at the same time express her most grateful acknowledgments to the friends whose ready aid has been doubly valuable during a period of no small trial.

It is at once the most agreeable and the most difficult of things to write a preface when the task has so often recurred as to leave the writer no untried subjects on which to touch. Eleven times has the summons been received, 'We want a preface for the volume now completed;' and as often have thanks for the past been given, and hopes for the future expressed. The debt of gratitude is increased, the gleamings of pleased anticipation are brightened, since the last half year closed; and the best return

that can be made to those whose kindness gives rise to both, is to assure them that the various causes in which they have interested themselves are flourishing. The Achill mission is a spreading oasis in the spiritual desert of poor Ireland's islands: the Edgworthtown institution is a tree of promise: among the rest, forty of the youthful aspirants to the ministry have become well acquainted with the Irish language, and will, by God's blessing, be able to preach the gospel in that tongue. St. Giles' Irish free schools are still open; and the blessings of scriptural teaching conferred on many a child of Popery and poverty. The Female Mission seeks and saves the victims of vice and destitution. Mrs. O'Neil's children are enjoying the advantages of a sound Protestant education; and in no instance does the work and labour of love, on the part of those who have so readily stretched out the helping hand, appear to have been in vain.

Trusting that the divine blessing may still rest on our humble labours, we thankfully close the volume, and anticipate the commencement of another.

June, 1839.

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JANUARY, 1839.

BY-GONE DAYS.

LITTLE did I think, when commencing these papers, what would be the result. The days have indeed long passed by, and the scenes are changed, and many who bloomed there, at the period I am recording, are 'faded and gone;' but some remain to recognize the hand thus faintly sketching events well remembered by them; and precious indeed are the breathings of love wafted across the wide Atlantic, from those warm hearts, homeward. It is a singular circumstance that the natives of Nova Scotia, though for generations past not one of their line, any more than themselves, may have beheld the shores of Europe, invariably speak of England as their home. Crossing for the first time the mighty ocean to visit our island, they call 'going home:' returning to their native land after such a trip is 'leaving home.' I knew it long ago; yet I was much struck, very lately,

by an instance of it. A young Nova Scotian friend using the expression 'since I came home,' in reference to the period of his sojourn here, I smiled at as a blunder, observing 'left home, you mean:' with a look of downright indignant warmth he repelled my correction, saying, almost sternly, 'No: is not England our home?'

'Would that this same England knew better how to appreciate the devoted attachment of such loyal, gallant hearts! Happy for her would be the day when, flinging far from her the wretched degrading expediency that fondles and crouches before traitors whom she ought to scourge out of her dominions, she should cast herself on the loving fidelity of her true children —her Protestant sons—the despised, insulted inheritors of those principles which here expelled the tyrant James, and established on the British throne a race worthy to rule the British nation; and abroad planted a noble seedling, now grown to a sheltering forest, under the shadow of which she might securely place the dearest interests of her faith and her crown. But, alas for England! a spirit of blindness has fallen upon her; and under its influence she pursues a course of inevitable self-destruction.

My business now, however, is with the past; and the scene opening to view is the snow-clad region of Annapolis Royal, in the grandeur of its mid-winter desolation: roads rendered utterly impassable, until the persevering labour of the troops, aiding that of the inhabitants, had effected an opening through enormous drifts, giving entrance to the welcome supplies concerning which we began to feel somewhat apprehensive. This was a favourable season for the poor Indians; their burdens of moose-meat found a

ready market; and be the roads what they might, the Indian hunter was not to be baffled in his skilful approaches to the white man's town. From a high window in my abode I used to watch the approach of these wild foresters, emerging from some by-path, their dark costume shewn off in striking contrast by the dazzling whiteness of surrounding objects—the loose garment of coarse, deep blue woollen, fashioned much like our waggoners' frocks, but reaching no farther than the knee; leggins of the same colour, but a stronger texture, often bordered with narrow scarlet, and coarsely sewn with the rough edges outwards; buskins and mocassins of undressed hides, and snow-shoes extending to a circumference of several feet, a strong net forming the basis, surrounded by a framework of cane, with a strap in the centre to admit the foot. This was an indispensable article; for in many places the snow covered pits of great depth; and it was, besides, too light to support the weight of man, unless the pressure of his feet was made to cover as great an extent of surface as these embraced.

On one occasion I saw an Indian thus accoutred in discourse with an orderly, who brought word to the commanding officer that the hunter had a living moose-deer to dispose of, at the low price of twenty dollars. This was a great wonder: slaughtering the Elk was an easy task to the Indian; but to capture him an achievement considered almost unattainable, through the extreme caution, timidity and fleetness of the gigantic game. The only method of accomplishing it was by surprising him in an open place, encircled by trees; and by cutting them down to form a fence through which he could not break. The animal too, rarely survived its capture, when ef-

fected: and a moose-deer healthy and vigorous, resigned to his fate, if not reconciled, was a possession on which a poor Indian might safely speculate as promising great profit. The bargain was struck: the usual form of earnest-money was complied with, two Indians witnessed the compact; and the morrow was fixed for commencing the arduous task of bringing home the prize, through twenty miles of intricate wood, morass, and mountain road.

Among the men in garrison was a private soldier, named Pierrot, marked for being the most high-minded and the most intractable, where those characteristics abounded. I cannot forget that man: it was said, and not doubted, that his rank in society had been such as to entitle him to exemption, could any thing have exempted a French subject from the sweeping conscription by which the great scourge of Europe, from time to time, filled the ranks with fresh victims to his unquenchable thirst for blood-bought conquest. Pierrot's aspect was confirmatory of the report: he was tall, graceful, and handsome: his features perfectly Grecian, with light brown crisp hair, and a loftiness of bearing that struck the observer as being nearer akin to aristocratic hauteur than to military pride: but the ashy paleness of his fine countenance, and the perpetual quiver of his lip as it curled in undissembled scorn of all around him, with the deadly malignity of a glance that seemed to covet annihilating power, made Pierrot an object of terror to many whom his general appearance would otherwise have strongly prepossessed. I have seen him dart that basilisk glance at some passing comrade with an expression that made me shudder; and in the next instant bend his eye on me with a look so deeply, yet I

could almost say so condescendingly humble, while the stiffness of a military salute softened into elegance, and the fierceness of menace into melancholy gentleness, that the recollection would haunt me for hours. I have seen him marched into the guard-house under arrest for some act of insubordination, while every line of his face laughed the proceeding to scorn: but his glance fell, his cheek flushed, and his proud step faltered, at perceiving that a female eye beheld his disgrace. Poor Pierrot had evidently known what it was to excite admiration in a rank of society where he could no longer move: and he was one of those wrecks over which Satan most exults—a soul alienated from God, utterly ignorant of the way of peace, goaded into aggravated rebellion by the chastising rod, and led captive at will by the fallen spirit. I never spoke to him—I never crossed his path when it could be avoided: but if we met, my notice of him was courteous as heartfelt commiseration could make it. I think he saw this; and the knowledge that I too was an exile from my home, and placed in circumstances not altogether enviable, might perchance appeal to his better feelings: his deportment seemed to denote it.

The towering pride of Pierrot's character elevated him above any thing that he might consider mean. I suppose the whole hoard of doubloons that the old store-keeper so carefully deposited in the bomb-proof magazine might have been entrusted to him, though no man's life would be secure in his keeping. Over his comrades he possessed more actual power than any of their officers could boast of: and his love of displaying this shone out, whenever opportunity was given for it. In an evil hour, the commanding officer

determined to avail himself of these two advantages; and to Pierrot was confided the hazardous enterprize of bringing home the moose-deer. I was an unobserved spectator when, at the door of my house, the dollars were counted out to the gratified soldier, in presence of the three Indians; a party of six comrades being placed under his command, very much against the judgment of some who had studied his character rather closely. Pierrot knew this; and it enhanced the distinction conferred on him. As he stood, in that graceful uniform, his head a little bowed, his foraging cap on one side, the light hair brushed from his expansive brow, and his marble cheek dimpled with the nearest approach to a smile that I ever saw upon it, Pierrot, receiving the confidential deposit, would have formed as fine a study for the pencil as artist could have wished; even without including the picturesque group and striking scenery around them.

Two musquets were allowed, one of them being Pierrot's; the remainder of the party carried only their side-arms. The young Indian hunter was to act as guide, to conduct them through the woods, deliver up the elk, and, if requisite to assist them in retracing their steps. I liked not the haughty air of Pierrot, as he ordered the Indian to proceed, nor the levity that was already manifested in the bearing of his party, who seemed to be amusing themselves at the expense of their guide, a most simple creature, evidently awe-struck at the martial air of his companions. I watched them while winding along the road, and secretly wished the elk had baffled his pursuers; or that, on any terms, the soldiers were safe in their quarters, and the Indian in his camp.

Next evening the serjeant-major came, in no small trepidation, to report the return of the men to garrison, with the money, and that he feared Pierrot had shot the Indian. He was followed by that individual, who, placing the dollars before his commandant, coolly related, that, after proceeding a little way into the woods, the guide had demanded the money, as the price of proceeding farther: that, on being refused, he had put on the snow-shoes, and commenced running away; and, when ordered to return, he had increased his speed: that, to intimidate him, Pierrot fired his musquet, loaded only with small shot, one or two of which might have reached him; but as he continued to retreat, he could not be much hurt. Seeing no other alternative, the party had returned. Cross-questioning elicited no contradiction of this story; the other men confirmed it, and it appeared likely that the matter would rest where it was; notwithstanding the general impression among the officers, that Pierrot had used his well-known influence over the rest, to bear him out in concealing some act of wanton cruelty. My mind was greatly disturbed, for I believed that the poor wounded Indian had been left to perish in the woods: but I could have done nothing, had not a helper been sent, in the person of one of the most genuine fine old Highland characters I ever met with. This was the ordnance store-keeper, whose philanthropy was as conspicuous as his loyalty—more so, nothing could be—and who seconded my representations of the danger to which the whole population, no less than the military, were exposed, from the vengeance of the tribe, by dwelling on the immutability of their law of retaliation, and by volunteering to become himself the conductor, if

the commandant would go in quest of the wounded man, and so assuage the wrath of his tribe.

After much importunity the point was carried: a party of officers and non-commissioned officers was selected; the gallant old Highlander put himself at their head, and taking one of the former detachment to point out the route, they entered on their journey. Half a day's march sufficed to bring them to a log-hut, belonging to one of the free negroes who are scattered about the woods; and there, stretched on a few pine branches, they found the poor fellow, with a great number of shot lodged in his side, from shoulder to knee; and looking for death with all the stoicism peculiar to his nation. Beside him sat his young brother, a lad of sixteen, who betrayed great terror on the entrance of the white men, and earnestly entreated them to let the sufferer die without farther outrage. It was quite evident to all that the act had been one of unprovoked aggression; and it was resolved, on the eloquent representation of my dear old Highland confederate, who had promised me to bring matters to that close, that the wounded man should be brought to my house, carefully tended by the regimental surgeon, and that in this way all disposition to revenge should be stifled in the bosoms of the tribe. I hope we had a higher object in view; but this argument told best for our purpose. The party returned; and a sleigh being prepared, the original aggressors were condemned to the ignominious office of publicly drawing into the town of Annapolis the poor despised victim of their cowardly attack.

Pierrot's rage on hearing this announcement knew no bounds. He not only swore to perish rather than submit to act as a draught-horse in the service of a

wounded savage, but uttered language of so seditious a tendency, openly inciting his comrades to mutiny, that he was forthwith consigned to the black-hole; while the rest, prudently counting the cost of such a line of conduct, silently obeyed. Long and anxious was my watch, towards the close of the day on which this third expedition took place: evening came, and a full moon, radiant in the glorious splendour that none can conceive who have not witnessed it in such a frozen clime, shed her light on the wide and varied waste of snow, ascending almost to the meridian ere the welcome sight appeared. And a singular spectacle it certainly was. Six riflemen, habited in the almost sable uniform of their corps, appeared, two and two, with long ropes thrown over their shoulders, drawing a low narrow carriage, placed, of course, not on wheels but on runners, and elevated but a foot or two from the ground, where lay at full length the poor Indian, resigned to his fate. Not so his young and most tender brother: the poor lad could not be persuaded but that the purpose of the white men was to kill their prisoner: and with most bitter cries, he ceased not to implore their mercy, repeatedly offering his own life as a ransom. Whether from shame, from cold, or what inducement I know not, but within a short distance of the town the soldiers commenced running at full speed, while the light car glided over the frozen snow rapid as thought, and the Indian youth kept close beside it, now wringing his clasped hands in agony, now flinging wide his arms, shrieking out his supplications for pity on his brother. It was a scene that might be witnessed once in a life; but I scarcely think any one has seen it twice. The officers, plumed, cloaked,

and mounted, brought up the rear, for their horses had been held in waiting at the entrance of the wood; while the Highland veteran, on his old, blind, but still spirited mare, exposed his stout-built frame to the atmosphere, with no other addition to the warmth of his usual clothing than was supplied by the glow of gratified benevolence, that cheered his heart and shone on his honest countenance.

The wounded man was speedily laid upon a comfortable bed, in the basement story of that immense wooden dwelling, originally built for the Duke of Kent, when Annapolis was the capital, and his royal highness the governor of the province. The wounds were carefully examined, a few shot extracted, poultices applied, nourishment administered, and the patient comfortably settled for the night. His dear young brother, who had hovered round with restless observation, could no longer doubt our amicable intentions; he smiled through his tears, accepted some refreshment, and having watched for a while the slumbers of his beloved charge, wrapped his blanket round him, sank by the sleeper's side, and slept also.

Pierrot, meanwhile, remained in arrest, awaiting the court-martial that he richly merited; but for some reason or another, of which I can merely record that it was satisfactory to two parties only, he received his commandant's pardon, and was set at liberty. I was too much engrossed by my guests, and the large circle of new acquaintance to whom they introduced me, to care much what became of the offenders: and to this introduction I trace up the close friendship that thenceforth bound me to the aborigines of the land. The rumour of our Indian's adventure had, of course, penetrated the recesses of

the wood; while the fact of his sudden removal, despite the pleadings of his brother, and his remarkable entrée into Annapolis, gave rise to many surmises. The best way of satisfying their minds was to visit the place; and my trusty Highland friend advised me to allow them free ingress and egress. There was no lack of room: my kitchen, near which lay the Indian's apartment, would admit some twenty without much crushing; and the enormous fire-place, consuming as it did logs of a yard or two in length in a continuous blaze, admitted a wide circle to enjoy its warmth. There I might be daily found, doing the honours to a dozen squaws, while their spouses visited the sick man; and if popularity be a prize worth gaining, certainly I was well requited for my attentions to those dear Indians. Few words passed between us: but words are not always essential to friendly intercourse. Smiles are of universal currency; and the poor squaw who sees her bright-eyed babe fondled in the arms of an admiring stranger, is not a whit less susceptible of pride and gladness than the refined and polished of her sex: I suppose I must not say she is more so. Each squaw who was not encumbered with a papousie in a cradle of bark slung behind her, was sure to exhibit a burden equally weighty, though less attractive, in a huge parcel of raw moose-meat. This was flung down on the floor, while the lady, drawing a short pipe from the pouch at her girdle, lighted it at the sparkling embers, and stood, with true Indian gravity, gazing alternately at the fire and at me. If I happened to have on a shawl or a riband that suited their taste, it underwent many handlings, under the familiar appellation of a 'doll-rag:' and the good humour with

which they were treated completely won their simple hearts. Oh, had I but then looked on them as the probable descendants of God's own Israel, sank in heathen darkness, rendered visible by the lurid glare of Popish idolatry, and myself as a Gentile, a Protestant, a depository of the knowledge that alone maketh wise unto salvation, how precious would those golden opportunities have been in my sight! When I try to number up the sins of omission alone, their number is greater than I can compass. If there was not a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and if the way to that fountain were not also open to me, where should I hide myself in the great and terrible day!

C. E.

THERE appears to be great and heavy calamities hanging over Europe at this time, and if it should please Almighty God that a few drops of that pelting shower should descend upon the heads of his own family, murmur not, but rather rejoice in the delightful consciousness of being individually locked in the concave of Jehovah's shield.—*Rev. W. Howels, March*, 1831.

AN EXCURSION.

No. II.

'Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.'—Virg. Ecl. vii. 5.

MADAM,

AFTER the love of self to which all other affections, I think, may either mediately or immediately be traced, the next affection in the category is the love of country; and this passion I believe is much stronger in the extremes of society than in the means, that is, in the most illiterate or the most refined of the human species; and the men who by their talents and genius have adorned the history of their native land are ever the proudest boast of its inhabitants. The poet Gray drank deeply at this well, and all must acknowledge that refinement could hardly arrive at a higher polish in the mind of any than it did in his mind; and had it not, he never could have penned these lines:—

'Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

And on a smaller scale you will perceive my meaning more fully illustrated in the dialogue that ensues:

'What,' said I to the intelligent guide who shewed me these things, 'what is the reason, think you, after all your advantages in this fine seat of learning and

amid so much natural talent as, unquestionably, your countrymen possess, that your scholars give so few books to the world, as the produce of their labours? What is the reason that Trinity College, Dublin, publishes nothing?'

'O see,' said he, 'if you will please to ask some of these young men just coming out of the hall the reason of this matter, they will, I know, answer for themselves.' And with that he ran up to a student that approached, and told him that a gentleman from England was making enquiries respecting the university, on some of which he was unable to satisfy him; and begged that he would be so good as tell the gentleman what he wished to know. It is no exaggeration to denominate this young student a tall Irishman, for he was certainly one of the tallest men I had ever seen, and almost as thin in proportion as he was tall, having a countenance replete with intelligence, and that displayed a playfully good disposition. He told me that he should be happy to give me any information in his power, respecting the Dublin university; and the day being fixed, we proposed a walk in the beautiful park attached to the college, that we might there converse without interruption or reserve.

When I first commenced: 'I am come, sir, all the way from England to visit this, your seat of learning, and make myself as much acquainted with the method of instruction pursued here as my time and opportunities will permit; and from what I have already witnessed, I imagine that I have discovered a cause sufficient to account for the motive that brought me hither.' To which the tall student replied,

'And, sir, may I know the especial object to which we are indebted for the honour you do us?'

'It is,' said I, 'to ascertain for myself the reason why your university obtained the appellation of silent sister?'

'Silent sister!' said my friend, 'It must have been in England you conferred on us that title; and it only proves to my mind, to a demonstration, that in England you know but little of us Irish; for had you waited for two months yet to come, and then paid us your visit, when we expeet an election to take place for a member to represent us in your senate, you should then declare, so far from the Dublin university meriting the title of the silent sister, that as she is the youngest and the most beautiful, so is she the loudest by much of the three. For we are threatened with a whig-radical candidate; and if he only make his appearance on the hustings, he will prove that we are not so mealy-mouthed as you may suppose us to be, and a thousand tongues will exclaim with one accord, as they did on a recent occasion, when they proposed a Stock (Dr. Stock) to represent us in parliament, and we cried out P-Shaw! (Shaw, the Right Hon. R. Shaw, one of the present members for the university) we will have neither stock nor stone among us.'

'O,' said I, interrupting this burst of zeal, 'Sir, you quite mistake my meaning. I did not allude to your power or willingness to speak out in the time of danger, for we in England are all satisfied on that point; but you never write any books here.'

'Write books!' he exclaimed, 'have you been to our library?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and a magnificent library it is.'

'Then why do you blame us for not writing books, when we are not able to read one thousandth part of

those already written to our hand? Until we shall have done reading those, or feel ourselves more adequate to write better, we judge it prudent to let writing worse books alone. And it is my own father, the Rev. —— ——, that can write when once the mood seizes him! He wrote a book about ten years back, and a funny book it was, for it made every body laugh at the stories it contained, except the priests, for you must understand that their reverences and my father seldom pull well together.'

'And what, may I ask, was the subject matter of this pleasant volume of your father's?'

'Why,' said my young friend, 'it was tales concerning the Irish natives of the present and olden times, which he picked up among the peasants and devotees of the seven churches in the county Wicklow, that wonderfully wild and beautifully romantic place. I dare say you may have heard, from travellers who visited that part of the kingdom, something of the seven churches of Wicklow, and the Dargle, and the glen of the Dowine, and the Meeting of the Waters. And other like stories did my father relate, in that same book, which he collected along the western banks and solitary isles of the deep rolling Shannon, and which he styles, 'A Tour to Lough Derg.' Ah, Sir, you English people may blame us for not writing; but my father declared to me, that these places appeared to him so fraught with many beauties, that he was quite unable to describe them; and deemed it far better to allow foreigners who should visit our shores to judge for themselves, if they do not beggar description. But then,' with a deep-drawn sigh he added, 'yet still there exists a moral blight on these fair scenes, and Popery has

placed her leprous hand, that infects with its contagion alike the crowded city and the romantic wild, on these glens and mountains, which, under the benign influence of pure Protestant bible principles, would rejoice and blossom as the rose. For, saith my father, never did a finer river wind its way into the ocean than that Shannon, nor ever did river wander through finer fields or more fertile plains than he; nor did the eye of man ever glance across a more delightful scene than is presented from the mountain tops, along the spacious lakes into which the Shannon at intervals expands, and those little green spots that arise from the azure surface, like emeralds shining in the sun's rays of a summer's eve; and yet Popery here holdeth her most entire, her most superstitious dominion, withering morally the minds of her sons and daughters, and marring the joy that otherwise should arise in the bosom of an enlightened Protestant. But,' said the youth, 'I am wandering from our subject, and must return. Did you not say, sir, that you thought you had found a reason sufficient to account for our comparative silence in the way of writing? Please to let me hear *your reason*, and I venture to assert that I shall tell you another reason worth two of that.'

'Thank you,' I replied, 'for the short digression you have made, and now for my reason, which is this:—I observed at the lectures at which I was permitted to attend, that either the lecturer took all the trouble on himself in addressing his audience, or else carried on the lecture in a catechetical form, *viva voce;* but I never saw a sheet of paper, pen, or ink in the room; whereas in England we receive most of our exercises on paper, and return them on paper

likewise, so that from the period we first go to school, until we quit college, we seldom are without a pen in our hands; and hence I think, that while you appear in the world as speakers, we come out writers. And yet I do not remember ever to have listened to a composition more splendid in diction, more profound in argument, or sounder in doctrine, than that which I heard from that austere-looking lecturer there, that assists the regius professor of divinity.'

'Dr. O'B. you mean,' returned he.

'Yes,' I replied, 'that is the man: but I do not admire names that have got the great O before them.'

'That,' said he, 'is mere English prejudice: had you only read the discourses he has just published, on "Justification by faith only," and which he previously preached in the College Chapel, you might indeed forget the author's name; but the discourses you could not well forget, for he too can write as well as my father, but in a different way. You boast, sir, in England, of the number of volumes published by your Oxford authors yearly; but I can tell you, if our professors and fellows published such heresy as I have read in some of them, namely, the writings of Dr. Pusey, Mr. Newman—and it is current too that your regius professor of divinity there is not more orthodox than even these gentlemen—we should feel it our duty politely to conduct them, by the sound of the great bell, outside the College walls, and let them there shift for themselves in the best manner they could.'

'I agree with you,' said I, 'that it would be much better for men to hold their tongues, and never take a pen in their hands, than spread such poison among the young minds of those who are to become the spi-

ritual instructors of thousands, in matters of the most awfully important moment, even the things of eternity. But have we not many great and good authors among us, whose doctrines and books correspond with their lives, and serve as an antidote to the poison diffused by these men you have just mentioned; such men, I mean, as Bickersteth, of Watton; Bridges, of Old Newton; Close, of Cheltenham; Noel, of London; together with Marsh, of Birmingham, and Stewart, of Liverpool; and among the Dissenters, Mr. Harrington Evans?

'Yes,' he replied; 'yes, you are now urging me closely; the very mention of such names renders you eloquent, though without paper; and the only way I can meet you on this point is, by acknowledging all you advance concerning these men, and did only such as they attempt to write, I would never lift my voice against a book. But then, sir, consider the small fry that appear every month, and as soon disappear; yea, weekly are they brought to the birth—I had almost said daily, for all the press of advertisements in that dogmatical but sound and invaluable print, the *Record*, is not able to procure for them half a perusal. And the multitudes that meet with a better fate, and longer existence, so occupy the minds of the good folks, that when I was in England I scarcely heard a word about the Bible, except in the churches; people had got so much to say about each fashionable work as it made its appearance. But I promised to assign a better reason than yours for our small number of publications, and here it is: let us divide the clergy of Ireland into fifties, as they occupy their several posts; and suppose £50 would enable each to publish a volume on some profitable

topic, on an average you will not find three of each fifty able to spare so much money from their families; and did the three that had it to spare publish, they could not find purchasers for their books; and some of our best preachers have become so from their not having paper to commit their discourses to, and consequently depending on the text alone for matter of instruction for their flocks.'

'Ah,' said I, 'that is a reason that never entered my head; I hope days more fortunate await them; they are a faithful band in a wicked and perverse generation; and after the fire of persecution has burned out, they shall come forth seven times purified from the flame, and no longer will your M'Ghees, O'Sullivans, Greggs, Nangles, and Stevens appear to have laboured in vain, for the seed sown in the storm shall be gathered in the calm, and the sun of righteousness shall arise on your native land to set no more; for the unfading promise is, "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea:" "and the angel of the Lord hath cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen: rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God hath avenged you on her."'

I have the honour, Madam, to remain,

AN ADMIRER OF FEW BOOKS BUT MUCH
CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. XVIII.

In my morning's reading were these words: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." (Matt. x. 37, 38.) What awful words they are—how few, if indeed any, can read them without a pang of self-reproach!

But I will not record the reflections that occupied my mind as I stopped to ponder over them—commonplace, such as had suggested themselves a hundred times before, and such as would probably occur to the mind of any reader of the same passage. 'One fact,' says the proverb, 'is worth a hundred arguments.' Let me turn from trite reflections to the instance of one who did leave all to follow Christ, who took up his cross, and proved by his conduct that he loved his Saviour better than father, mother, or friends.

David M—— was a Polish Jew. His countenance is before me now; pale and intelligent-looking, full of peace, notwithstanding an habitual touch of sadness, which shewed there was some secret sorrow, some 'cross' to be borne with patient submission. His thoughful blue eyes seemed hardly to belong to

a foreign land; but there was the peculiar expression about the mouth not to be mistaken by observers of physiognomy, who can distinguish in a moment by their form and movement, lips used to give utterance to a foreign tongue.

M—— was a trader in jewellery and other wares; his family were wealthy, and he himself, in his frequent visits to England, was acquiring means, which he looked forward to spending among his friends in his own dear country, Poland. During one of his journies through our land of light and liberty, he found the true riches, the pearl of great price; and, like the merchantman in the gospel, he went and sold all that he had and bought it.

The price was high—home, country, friends, domestic happiness, earthly prospects—all were to be given up. But he had deliberately counted the cost, and was resolved to leave all and follow Christ. He spoke in animated language of the peace and happiness he had enjoyed since he had found the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour; but when he mentioned the friends whom he was never to see more, his voice faltered, his lips quivered, and the colour forsook his face.

'Yes,' he said, 'I was very dear to my family once, but now I am dead to them; worse than dead, disgraced. In my country, when they hear of a man becoming a Christian, his friends and relations gather together, and perform the same rites as for the dead. A large wax taper is lighted, and kept constantly burning for ten days: the company sit on the ground, without shoes, uttering lamentations, and cutting their garments. The females of the house wear a black mantle for a year, and the name of the dis-

graced person is *never* afterwards mentioned. If by accident it escape any of the family, all who happen to be within hearing are bound to pronounce a solemn curse. This is the way with mine now in the place where I hoped to end my days; where I used always to find love and welcome after my long journies in distant lands.'

He turned away as he spoke, to hide the rising tear which betrayed but too well the depth and acuteness of his feelings. A passing emotion will call up the tears that seem to swell so naturally into a woman's eye; but when these 'waters of the heart' are wrung from the sterner nature of man, how bitter must be the pang that forced them there!

'You have no idea,' continued M——, 'of the horror with which Christianity is regarded among my Jewish countrymen. They know nothing of the religion of the New Testament, as it is practised in these countries; they judge of it only by seeing the idolatrous rites of Popery, the image-worship and mummery of every kind that goes on around them. In their opinion, heathenism is far preferable.'

This feeling against Christianity, mentioned by David M——, is not to be wondered at, for the customs of some of the members of the church of Rome on the Continent, are such as one would hardly expect to meet with among the most ignorant and darkened Hindoos. For instance, there are the Hungarian sellers of wooden ware, who go every season to Vienna to dispose of their goods. Each of these men carries about with him a little carved image of the Virgin, as his peculiar saint and patroness; and it is the commonest thing possible to see one of them, on a day when he has been unsuccessful in his sales,

turn into a bye street, take out the image, beat, kick it about, trample it in the dirt with angry spitefulness, and then, after having satisfied his vindictive feelings on the wooden offender, take her up, and putting her in his coat-pocket, march quietly off!

David M—— had preserved many relics of his Jewish belief. He shewed us the piece of cloth, about a quarter of a yard square, edged with a broad blue fringe, one of which he had constantly worn, night and day, from his earliest childhood until he became a Christian. This is worn on the breast, under the other clothes, and is intended to represent the fringes in the borders of their garments, which the Lord directed the Israelites to make, in Numbers xv. 38. The original design of these, however seems to be lost sight of by the modern descendants of Abraham in Poland; for, said David, 'In my country every Jew wears this as a talisman; he thinks no devil or wicked spirit can come near him when he has it on; thus substituting a superstition for the divine purpose, "that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them; and that ye seek not after your own heart and your own eyes."' The mode in which the phylacteries (which he also shewed us) are worn, seems equally little calculated to effect their original object of recalling the precepts of the law; for these, which are beautifully written on strips of parchment, are folded and enclosed in a little box about an inch square, carefully sewed up on all sides.

David M——'s Hebrew prayer-book was in my possession for some time. A translation was interleaved, and it had a curious effect to an unlearned person like myself, the beginning to read a book at

the end, if I may make use of an Irishism; page 1, being at the end of the volume, and page 200 at the commencement. The blank leaves were full of the owner's writing. There were Hebrew and German hymns, and many fragments of poetry, and expressions breathing the most ardent love to his country and friends, which afforded a touching testimony to the painful effort it must have cost the poor fellow to give them up. His love to the Saviour he had found must have been indeed great, to bear him through such a struggle, and enable him to come off victorious. It made a deep impression upon me at the time, and the verse in the bible, which gave rise to this morning's meditations, never fails to recal his case to my mind.

David M——, as far as any erring fellow-mortal might venture to judge, seemed truly, in this sense, "worthy of Jesus."

The expressions of his regret and affection were in several languages. The following English lines are a specimen of the rest.

Farewell to the land of my birth,
  Where all that are dear to me dwell,
The place I love most upon earth,
  O, land of my fathers, farewell!

And on another leaf—

Farewell my peaceful early home,
  For ever fare thee well!
Compelled, alas! from thee to roam,
  'Neath other roofs to dwell:
I linger on thy threshold yet,
  Another glance to take;
But, oh! I never can forget,
  Although I must forsake.

There are some things in the Hebrew prayer-book which might well be imitated by Christians—the graces, for instance. Some of these were very beautiful. There were, besides the graces before and after meat, 'A grace to be said at thunderings and lightnings,' 'A grace upon hearing of any one's death,' 'A grace to be said at seeing a person who has recovered from dangerous illness,' which M—— told us was always done in his country, on meeting the individual in the street or elsewhere. The 'Grace at seeing a rainbow,' struck me as very appropriate:—

'Blessed art thou, O Lord our God! King of the universe, Rememberer of the covenant, faithful in his covenant, and in performing of his words.'

Speaking of graces, the most earnest and heartfelt of these, so often merely verbal, thanksgivings, that I ever heard uttered, was in an Irish cabin. I had taken shelter there from a heavy shower of rain, and while the poor woman of the house, with her national courtesy, was wiping the best chair with her apron, and finding a place on the uneven floor, where it could rest with its four legs on the ground, I stood drying my garments by the fire, upon which a large pot of potatoes was boiling away most merrily. These were intended for the dinner of a labouring man, a half-witted, simple, poor creature, who lodged in the house. In a few minutes he entered the cabin, and, donning his hat, with a respectful salutation to me, went to seat himself in quiet expectation in a corner where stood a form and a little deal table.

The woman took the pot off the fire, and I shall never forget the look of eager hungry delight, with which the poor fellow eyed the smoking contents.

The process of serving them up was amusingly simple. In one moment I saw them all overturned into the tail of the good dame's blue frieze petticoat, through which the water was strained off, and whence they were very unceremoniously tumbled out into a bowl. The petticoat thus, at the imminent risk of scalding the wearer, 'contrived a double debt to pay,' was then well squeezed, and, after a shake or two, all was well again; and the smoking potatoes, flanked with a piggin[1] of thick milk, were placed on the table.

The hungry expectant gazed at the feast with intense satisfaction. I had been watching the preparations curiously, and now expected to see him begin at once to devour his meal. But no: he took up one of the potatoes, and looking at it, said, in a sort of half soliloquy, and with the most fervent devotion: 'Well, sure an' sure now, God is very good, glory be to his holy name! See here, he makes these grow down in the earth, sending rain, and sun, and fine weather, an' all in order that we might have our good dinner; thanks be to him for it this day.'

What a lesson might many of us learn from this poor fellow, so abounding in his gratitude for his most frugal repast; we whose luxurious tables are abundantly spread—whose mercies are renewed to us every morning—how often do we partake of them with thankless indifference towards the divine Giver, repeating over a mechanical grace, without once thinking of the all-bountiful hand which supplies us day by day with daily bread.

But to return to David M——. He was truly

[1] A little wooden drinking vessel, shaped like a fairy pail.

a striking example of the power of the Holy Spirit in subduing natural affections, or rather in shedding abroad the love of God so powerfully in the heart as to overcome the strongest instincts of nature. It is recorded of a poor weaver, of Shoreditch, in the reign of queen Mary, named Thomas Tomkins, that his persevering denial of the real presence in the sacrament, so incensed bishop Bonner as to cause him to hold the man's hand in the flames, until it was nearly consumed. And Tomkins afterwards told a friend that while his hand was burning his mind was so wonderfully sustained that he felt no pain: not even when the veins and sinews began to shrink, and the blood gushed out upon Harpsfield, who stood by, did he wince or stir from his firm position.

But what is bodily torture compared to the agony of having, for Christ's sake, to break through those fond and tender ties that have wound themselves into our inmost hearts, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength from earliest childhood. This is a cross that many—many Christians have to bear; their foes are of their own household; those who are near and dear to them regard their change of heart and life with consternation; and see them turning into a new path with surprise and dismay. Alone in his family the follower of Christ has often to tread that path, and struggle with the bitter feeling that he is wounding those over whom his heart yearns with the fondest affection; frustrating, perhaps, the cherished schemes of worldly advancement, which have cost affectionate parents years of toil and hope.

Thrice happy those whom God, in his mercy, has not called to bear such a trial as this! They who are

not forced to give up father and mother, brother or sister for the sake of Christ—whose natural affections do not come into collision with higher and spiritual duties. They should contemplate the reverse of the picture, in order that, with a sense of the benefit their deep and heartfelt thankfulness for it might abound.

M. F. D.

WITH reference to the children of God, the windings of a brook remind us of the vicissitudes in their guidance; being led first in one way and then in another. Here, a mountain opposes their passage; there, they cast themselves down from a rock, and are lost in foam and dust. Still they approach ever nearer their aim, the sea, by uniting themselves with a larger stream, which carries them along with it into the mighty ocean; when they entirely lose their peculiarity, and assume that of the sea, in which they lose themselves. God brings to nought that which is. We are nothing but froth and foam. Did we not continually receive supplies from the inexhaustible fountain of heaven, we should dry up like a brook. The great river is Christ: the ocean a blissful eternity.—*Krummacher.*

SCENES FROM HOME.

No. I.

TWO SABBATH DAYS.

PERHAPS few things are more striking or more conclusive, as to the religious character of a country, or rather as to the nature of the religion it professes, than a Sabbath spent among its inhabitants. I could not avoid making this remark during a recent tour abroad, and it may not be quite without its use, if I pen down a brief sketch of the widely differing scenes which gave rise to it. I will, therefore, endeavour to describe two Sabbath days, which I passed among people closely allied by descent, by language and by personal appearance, but 'wide as the Poles asunder' in creed, and consequently in morals, in manners, in comforts and cleanliness.

The first Sabbath after our departure from England was spent in a rocky island of the ocean, whose only town rises majestically from the bay below, exhibiting industry and commerce crowned by piety and learning; for the two most conspicuous objects in the view are a handsome church, and a splendid cathedral-looking college, facing the sea, from the very summit of the stately hill upon which the town is built.

In this happy, peaceful, Protestant spot, the first

sound that came to my ear, on the hallowed morning, was the voice of "Psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs," accompanied by that little mimic organ, the harmonicon; and these sweet notes I heard and joined in, until I left my chamber. In our walk to church, we were not shocked by any appearance of worldly business, or idle profligacy; we met only the grave, handsome, intelligent-looking citizens, repairing to their several places of worship. That to which we went was the conspicuous church we had seen and admired from the sea, on our arrival. The congregation was large and attentive, and all sang together, in a style that would have done credit to the choir of an English cathedral; such sweet and fluent warblings are seldom heard from so large a body of persons. Their melodies too seemed quite original; at least I never met with them elsewhere, nor with any thing resembling them, unless it be some of the simpler parts in Handel's choruses.

The pulpit was, on that day, occupied by a clergyman from a neighbouring island, as the newly-elected minister of the church had not yet taken possession of it. The discourse was admirable; perhaps a trifle too elaborate, but displaying a depth of pious zeal, and a mental wealth, which we do not always find in sermons. To those who know the Rev. John Brown, of Cheltenham, I should describe it, by saying that it more resembled his style of preaching than any other which I can at this moment recollect.

Our return home was through as quiet and Sabbath-like a scene as the walk to church had been: nor was our little *table d'hôte* less congenial to the feelings which the morning's service had occasioned. Our companions were three gentlemen of three different

countries, an Englishman, an Islander, and a Frenchman; but all united in the same bond of Christian fellowship. The two latter were Protestant pastors, and our own countryman, though not of the clerical order, had been very justly described, by our simple host, as 'a devout gentleman.' With such a party, the conversation was becoming the day, and we quitted the table only to visit the Sunday-school, where our countryman joined us.

Such a Sunday-school! I have seen many, in both England and Wales, but never one that might not have blushed before this. The management and instruction seemed to me much to resemble that highly intellectual culture of which we hear so much, as bestowed upon Irish-speaking children, by their teachers: there was a depth in the questions, and an intelligence in the replies, that I have not witnessed in my own country. The clergy and other gentlemen form a 'Committee of instruction,' and some one of them examines each of the four detachments into which the school is divided, for half an hour, every Sunday afternoon. There are in all four hundred children, (another school in the town contains two hundred and fifty,) and all might well be arranged in the noble apartment allotted to the senior girls, but in order to lessen the noise of so many voices, they are distributed into four rooms, according to their sex and age.

The books, or let me rather call them the registers, are of an amplitude and extent of particulars which seem peculiar to the place, and by means of which any child who has ever been in the school can be traced out, as to its subsequent abode, or its past conduct at any given time. The teachers also are marked down with great precision; the causes of

absence, at any past period, being stated with equal exactitude. We were kindly allowed to inspect and enquire as much as we pleased, and received every information which we could desire.

Our party then repaired to the burial ground, to enjoy an hour of quiet meditation on all we had seen and heard. This peaceful spot appears to overhang the sea, and commands a lovely view of the neighbouring islets. The broad glow of sunshine which rested upon the deep blue ocean seemed only a symbol of the moral and spiritual light so widely shed over this happy spot. All was bright, yet calm and solemn, just as a Sabbath afternoon ought to be. It is true that our walk had not extended to the lower part of the town, where its sea-port character might have produced a different appearance, but we were told that even there the Sabbath is very decently observed.

Indisposition prevented my accompanying my friends to church in the evening, but though I could not join in the prayers of that congregation, I had the full opportunity of hearing the loud choral praises of another, situated so near the house, that not only was every note of the tune audible, but I fancied, now and then, that I distinguished the very words of the hymn.

At night, the notes of the harmonicon, accompanying the sound of domestic praise, closed, as they had begun, one of the calmest and most delightful Sabbaths I ever remember to have spent.

Perhaps my readers will say that I have overcoloured my picture. I do not feel guilty of having done so; but it may be that the devout order of that day is thrown into brighter relief in my memory by

the sad contrast of those that followed. I must hasten to sketch the darker picture, though I would far sooner linger amongst the sunny glow of that sweet and happy island.

A subsequent Sabbath dawned upon us in a far different scene. The first morning sounds were not of praise, but of traffic; the hurrying feet were pressing on to the market, not to the church; every shop was open, every artizan was at work, and all trace of the Sabbath was obliterated, save by the gay dresses of some among the people, who had exchanged their week-day garb of dirt for their Sunday dress of finery, and by the occasional sound of bells from "the idol's temple;" for inimitably lovely as that structure is, I cannot call it by any other name, since 'Notre Dame de C——s' is not only its patron saint, but its chief object of worship.

We enquired for an English church, but in vain; then for a Protestant one, but were informed that there was 'no Protestant *mass*,' an announcement which made us smile at its oddity, while we deeply regretted its truth. We therefore read the service of our own church among ourselves, and sighed for a more public exhibition of its pure and beautiful devotion.

The town, meanwhile, was in a complete bustle; everybody seemed to be abroad. Many now began to appear with their breviaries in their hands, proceeding to the different Popish churches, especially to the above-named beautiful cathedral, where the usual absurdities and idolatries of high mass were going on.

This was the order of the morning. In the afternoon, promenades, parties, and various amusements

relieved the dullness of their devotions, and the town very much resembled the scene of an English royal oak day, or other public festivity.

There was not, indeed. what we subsequently saw elsewhere, the business of repairing and cleaning docks proceeding during the day, with all the knocking, shouting, and singing usual in similar occupations; for C——s is an inland town, and had no public works to be proceeded with.

The only Sabbath-like sight I saw was a well-dressed young woman, in a window opposite to ours, intently reading what we could not mistake for anything but a Bible. I half suspected she was an English girl; but, whoever she might be, she was the only being I saw, beyond our own chamber, occupied in anything pleasing to witness on that sacred day. We gladly shut out the busy external scene, by descending to dinner; but here matters were not at all improved. The company were all gentlemen, as before; but they were strangers to us, and their conversation was frivolous and unprofitable. The opera, the weather, dress, and the gossip of the town occupied all their words, and apparently their thoughts also; and altogether they afforded us a very fair specimen of that flippancy and conceit which we English so often and so justly ascribe to our French neighbours. We soon returned to our own room, and were glad to close the day with quiet reading and family prayers.

Such is the contrast presented by two nations, within six or eight hours' passage of each other, who speak nearly the same language, and, if taken individually, much resemble each other in personal appearance, especially the female portion of them;

and yet perhaps two Sabbaths more completely dissimilar could hardly have been passed in opposite hemispheres.

But the secret of this difference lies, as men say, 'in a nutshell:' the reason of it may be told in a few words—the first Sabbath was spent in PROTESTANT Guernsey, the second in POPISH France.

A. F.

'We spend our years as a tale that is told.' How stirring, how intensely interesting was the tale, while our attention was rivetted on its succeeding particulars: and what a chaos of half-forgotten images does the retrospection place before us! We marvel that ever it could excite such powerful emotion in our breasts; and almost despise ourselves for having been so easily beguiled of precious moments, now lost for ever. Is it not so with that dreamy tale, our past life? Do we not view it in like manner, half pitying, half contemning our earnestness in what we now feel to have been trifles? Oh that the thought may quicken us to redeem that which remains.

HOME EDUCATION.

THE principal point which is discussed in this chapter, is 'that beneficent constitution of our nature, which renders infancy and childhood, as distinguished from youth and manhood, the season of spontaneous felicity.... The natural felicity of childhood might in truth be assumed as the guiding principle of all education; and more especially so of that which is carried on at home.' (p. 31.) This spontaneous felicity is thus explained by our author: 'Adults look for external aids and means of enjoyment, and are happy in the gratification of specific wishes or desires; but an infant—simply protected from positive suffering, is happy from the stock of its own resources, by the perpetual rise of joyous emotions, having no determinate direction, as they burst abroad, like rills from a hill top, and which sparkle and dance as they glide away.' (p. 32.) We have often seen this sparkling dancing joy in infancy and childhood, springing up without any obvious external cause, bursting forth with an exuberance that spreads life and animation throughout a family; and even as "the heavens" (though without speech or language) "declare the glory of God," so does this infantine childish joy declare his goodness, shewing forth, even amidst the ruins of the fall, that God originally created man for happiness. Oh! this

spontaneous felicity should be carefully shielded; no needless command should restrain, no frown should chill it. It 'requires only to be defended from positive disturbance.' 'It may be' (the caution is most important) 'curtailed or totally dissipated, by an excessive and anxious interference, intended to promote it. The happiness of children is not a something to be procured and prepared for them, like their daily food; but a something which they already possess, and with which we need not concern ourselves, any farther than to see that they are not despoiled of it.' (p. 33.) That children *already possess* happiness is of course true, and our author would affirm it only of infancy unconscious of actual sin, and of childhood where divine grace in some measure reigns in the soul. A nature prone to sin, and above all sin indulged, is a positive disturbance to the child's happiness: from this it must be carefully defended by moral and religious training, carried on in a spirit of faith, and love, and prayer.

We shall not follow our author through his interesting investigation of 'those laws of the human mind, whence results the spontaneous felicity of childhood.' (p. 33.) While 'a young person....asks large supplies of external excitement, and is ever eagerly in quest of extensive means of gratification,' our author considers a child as drawing 'its happiness, with very slender aid of external means, from the boundless field of its own conceptions, and from the treasures of its own unspent emotions' (p. 34); and we think the opinion, paradoxical as it may seem, founded on truth. But in developing his views, our author has not noticed the most important class of emotions, of which a child, and even an in-

fant, is susceptible—emotions of a moral character. As soon as the infant begins to recognize those about it, the mother's smile of love kindles up a corresponding affection in its breast. It not only feels, as the mere animal may feel, the care and kindness bestowed upon it, in its nourishment, and in the protection thrown around it: but it reads in the mother's countenance the emotions from which this care and kindness spring. Not that it reasons on the subject —the love of the mother is perceived and felt; and (according to a wise and resistless law, ordained by Him who made both parent and child) it lights up in the infant's heart a flame of love, which shines forth in its brightened countenance. The language of the heart is understood between them, before they are able to communicate with each other in words. And this mutual love is a vivid source of happiness to the infant as well as to the parent. Confidence in the parent follows—the infant will not go to a stranger. It is conscious of protection while with its parent; and this confidence also is a source of happiness: as the infant advances into childhood, this love, this confidence expands, and, under affectionate and judicious management, are matured. Then is the season, when, not obtrusively, but in well chosen moments of peace and quietness, the child may be told of the love of its heavenly Father, and of the ever watchful care with which he watches over his child, not only during the day, but in the silent hours of the night, when its earthly parents, as well as itself, are asleep. It may be told of Jesus, the Son of God, taking little children in his arms, and blessing them, and saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the

kingdom of God;" and then taking them in his arms, and putting his hands upon them, and blessing them. By training and instruction such as this, may the seeds of the love of God, and faith in him, be early sown in the child's heart, associated with happy emotions, and springing up in unearthly happiness. Much more might be written on this interesting topic; but we must return to our author.

From the provision which the Creator in his beneficence has made, for the happiness of infancy and childhood, our author justly infers, 'that it is, in a sense, a religious duty to make the happiness of infancy and childhood our main care, in whatever relates to early education;' and, he adds, 'this happiness, as every one knows, demands nothing so imperatively as good government and moral training. This first law of education, sanctioned as it is by the clearly expressed will of God, must be held to condemn at once every mode of instruction, and every principle of treatment, which in any degree trenches upon the gay felicity of early life.' (p. 38.) He traces the awful consequences of the opposite system, in debilitating and vitiating the constitution both of body and mind. But the question occurs, By what influence and by what method are that 'good government and moral training,' to be established and maintained in a family, which are so essential to the happiness of the children? Government and moral training imply restraint, and restraint, abstractedly considered, seems opposed to happiness, at least to the happiness of the moment; and is, we fear, often so considered by parents. We doubt whether it be so universally acknowledged, as our author thinks it

is, however certain the truth, that the happiness of childhood 'demands nothing so imperatively as good government and moral training.' Our author successfully solves the enigma in his next chapter—the third.

'The words LOVE and ORDER, although not synonimous, are absolutely inseparable in relation to the domestic system. If in a family we must not look for order without love, so neither can love exist, or be preserved without order. By ORDER, I mean absolute government and perfect obedience.' (p. 61, 62.) We would add, that this absolute government and perfect obedience may easily and naturally be established, if it be established *from the first:* while the love and confidence which parental love and care elicit in the infant are fresh and lively, the child will seldom disobey a command given with firmness and kindness. The *first* attempt to resist parental authority—and such an attempt will be made, perhaps in the first buoyancy of childhood, seldom with deliberate purpose—the *first* attempt to resist parental authority should be calmly and steadily put down; put down in a way that will shew the hopelessness of success in any future attempt, and it will not soon be repeated. We say *calmly and steadily*, as a thing of course: the parent should not 'lift' (to use our author's words) 'the arm of authority, when the raising of the finger would suffice. An indiscreet anticipation of resistance never fails to suggest it.' (p. 71.) 'It must, indeed, be thoroughly understood throughout the house, that a father has, not only the power, but the prompt resolution to enforce submission to whatever he may command: but it is enough, if this be tacitly known; the fact need very rarely be brought under notice.' (p. 72, 73.)

We would further observe, that while the child should never be allowed to dispute the parent's authority, the parental authority should be so exercised as to cherish in the child's mind the impression made in infancy of confidence in the parent's love, a persuasion that the parent seeks to promote the child's happiness. All arbitrary and needless commands should be avoided, and as few occasions as possible given for disobedience. It may be matter of consideration how far, and under what circumstances the parent may wisely assign to the child a reason for a command; absolute obedience must, in the first place, be established; and then, if any command be given which is known to be unpleasant to the child, the parent may wisely so far assign a reason for it as to satisfy the child that the sacrifice of its own inclinations is only required for its own real good; and when, as may not unfrequently happen, the reason, if assigned, would be beyond the child's comprehension, the child may be called upon to trust the parent's love, and this exercise of filial confidence will not be useless as moral training.

A parent, who has secured the affections and also the obedience of the child, may still further gain its love without endangering parental authority, by becoming to the child 'the leader and author of pleasures, and especially of such as are in any way vivified by intelligence,' (p. 73.) and in so doing the parent may acquire an insight into the child's character, which perhaps otherwise he would not acquire.

We have already said that as few opportunities as possible should be given for disobedience: no needless command should be imposed, nor should rigid rules be laid down, where such strictness is unneces-

sary. 'Stern punctuality in a family,' says our author, 'effected by force of statutes and penalties, indicates a low temperament of the affections. Let there be, as matter of convenience, the ringing of the bell at certain times, but the bell should not sound in the ears of children as a token of dismay: the minute hand of the clock may be referred to, for guidance, but it should not, in the eyes of children, be invested with terrors, as if it were Old Time's iron sceptre.' (p. 75.)

We must not close our observations on our author's third chapter without quoting the following important passage:—

'I cannot avoid a passing reference to the fact of the very happy influence of a due and fervent attendance upon religious exercises, public and private, in bringing the mind home to its resting and to its starting points, and in favouring its recovery of that clearness and freshness of perception, and of that well-poised self-control and easy appliancy, which are lost in a course of severe application. I am prepared to affirm that, to the studious especially, and whether younger or older, A SUNDAY WELL SPENT—spent in happy exercises of the heart, devotional and domestic; a Sunday given to the SOUL, is the best of all means of refreshment for the mere intellect: a Sunday so passed is a liquefaction of the entire nature—a dispersive process, dispelling mental cramps and stagnations, and enabling every single faculty to get its due in the general diffusion of the intellectual power.' (p. 77.)

Doubts have sometimes been felt what restraint should be imposed on children, while not of an age to devote the Lord's day, or the whole of it, to its

proper purposes. To debar children of such an age from amusing themselves can have no other effect than to convert the day, which should be a day of holy joy, into a day of gloom; and has an obvious tendency to give an early distaste for the day, and even for the services of religion. Nor can it be our Lord's will to require such abstinence from those who as yet are unable to profit by the sacred employments of the Sabbath, and to whom even reading is labour. But, at a very early age, the child may be made to understand that the day is set apart by God as a day of rest from worldly labour, as a day for reading his holy word and worshipping him at home and at church: and that the child, though at present unable to devote the day to religious duties, should as little as may be interfere with its being so employed by those about him. The child may be taught, on that day, to choose (from consideration for others) such amusements as will least disturb them; and, when thus instructed with kindness and affection, will soon abstain, on the Lord's day, from noisy play, and ere long put away on the Saturday night those toys which cannot be used without withdrawing others from the appropriate employments of the Sabbath. The child, as it grows older and can read with ease, will altogether lay aside toys and resort to books on the Sunday. Then should care be taken to supply the child's library with books; and happily the present age furnishes many books which, while they are calculated to interest the young mind, supply religious instruction and instil Christian principles. Not that it will be necessary, at an early age, rigidly to forbid the reading of other books—the child, seeing that others in the family select for Sunday reading

particular books, will soon inquire which of his own books are fit for the Lord's day, and will of his own accord read them, and not others, on that day.

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUITY OF THE CHURCH OF THE VALLENSES.

THAT neither the Vallensic nor the Albigensic churches could have been founded by Peter, of Lyons, is fully established by the unanimous testimony to their high antiquity, which is borne even by the writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The first evidence is the official testimony of an inquisitor, (Reinerus Saccho, once himself a Vallensian, and afterwards an apostatic persecutor of his former brethren) now or lately preserved in the public library of the University of Cambridge. This person states, that when, in the thirteenth century, the Albigenses were driven, by the Crusaders, from the south of France, they fled to the valleys of the Alps. Here they joined themselves to a community, professing the same religious sentiments as their own, which community is described by the inquisitor, as having then existed in the Piedmontese valleys of the diocese of Turin, *from a period far beyond the memory of man.—Extract from Faber's Sacred Calendar of Prophecy.*

THE IDOL SELF.

WHY sits the prophet alone, without the gate? Nineveh, 'that great city,' rejoiceth still in her prosperity. Why then casts he anxious and foreboding eyes on the heavens and the earth? No fiery storm hath covered the face of the heavens; the sun shines forth in the midst of an eastern sky, such an one perhaps as that whose depth of light the Psalmist might have looked upon, when he uttered that glorious proverb, "Commit thy way unto the Lord.... And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day." (Psalm xxxvii. 5, 6.) The earth, glad in its beauty, is covered with the rich luxuriance of an eastern land—no fearful chasm has been rent in it—it opens not to swallow up the guilty city—no hostile army is encamped against the walls; without is security, within is peace. The pardon hath been decreed: "God saw their works, that they turned from their evil ways: and God repented of the evil that he had said that he would do unto them; and he did it not ....But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry." (Jonah iii. 10; iv. 1.) What! would he rather that a vast city should perish in utter destruction, than that the words of his prophecy should fail? We stand appalled perhaps at the thought; but without seeking to look further into the prophet's heart, let us leave him with that mereiful God, whose

reproof of gracious compassion was conveyed only in the withering of a gourd; and consider how far we also, to gratify the feelings, the honour, or the love of self, have not often been displeased with the purposes of his eternal wisdom, and 'very angry.'

Deep in the recesses of the human heart reigns the idol self; there, adorned with every ornament that vanity and delusion can furnish it with, and exalting itself alike above the love of God and the love of man, it is fed with all the daily incense that can be procured for it by the soul, which would sometimes, if possible, turn the world from its course, rather than that offering should cease, or the altars of its idol be thrown down; but when the heart is purified to become the temple of the Lord, the idol must be utterly removed and taken away. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart....Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.....On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." The spirit of love is incompatible with the spirit of selfishness.

We did not come into this world to please ourselves, nor have we any right to consider that our own happiness in it is to be the ultimate end of our endeavours. Our Saviour represents us as those whose talents are lent upon trust—as labourers in a vineyard not our own—as stewards of a master's property—as servants performing their appointed tasks, and waiting for their rest until the coming of their Lord: therefore, in the common events, in the everyday course of our lives, we should consider, *not* how we are to please ourselves, but how we are to please our God. "If any man will come after me," says our Saviour, "let him deny *himself*, and take up his

cross daily, and follow me." Yes, "daily," for what day of our lives can pass, in which, to follow Christ, we must not make some sacrifice of our own feelings, our own wishes, our own desires? But the language of the natural heart is, "Take thine ease;" and, intent upon securing this, life but too often slips away in a variety of occupation which concerns ourselves alone, and in which we rarely consider the glory or the will of our God. Let the soul, retiring into the chambers of thought, recall past events and present purposes. When they are justly divided into those in which we were truly influenced by a desire of serving God, and those which had reference to self—blessed is he in whose heart the latter shall not outnumber the former —more, far more, than the seeds which perish in the bosom of the earth outnumber the ears of corn which spring from it;—more, far more, than the leaves which fall in the pathless forest outnumber the blossoms whose fruit is perfected for the use of man!

But "he that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life shall find it," (Matt. x. 39.) he that is willing to give himself up to God, not only in word, but in thought and deed, shall find that contentment which elsewhere he must long seek in vain. It is a recognized principle, that individual must give place to public good; and as the laws of society and the laws of a country are generally based upon congregate, not solitary, arbitration, this is the end usually consulted by them; and the individual, however impatiently he chafes under his sufferings, is obliged to endure them for the welfare of others. But with far different emotions the Christian contemplates the world, and all the course of its events,

as under the government of God. Should those events press heavily upon him—should they seem to be contrary to his happiness, destructive of his peace, he knows they but seem so; it is not that the welfare of one must give place to that of a thousand; it is not that the thing ordained is for the benefit of the community, and therefore he must submit to it; no: every thing is for his positive advantage, though he may not now perceive it; for God, by whom all things are fore-ordered, hath likewise declared that he hath so fore-ordered them, that they shall work together for good to them that love him. (Rom. viii. 28.)

When affliction comes upon the person whose happiness is centered in this world or in himself, it is like a thick cloud rising over the face of the sky, and shutting out from the sight of the mind every star of peace and consolation. When it comes upon the Christian, it cannot hide from him those stars of his soul—the peace and consolation of his God, it is like the thin veil of the northern aurora, through which shines unobscured every light of the firmament.

How beautiful and how true to nature is the scene depicted by the pen of one of our first writers upon the moral character, where Imlac and the Abyssinian prince visit the philosopher, from whose lips they had heard, but yesterday, the maxims of that wisdom which was to guard them against the evils which threaten, of that fortitude which was to support them under all the sufferings which embitter life. 'His child is dead, and he is OVERWHELMED with grief!' The virtue, the fortitude, the calmness, he so eloquently described, are vain; human nature has not strength thus to protect itself; they are useless as

the heavy armour which hangs up in the ancient halls, and with which we could not arm ourselves, even were it a certain defence against every weapon which could be aimed at us.

> Many are the sayings of the wise,
> In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
> Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
> And to the bearing well of all calamities,
> All chances incident to man's frail life.
> Consolatories writ
> With studied argument and much persuasion sought,
> Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
> But with the afflicted in his pangs, their sound
> Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
> Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
> Unless he feel within
> Some source of consolation from above,
> Secret refreshings that repair his strength,
> And fainting spirits uphold.[1]

Thus it is with the Christian, armed in the whole armour of God, he stands, or should stand, against affliction as against temptation, with a strength which the world knoweth not. He hath also a consolation which the world knoweth not; and living no longer for himself, but for Christ, he becomes united to him, and tastes of that peace which is unfailing, that peace of which our Redeemer spake, when he said, "My peace I give unto you;" that peace which the prophet hath emphatically said is "as a river." Earthly enjoyments are as the fountain which plays for an hour, and is seen no more—its source is dried up: the peace of God flows on unceasingly, a mighty river, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

But if love to God is one of the everlasting pillars

[1] Samson Agonistes.

on which rest the law and the prophets, the other is—Love to man. 'Love thyself,' if not the avowed, is at least the practical maxim of the world. "Let every one of us please his neighbour, for his good to edification," is the language of the bible. A prophet's wisdom, an apostle's faith, a martyr's zeal, are nothing without that spirit of universal love to mankind, which is called in the code of Christian laws by the blessed name of "charity." But how can the spirit of universal love reign in a heart where self is the paramount object? How can he seek his neighbour's good, whose whole thoughts are occupied in his own?

But perhaps it may be thought that few in this world live only for themselves; that most have some dear friends, some loved connexions, in whose presence they dwell at ease, as the prophet sat well pleased beneath the shadow of his gourd; and for whose welfare and happiness they are more concerned than even for their own. This is most true; but however ardently the heart responds to this natural impulse, let it not think it is *thus* fulfilling the law of Christian love. It hath pleased God, amidst the profusion of gifts wherewith he hath enriched his ungrateful creatures, to implant in the human heart deep feelings of love and tenderness, which, often unproduced by the merit, and unbroken by the ingratitude of those who are the objects of them, spring up in strength and beauty, and bind with a strong enduring clasp husband to wife, parent to child, sister to sister, friend to friend; drawing together into one happy band, the loved inmates of HOME.

These affections are necessary to human nature.

Left in loneliness, we struggle feebly and wearily against the difficulties which beset the path of life, but helped forward by the love and sympathy of others, we move more gladly on our way; as the boat impelled by a single oar goes slowly along the stream, whilst that urged on by many a hand, readily surmounts each gathering wave. But let not the father, whose whole existence, perhaps, is occupied in providing for the comfort of his family,—let not the mother who gathers her own happiness from that which is reflected in the looks of the precious children who surround her,—let not the child, whose grateful tenderness seeks to repay the debt,—nor the sisters, whose love began before memory assumed her office, and has lasted unaltered through all the changes of this trying world,—let them not dream that this is the fulfilment of that law, which first shone forth in its full radiance on the sacred pages of the New Testament—the law of Christian love, which reaching far beyond the bounds of family, of friends, and of country, embraces all mankind, and calls upon those who profess themselves the children of God, to seek the welfare of others as their own, to love their neighbour as themselves.

Nor let it be thought it is bounded by the limits of Christian fellowship. Is it not written, "Add to brotherly kindness charity."—"Do good unto all"? Where, in what class of human beings, from the highest in moral worth and intellectual attainment, to the lowest that moves on the face of this earth,—where shall we find an exception to the blessed commandment? Hath not our Saviour said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despite-

fully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven. For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." There is no human being that is not the object of God's care, that hath not been created, preserved, provided for, by Him; not one to whom, notwithstanding their daily sins, corruptions, and evil doings, he doth not shew his infinite compassions and long-suffering love. Were it not so, the sun would cease to shine on them, the moon would withdraw her light, the earth would deny them her increase, the heavens their refreshing rain. Let then this remembrance be as a perfect glass, through which we may look upon our fellow-creatures, not through the distorting medium of our own passions, interests, or prejudices.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Thus spoke our Redeemer, in the spirit of that glorious Wisdom which "the Lord possessed in the beginning of his way, before his works of old." Truly the choice is his. Who can renounce himself, and follow Christ, unless God giveth grace? Who can remove from its high seat the idol self, unless God giveth strength? But where he hath given this grace and strength, let the soul seek to break that idol in pieces, and cast it upon the graves of the passions which ministered to it, as Isaiah broke the images of Baal, and strewed their dust upon the graves of them that had sacrificed unto them.

M. A. S. BARBER.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

No. V.—Esther.

The believer, in the anticipation of any approaching trial, is relieved of a portion of his dread expectation, so soon as he is enabled to cry, out of the depths of his anguished spirit, "nevertheless not my will but thine be done." Then is he comforted, even in the near prospect of affliction, and strengthened to meet it, by the heavenly influences which descend upon his soul. (Luke xxii. 42, 43.) Then peace, that peace which passeth understanding, takes possession of the heart, and, like a well-ordered garrison within, and watchful sentinel without, secures it from alarm or danger. But peace once installed, does not ever after retain its rule; the conflict is renewed, and that citadel which had upon its walls a banner inscribed with loyalty to Jehovah, surrenders to doubt, discontent, and dismay. In these instances, prayer is the only refuge, the only means of recovery for the harassed soul; and accordingly we find the saints of old, under the dread of impending calamities, betaking themselves to this duty, and returning again and again to plead with God in their extremity. Hear David in the cave of Engedi, encouraging himself in God, though there was but a step between him and that death which now appeared certain and inevitable: "Be merciful unto me, O God; be merciful

unto me! for my soul trusteth in thee, yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." Innumerable instances might be cited from the pages of scripture of holy men of old continuing instant in prayer upon every emergency, whether it affected their own personal welfare, or the interests of God's people generally; and to this exercise fasting was usually added, both under the old dispensation, and after the bringing in of the new. Samuel, when the power and might of Philistia were gathered against Israel; David, when his sick child lay moaning upon its early death-bed; Ezra, when about to travel with a defenceless band through the wild territory of the sons of Ishmael; and the tempest-tossed companions of Paul in hourly expectation of shipwreck among the rocks and breakers of the Mediterranean;—all humbled their souls with fasting, and found in answer to their prayers, either the deliverance they sought, or strength to bear the stroke which they had desired to avert. And thus did Esther pass the little interval, which was to her as a narrow isthmus between time and eternity; for although prayer is not mentioned as accompanying the queen's fast in private, or the more public fasting of "all the Jews present in Shushan," yet it is obvious that instant and earnest prayer must have occupied a very considerable portion of that hour of preparation. There is also another remarkable omission in the book which contains this narrative—the name of God is not once mentioned in it, although in no scripture record is his providence more strikingly displayed. Many reasons have been assigned for this, the most probable of which appears to be, that this history was

extracted from the Persian annals, with some annotations by Ezra, Nehemiah, or Mordecai; and there is some evidence for this opinion in the statement made, ch. x. 2. It is well known that Ezra was a minute and faithful transcriber of documents affecting the civil and religious history of his nation. The edicts, letters, and conversations in the book which bears his name, are all written in the original Chaldee in which they were expressed; and the same spirit of inspiration which guided him to store up among the archives of God's truth, these proofs of his dominion over the hearts of kings and adversaries, may also have led him to transcribe, from the records of the Persian crown, this memorable display of Jehovah's care over Israel. Every Jew would know that fasting and prayer were terms synonymous, or nearly so; and as the narrative would be read with interest by others not of that nation, another reason may be assigned for the omission of the divine name. The reverence which the Jews had for this name, led them, during and after the captivity, to abstain from giving utterance to it before strangers, until they ultimately forgot its true pronunciation; and this circumstance, or the desire of concealing from the Gentile world that mysterious name, has been assigned by some, in order to account for the substitutions, by the translators of the Septuagint, of the word which is rendered LORD in our own authorized version, in place of the Jehovah of the original Hebrew.[1]

[1] Josephus, speaking of the transaction in Horeb, says, 'Moses entreated God to tell him his name, that he might know how to invoke him properly when he offered sacrifice. Whereupon God declared to him his name, which had never before been revealed to man, and concerning which it is not lawful for me to say more.'

Well would it be if in the present day professing Christians had somewhat of this over-scrupulous veneration for that holy name by which they are called! While the voice of the blasphemer is heard in our land, in the hoarse accents of matured wickedness, in the shrill notes of female anger, and, O shame and grief! in the sweet silvery tones of childhood, till the heart sickens before the withering blight of this prevailing national sin; there is yet another species of desecration, which, if it do not excite that thrill of horror which follows upon the hearing of blasphemy, carries with it, nevertheless, a painful sense of sacrelegious irreverence to many an ingenuous mind. It is that frequent and familiar use of the sacred name of God, in one and all of these scripture appellatives, by which we recognize the trinity in unity of the mysterious God; by those whose open profession of gospel doctrines, and active zeal in propagating those doctrines, gives them a prominence in the ranks of the church militant, and causes them to be regarded by the careless, indiscriminating world as the oracles of the class whose cause they espouse. The sensitive recoil from what to them appears little short of profanation, while the scorner finds subject for his keenest irony; and many are driven to ask, do *they* hallow the name of God, who have it ever on their lips, as an epithet of party or in unmeet association with the merest trifling, or the most offensive species of egotism—that which finds its theme in spiritual gifts or experiences? Do they indeed hallow that name, which is "Wonderful;" to which even angelic hosts must fail to ascribe "the honour due?" Alas! no. Speaking "after the manner of men," is that *earthly* name which is enshrined in the heart with the de

est feelings of esteem and affection, usually obtruded upon the notice of strangers, aliens or enemies? On the contrary, true affection discovers itself rather by the delicacy with which it refrains from the mention of a beloved and venerated name, than by the frequency with which it gives utterance to it. No! Folly may babble out its shallow heart, and cheat itself with the belief that "out of its abundance the mouth speaketh;" but where the stream runs deep there will be comparative silence, for the soul will find other eloquence than that of words, to discover in what channel its enlarged affections flow. The Schechinah of old was hidden from every eye, in the dark and secret place of the temple; and when the apostle bids the followers of Jehovah-Jesus to 'sanctify the Lord God in their hearts,' does not this imply that the veiled recesses of the Spirit should be the sanctuary sacred to Jehovah's name, (1 Kings viii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 16.) and that when a child of the dust, "a man of unclean lips," assays to pronounce that name, it must ever be with the chastened remembrance that "His name is Holy."

'Go,' said Esther, "gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day: I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go into the king." Another beautiful trait is here developed in the character of Esther: "I know Abraham that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord," was the declaration of God himself concerning the father of the faithful. In imitation of this great example, we find Esther associating her maids with herself in acts of religious worship, and uniting with

them in the duties of prayer and fasting: for that this was not the first time she had done so is evident from the readiness with which she promises for them, that they will join in her devout preparation for death. If these attendants of the queen were the same with those mentioned (ch. ii. 9.) as having been provided for her upon her becoming an inmate of the palace, it is not probable that they were her own countrywomen, neither does it appear that she had hitherto 'shewed her kindred or her people' to them. If they were therefore of the daughters of the land, there appears a difficulty in the circumstance of a Jew uniting in acts of religious worship with strangers and aliens: but without betraying the secret of her birth, she might have found means to instruct them, from the records of the word of God; for there exist many proofs that, during the captivity, the Hebrew scriptures were widely disseminated among the nations, whither they were carried away; and that the leading events of their history were well known. (vide ch. vi. 13.) She might thus have been enabled to rectify, in many important particulars, the errors of their native faith. She might have taught them that 'the unknown God, whom they ignorantly worshipped' as the eternal Oromasdes, was the only one God, and that beside him there is none other; the maker, preserver, and sustainer of all things: and that that evil deity in whom they believed,[1] was but a created being; once "a son of the morning," now "fallen from heaven," and permitted for a little season to rule as the destroyer, until the coming of Him

[1] The Persians held the ancient Magian belief in two independent self-existent principles. The one, Creator of spiritual natures and of good; the other, Artificer of the material world and of evil.

who should "take the prey from the mighty;" remove the curse from the face of the fair creation," (Isaiah xxv. 8.) and "destroy him that had the power of death." (Hosea xiii. 14.) But whatever might have been the degree of reserve hitherto used by the queen, in communicating her instructions to her 'maidens,' or in associating them in the exercises of her religion, there remained no longer any need of concealment; and since all was now discovered to them, and the secret of her birth and her danger alike made known; surrounded by her mourning attendants, and in the immediate prospect of her final separation from them, how sweet, even in sorrow, must have been the freedom of intercourse now permitted to Esther, when the restraints which had kept her back from speaking of her own private history were removed, and she could tell of all the way by which she had been led, through many changing scenes of joy and woe, up to that hour! And oh! how precious must the short remnant of time that remained have appeared, wherein to urge upon their acceptance the peculiar tenets of her ancient faith, to warn the unstable amongst them, to comfort the feeble-minded, and to exhort all to cleave with full purpose of heart to the one true and only God. The brief notices of scripture usually give not place to such details as these; a few outlines alone are afforded us, to be filled up from the workings of our own hearts and the experiences of human life around us; but many such a scene as this has been enacted up to the present hour: many a wife and mistress who, in the days of her health and ease, was not unmindful of the duty she owed, to watch for the souls of her household, and who had long been accustomed to

associate herself together with them in the reading of the word and in prayer: but who had been kept back from declaring the whole counsel of God, either through natural timidity or out of respect to the restraints imposed upon her by others has, in the near view of eternity, been suddenly transformed into a bold and faithful reprover, an earnest and anxious counsellor, ceasing not to warn every one, night and day, with tears, who approached the couch of sickness, and testifying to all that there is no support in the prospect of death, save that which is obtained from believing in Him who is "the resurrection and the life."

'On the third day, Esther put on her royal apparel, and stood in the inner court of the king's house, over against the king's house; and the king sat upon 'his royal throne, in the royal house, over against the gate of the house.' Arrayed in her beautiful garments, but with the paleness of mortal fear upon her lips, behold Esther, approaching the scene of her trial! The hour of her extremity was, however, the time of God's opportunity; for he who has "the hearts of king's in his rule and governance" inspired Ahasuerus with pity and tenderness, on beholding his estranged and suppliant wife, so that 'when the king saw the queen standing in the courts, she obtained favour in his sight; and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. So Esther drew near and touched the top of the sceptre.' What a deliverance! A little while, and it seemed to Esther that she had for ever lost the favour of her husband; then quickly followed upon that, the sense of danger and the fear of death; then were the days of mourning in sackcloth and ashes succeeded by the

investiture of the royal apparel and the standing before the king with tokens of love and acceptance!

Even so shall the souls which have mourned over their estrangement from the supreme object of regard ("for thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name,") they who, "through fear of death," have been subject to bondage; who have abhorred themselves, and repented in dust and ashes. Even so, when the "few and evil days" of their mourning are ended, shall they "go to the King!" They shall put off the earth-stained garments of mortality; they shall be clothed with the royal robe of imputed righteousness; they shall stand in the "inner courts of the king's house," and there shall be no condemnation to them, for He that sitteth upon the eternal throne, holds in his hand "a sceptre of righteousness," and *they shall touch the top of it*, for they shall be found "without spot and blameless."

LYDIA.

ANECDOTE.

THE following characteristic little anecdote was related to us recently by a valued friend, now an Admiral in H. M. service.

In the year 1794, when lying at Gravesend, in his Majesty's ship the Sybil, of which I was then a lieutenant, a boat was observed pulling down the river, full of men; and the captain of the Sybil, who was walking the deck with me, directed me to go and examine the men, in order to ascertain whether they were properly exempted from the impress. I accordingly stopped the boat, and required of the officer in charge of her his Admiralty protection, which he shewed me. It was regularly signed by the proper authority, and declared to be in full force for a given number of days, *from that date;* but the date having been omitted, it might have continued to protect the same number of men at any time. I thought it necessary to bring the boat alongside the Sybil, that the captain might decide upon what measures were necessary. On examining the men, he directed me to take two lads out of her, and to let the others proceed to their destination. The two selected were young Irishmen, between twenty and eighteen years of age, the eldest named *Mike*, and the youngest *Pat* Canfield. The lads were in great distress at being separated from their companions, and made to serve

in a ship of war, and cried bitterly. It happened, however, that soon after their arrival on board the dinner was ready, and an allowance for two men was given to the brothers. Their eyes sparkled at the sumptuous fare of boiled beef, soup, bread, and beer, and the youngest exclaimed, 'I say, Mike, let us send for mother.' This greatly amused the bystanders, who repeated it to the officers, and they considered it merely as the effusion of affectionate feeling so often evinced by the warm-hearted Irishman, but little suspecting that the idea would be followed up. On the arrival of the ship at Portsmouth, many weeks afterwards, an old woman with a little boy was seen approaching the ship; and on her coming alongside, the two Canfields recognised their mother and their little brother Redmond: they instantly jumped into the boat and ran to her arms, to the great delight of all who witnessed the scene. The old woman had, it seems, on receiving the letter from her sons, set out immediately, accompanied by her youngest child, begged her way to the coast and across the water, and again begged her way through England to Portsmouth.

She was no sooner on board the ship than her sons proceeded to prepare for her accommodation; they made interest with the boatswain's yeoman to get her a hammock, which they slung, and hung up for her in a retired place, also furnished by the same kind friend, and also another for little Redmond, who the captain, at the intercession of the officers, put upon the ship's books, and this gave three rations of provisions to the family; and Mrs. Canfield, by her industry in washing and mending for the ship's company, was soon enabled to bear her part towards the

supply of the mess. Contrary to the usual custom of the lower classes of Irish, this worthy mother was remarkably tidy; she soon lost the squalid appearance of the travelling mendicant, and kept herself and her boys in a most respectable state, which, so far from relaxing, continued rather to improve, and they were remarked during the whole time I remained in the ship, to be a happy and comfortable little family; the objects of good-will and regard to all their shipmates. We were more than eighteen months together.

STANZAS.

Yes, wily scoffer! read thy boast, and joy thee in the thought;
But deem not that we think our land beneath thy sway is brought:
We own that England's might hath reeled, but England's mighty still,
And she firmly says she will not bow a slave before thy will.

Thy hand is on the lion's mane; his might thou seem'st to dare:
Yet mark the warning word we give—*he slumbers in his lair;*
One movement, nay, one whispered word may break that slumber deep,
And woe to thee, and woe to thine, when he roars and springs from sleep.

Aye—shake the tribute in thy box, from wretched
starvelings ground,
The bread that's gained by beggary is oft-times bitter
found;[1]
The peasant papist thou may'st rob, and cheat the
unlettered boor,
But dream not that thy treacherous words can work
on Britain's shore.

We know a wayward spirit moves—we hear a level-
ling cry,
But we lean not on an arm of flesh, we look for help
from high;
And we tell thee, Romish craven, in truth's bold, de-
termined tone,
There's a might, a depth in British hearts, to thee
and thine unknown.

Muster thy men and count thy gold, prepare to take
thy stand;
Yet hast thou ever rightly weighed the spirit of our
land?
Think of Napoleon's giant strength—think of St.
Helen's rock;
Then, *if thou canst*, sustain the might thou hast pre-
sumed to mock.

[1] 'Tu proverai si come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui.'
DANTE, Del Paradiso, canto xvii.

Lord Brougham once applied this fragment of a beautiful passage to the Irish demagogue, with the remark that the mendicity to which he subjects himself was precisely the circumstance which the noble Florentine had felt to be the most galling pang in his exile.

THE FAVOURED SHEPHERD.

II.—THE PROPHET'S VISIT.

THE young shepherd, favoured as he was in the enjoyment of the most exalted communion, tuning the praises of his God as he watched the flock, and frequently in the overflowings of his heart led to break out in such expressions as these, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all." "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork." "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth; thou hast set thy glory above the heavens." How happy and how privileged was his condition! how peacefully must those hours have glided away, when with nature's surrounding beauties for his companions, and nature's eternal God for his ever present friend, his young and glowing heart habitually rose in gratitude and love to that Saviour whom he had not seen, yet in whom he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and as his eye rested from time to time on the charge it was his province to keep, with what peace, we may suppose, he was led to reflect on his own situation with respect to that unseen Redeemer, and to exclaim, "THE LORD is *my* shepherd, I shall not want!"

Among the many lessons to be deduced from this period of David's history, ere he was taken away

from tending the flocks to become the companion of princes, I shall bring forward the following three.

The first is concerning the employment of solitude —I mean solitude as regards absence from our fellow-creatures; and I consider this definition necessary, for if that which one of our most highly-gifted perverters of poetic talent writes on the subject of solitude be true, that to sit alone and admire the works of creation is not solitude, but conversing with nature, surely Christians may declare this with yet more truth concerning the God of nature, unless they lose sight of their highest privilege as redeemed sinners: "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." They may indeed frequently be alone as regards their fellow-men; but yet, whether led upwards by means of creation's most glorious works, or passing along amid the noisy crowd and busy hum of men, they may still say, each one for himself, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." Aye, were it not for this fellowship, the Christian would often feel lonely indeed! How far below their privileges, then, do they live, who suffer the hours of solitude, in which they may gain a more intimate acquaintance with God, to be occupied by thoughts of self-exaltation, or worldly speculation, or anything rather than the sweet and all-important exercises connected with seeking that acquaintance. O let us follow the example of David, and be found frequently (not by men, but by God) retiring for silent meditation, prayer, and praise!

The second point on which I would remark is the use David made of his harp; and here I cannot do better than quote a few lines from that excellent divine, Augustus Toplady:—'David appears to have

'had, almost from his very childhood, the sublimest talent for poetry, and an exquisite taste for music. His harp, therefore, was probably his frequent companion in the fields when he exercised the occupation of a shepherd. And having experienced the inestimable blessing of early conversion, he did not debase his poetic genius, nor prostitute his skill in the harmony of sounds, by devoting either of them to the contemptible purposes of versified nonsense and unmanly dissipation; but his heart being as rightly tuned as his harp, his happiness and highest recreations were, to sing the praises of the God he loved, and to anticipate something of that sublime employ on earth which will in heaven be for ever the bliss and the business of those who are redeemed from among men.'[1]

Would that young Christians would consider more seriously how far they are justified in prostituting that exquisite gift to carnal passions, to infidelity, or at least to folly! Let me ask, what licence have they for expressing sentiments in verse, and to a measured tune, which they would blush to repeat in ungarnished prose without the aid of music. I write not to those who are yet walking according to the course of this world, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; but I have often been surprised and grieved to find that many of a different character, and pursuing apparently a different course, do not see, or will not confess, the impropriety of conforming to the world in this particular. Whence can such a singular misconception arise? Is it not that there is still a lingering after the world, a looking

[1] Toplady's sermons. 'God's mindfulness of Man.'

back from the plough on which the hand seems to be fixed, unworthy of those who are seeking the kingdom of God? O let us beware of allowing one of the sweetest of God's gifts to draw us away from him even for a moment. 'Let no corrupt communication proceed out of our mouths, not even varnished and gilded by music's best and most successful efforts to please.'

Let me not here be misunderstood. I do not say or believe that we are bound to confine our musical powers to purposes directly sacred, any more than we are bound to restrict our conversation in like manner. There are subjects, both for conversation and song, in which the Christian may join with pleasure and profit; nevertheless, as in the former case, he will be always ready to return, when occasion offers, to the subject nearest his heart; so in the latter, he will never be so ready to yield to the wishes of his friends in exercising his talent, as when the request is, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.'

A third lesson, which, although it is exemplified throughout the life of David, I will notice here is, his thankful spirit. In the midst of his sorrows, as may be observed in many of his Psalms, we see the sunshine of a thanksgiving spirit breaking through the clouds of temporal affliction which from time to time overshadowed him. Witness the 28th Psalm, supposed to be written during the rebellion of Absalom: after pouring forth his complaint in the first verses, in the 6th he breaks out in praise for the answer of peace he was enabled, by faith, to anticipate. "Blessed be the Lord, because he *hath heard* the voice of my supplication. The Lord is my strength and my shield: my heart trusted in him and I am

helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise him." The prayers of the faithful should be always mixed with thanksgiving. Our Saviour himself not only gives us the precept, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them," but the example, when at the grave of Lazarus he said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me;" and so the faithful prayer will always be followed with, or rather accompanied by, a thanksgiving acknowledgment.

Let us seek more of that thankful spirit of which we have been speaking. Faith works beyond the things of time and sense, and therefore it is unworthy of the faithful whose names are written in heaven, and who are called upon to "rejoice in the Lord alway;" it is unworthy of them to be continually bowed down by the aspect of things around them, or even by the sins within them. If we looked less to ourselves, and more to our Saviour, we should not so frequently deprive him of part of that which he has been pleased to accept at the hands of his ransomed ones, "Whoso offereth me praise glorifieth me." Let us indeed strive, for the "kingdom of heaven suffereth violence." Let us pray, for it is written, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full;" and withal, let us not forget to praise; "for a good and pleasant thing it is to be thankful, yea and praise is comely." One of the most refreshing and cheering characteristics of the life of the late Mr. Wilberforce, especially the latter part of it, is the vein of thankfulness and praise that runs through the whole of his converse with his friends; secretly and in the congregation his perpetual motto seemed to be, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all

the days of my life." The withdrawal as well as the bestowal of temporal blessings—the traces of God's power and love in creation and in grace—the air he breathed, the landscape he looked upon—all constantly furnished matter for the expressions of a thanksgiving spirit. He indeed seemed fully to appreciate and follow out that sentiment of the Psalmist, "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; and shout for joy, all ye upright in heart."

The time was now approaching when David was to exchange the solitude of the pasture-land for the court of royalty; his harp was to be partially laid aside, or resumed only when more active occupations ceased; and his songs of praise and thanksgiving were soon to be mingled with lamentations, for sorrows and sins of which he knew little in his earlier days! The young shepherd was engaged in his pastoral duties when the prophet Samuel sent for him, saying, "We will not sit down till he come hither." He promptly obeyed the call; and when, in obedience to the divine command, "Arise and anoint him, for this is he," the prophet poured the oil upon his head in the presence of all his brethren, we read that the "Spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward." And he needed a large portion of that Spirit for the scenes in which he was soon to be engaged; first promoted to honour in a court, the champion of Israel, then hunted with bitter persecutions by his former patron and friend, and brought into great straits, until at last he was placed upon the throne.

And do not Christians in the present day also need the constant in-dwelling of the Spirit of the Lord? Surely so; "for we wrestle not against flesh and

blood, but against principalities and powers; against the rulers of the darkness of this world; against spiritual wickedness in high places." And as "the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward," so, ye who have been anointed by the Holy Ghost, be careful to manifest that bright, steady, and consistent light, which shall cause both friends and foes to take knowledge that you have been with Jesus: from the day when ye were called out of darkness, from 'that day forward' take care to shew that ye have the Spirit of Christ, and are undoubtedly his. "The anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you; and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him. And now, little children abide in him; that when he shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

M. W.

CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

"To do good, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Heb. xiii. 16.

WHO can think of the state of the world, and not be deeply affected? A great part of it is yet without the gospel. It contains five or six hundred millions of heathens, and one hundred millions of Mahometans. Even in our own land, open sin and the deepest ignorance abound every where. But are we doing all that we can for the souls of others? Far from it. Oh that *all* Christians, whether rich or poor, young or old, would do all they can, in every way that they can think of, and stir up as many more as they can to do the same, telling them all the ways they can in which they may do good, and begging them to tell those ways to others, and to stir them up to do all the good they can. If Christians, wherever they went, were *missionaries* in spirit; if they stirred up others, and they others, to be more active in doing good, so that the flame of zeal spread far and wide, and the *whole Christian world* was roused to exertion, how vast an engine would be at work, how much good, by God's blessing, would be done.

Then most persons, rich and poor, might be visited, and have the gospel declared to them. Then there would be missionaries, ministers, district visitors, teachers in Sunday and other schools, places of wor-

ship, funds and men for societies, in rich abundance. Surely, when we think of the value of the soul, of the eternity to which we are all so fast hastening, and of the short span of life in which we can do good, ought we not to use every means in our power to do good, that "by all means we may save some?" When so many thousands are hastening to hell, shall we stand still as if nothing was the matter? Is this to love our neighbour as ourselves? Many do not exert themselves, perhaps, because they do not know the ignorance that prevails every where. We ought not, however, to take for granted that persons know even the simplest truths. There are many Christians who do little for souls, and keep their religion almost entirely to themselves, though they might be very great blessings, who would, we believe, do much more, if they were entreated to do so. They have not thought upon the subject perhaps, nor had the duty of caring for the souls of others strongly and earnestly pressed on them. Hence arises the necessity and importance of what we will, if you please, call the 'stir-up system,' viz. that we should stir up others to do good. Most of us, we fear, lose many opportunities of stirring up our friends to do good, and of inciting them to stir up others. Whenever, then, we are with any Christians, rich or poor, old or young, let us not forget to beg them to do all that they can, to be most economical, to value time, to rouse their friends, and so on. Let us think, 'What can we say to make them more useful than they now are?'

Oh let none refuse to join in the glorious work of winning souls. It is a high honour to be engaged in it. It is a work which is its own reward, and we may hope to have souls given us for our hire.

Let love to Christ be our great constraining motive to exertion. When we feel cold, or slothful, or inclined to let slip an opportunity of usefulness, let us think of his love to us, and imagine him saying, "Lovest thou me?" How can we be cold in serving the very best of masters? Oh let not a little cold or wet weather, or any other difficulty, ever hinder us from doing his work, but like him, let us "go about doing good." When he sat weary on the well, he did not make his weariness an excuse, but spoke to the poor woman who came to draw water. Let us imitate St. Paul (as far as we can), who "ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." Some may feel unfit to speak to others, but no one learns even a trade all at once, but by continual practice. If then we cannot speak so well as we wish at first, let us not be discouraged, but hope, by practice and God's teaching, to speak better and better. Whenever we feel unfit or afraid to speak, let us pray, at the same time, for wisdom, strength, boldness, and love, and remember that God can bless the humblest and feeblest instruments. He blessed a few words of the Samaritan woman to the conversion of many. He only can bless our labours. Let us pray therefore that he would bless them, that he would fill us with burning and unquenchable love to him and to souls; that he would most deeply impress the great truths of religion, the realities of eternity, on our own hearts, so that out of the abundance of the heart we may speak to the heart. Let us cast our eyes around us on the poor, thoughtless, dying impenitents. How shall we supplicate the throne of grace in their behalf! But this is not all. We must tell them of their danger, and point them to a bleeding Saviour. An excuse is

made by many Christians, which I conceive will not bear the scrutiny of the judgment-day; they say they have not the talents for addressing the impenitent, and conversing with them on the subject of religion. But are the simple truths of the gospel so dark, that only the learned can understand them? Are the words, "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," so obscure that we cannot properly impress them upon others? Is the road to perdition so plainly described in the bible, and can we raise no warning voice to the throngs who travel in it? Are the happiness of the righteous, and the everlasting torments of the impenitent so clearly described, and can we see friends around us crowding their way to despair, with our lips closed in perpetual silence? The truth is, our faith in eternal realities is weak, and our sense of duty faint, while we thus neglect the salvation of our fellow-beings. Let us awake to duty; and while we have a tongue or pen, devote them to the service of the Most High, not in our own strength, but with strong faith and confidence in him. (See Life of Harlan Page, who was himself a most striking example of how much one person, even of humble rank, may do, by his prayers and personal exertions.) Let us not be discouraged if, in trying to do good, we sometimes meet with ridicule or even with persecution, and if we do not see any fruits of our labours for a very long time. But let us go on praying and labouring in faith, for God has said, "My word shall not return unto me void." Isaiah lv. 11. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccles. xi. 1.

Review of Books.

HISTORY OF MADAGASCAR; *comprising also the progress of the Christian Mission established in* 1818; *and an authentic Account of the recent Martyrdom of Rafaravavy, and of the Persecution of the native Christians. Compiled chiefly from original documents. By the Rev. William Ellis, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society. In two volumes.* Fishers and Co.

FEW portions of the world can present to the Christian philanthropist a spectacle more interesting, more encouraging, or more touching in its details than this noble island, which Mr. Ellis justly terms the Great Britain of Africa. As connected with the thrilling question of the slave-trade, it furnished a most important object to those engaged in upholding, or bent on exterminating that hideous system of inhuman crime: and of late it has possessed an irresistible at-

traction for the follower of Jesus, exhibiting the glorious aspect of a persecuted church, sealed with the blood of martyrdom, and rejoicing to this day in being counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake and the gospel's..

Mr. Ellis has provided our libraries with a book of no ordinary value, combining as it does all that is interesting in statistics, with the character of a missionary memoir. From this island of the sea a voice has been heard, glorifying God in the fires. The blessed martyr, Rafaravavy, remarked, in discoursing with a friend, that if her blood were to be shed on the land, she trusted it might be the means of kindling such a feeling of interest in Madagascar as should never be extinguished. We hope so too: and we augur well for the fulfilment of this aspiration of Christian patriotism, from the publication of a work so eminently calculated to rouse and to rivet public attention. At present the government maintains an attitude of determined hostility against the Christian faith: its professors are fined, imprisoned, and reduced to slavery; our missionaries banished, and the door seemingly closed against their return. It is a pause of solemn interest; a demand on the importunate prayers of all who remember those in bonds as being bound with them. We are far from anticipating the general spread of Christianity to which many zealous brethren look confidently forward: we believe that by the preaching of the gospel the Lord is gathering his elect from the four corners of th earth, while the great mass is ripening for the harvest of wrath. We look for fiery judgments to destroy these adversaries, and to usher in that glorious period of light, love, and knowledge, to which all are direct-

ing their eyes, howsoever they may differ as to the mode of its introduction, or the detail of its dispensations. To every missionary work we heartily bid God speed: for we know that he has commanded the gospel of the kingdom to be preached to every creature; and we also know that the preached word shall prosper in the thing whereto he sends it. Man cannot distinguish spirits, therefore must the invitation be addressed to all; and on this ground we say to every missionary enterprise, 'Go forward.' To those engaged in its promotion we say, "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Some pleasing embellishments are introduced.

TITLES AND OFFICES OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, *illustrated in a Series of Essays. By Isabella Gray Mylne. In two volumes.* Oliphant.

THE prefatory account of the manner in which this work grew to the size of two octavo volumes, illustrates the depth of a subject that is indeed inexhaustible. A simple collection of the names and titles given to our glorious Redeemer in the holy scripture, with a remark resulting from the prayerful meditation on each, as to its obvious meaning, was found to occupy so large a space, as to require its curtailment to one-third of the original list. A series of short essays on the more remarkable and prominent epithets was at length adopted; and a work of real value is the result. The authoress has largely drawn on sources

that bespeak her judgment in selecting authorities: Leighton, Charnock, Flavel, Scott, Camden, &c. We recommend it to families and schools, as a book calculated to endear while it illustrates the Bible, and to promote the glory of the Lord Jesus in the domestic circle, where there exists a spirit of diligent research into the most rich, most precious mine of spiritual treasure that can possibly be opened to the investigation of his creatures.

THE NIGHT OF TOIL: *or a Familiar Account of the Labours of the first Missionaries in the South Sea Islands. By the Author of the "Peep of Day."* Hatchards.

ADAPTED to children, in very easy and familiar language, and giving a good account of the first arrival and settling of the missionaries at Tahiti, with their subsequent operations in that quarter. There is not, perhaps, so much of doctrinal instruction conveyed as the subject would have admitted of; but it is a very nice book altogether, and will interest young minds in the missionary cause.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY. Religious Tract Society.

WE have seen two volumes of these useful compilations, one containing memoirs of Mesdames Judson, Huntingdon, Newell, and Miss Linnard; the other of

Mesdames Baxter, Walker, Turner, Althans, Graham, and Lady Glenorchy. External neatness and convenient size, combine with the valuable character of their contents to recommend the series, at this gift-bestowing season; and we announce with pleasure such additions to the libraries of our young friends.

HISTORICAL SKETCH *of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Reformation in Poland; and of the influence which the Scriptural Doctrines have exercised in that Country, in Literary, Moral, and Political respects. By Count Valerian Krasinski. In two volumes.* Murray, Hatchards, Nisbet, &c.

WHAT a lovely thing is Christian patriotism! A notion is too prevalent that, in his character as a citizen of the world—a member of that body which is composed of individuals out of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, the believer in Jesus has nothing to do with the tie that binds a man to the land of his nativity. In proof hereof, it is asserted that throughout the pages of scripture no such injunction can be found, as that the child of God should especially love his own country. Perhaps not: neither is there any injunction for a mother to remember her sucking child, though the bare possibility of her ceasing to do so, is put in answer to a query that seemed to imply she could not forget it. It is really absurd to ransack the bible for positive commands to do what is as natural to man as to draw his breath; to cherish a tie so touchingly alluded and appealed to in many parts of holy writ; where the fate of him

who dieth is represented as less heart-rending than that of the man who, exiled, shall return no more, nor see his native country.

No land has drawn more largely on the sympathy of Europe than brave, unhappy Poland: she is here brought before us in a new light, and one which, whether the author intended it so or not, may serve as a strong beacon to England. The first introduction of Protestantism—that is, of pure Christianity—among the Sclavonian bondsmen of papal Rome, the prosperous results of its triumph, the means whereby it was again crushed, and the lamentable results following thereupon, are brought together by the pen of a noble exile, whose work will be appreciated by readers of every class of Protestants except two: those who are tainted with political liberalism, and those who are warped by spiritual selfishness.

Count Krasinski writes with the earnestness of a man who feels his subject, as we wish every man of every nation felt it; and he pleads with those who may think him too warm, to consider 'what must have been the state of feelings of one who, educated by a pious mother in the tenets of scriptural religion, and taught from his earliest infancy to consider that religion as the only true foundation of his present and future happiness, and the love of his native land as a sacred duty commanded by its precepts; of one who, being strongly impressed by those sentiments, was recording the overthrow of his religion, and the consequent decline and fall of his country.' We can assure him that no such apology is necessary; for the language of his work is as unobjectionable as its subject is interesting; and we trust, with him, that his dear unhappy country is being prepared for some

striking manifestation of future usefulness, by the adversities with which the Lord has seen good to afflict her, after once planting his candlestick there in so remarkable a manner. The first volume only of the work has reached us; the second is in course of publication. May it be richly blessed to the promotion of our common cause; and arouse many a British heart to more lively concern for our own invaded rights, while swelling, as every British heart must do, over the multiplied wrongs of Poland!

OBSERVATIONS *addressed to the Lord Bishop of Norwich, on his Lordship's Speech and Pamphlet on the National System of Education in Ireland. By the Rev. John Hayden, Rector of Lower Cumber, and formerly domestic Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Derry.* Curry, Dublin; Holdsworth, London.

WHEN a Protestant bishop, whose palace stands within a short distance of the 'Lollard's pit,' where the noble martyr Thomas Bilney, and others, suffered in the flames for that faith which he is solemnly sworn to uphold, volunteers not only a defence of popery but an attack on the whole body of Protestant clergyman; we cannot commiserate him, however smartly the lash may fall on his shoulders. Mr. Hayden has here applied the well-merited castigation, without being betrayed into any unseemly exhibition of that indignant warmth which could not but glow in the bosom of a faithful Irish minister on perusing my lord of Norwich's attack on the dean of St. Patrick's, and his eulogistic remarks on the Socinio-popish edu-

cation board system. We have always delighted in shewing up the atrocities of that system, now working so destructively in poor Ireland, and as well to such of our readers as can sympathize with the harrassed Protestants in that country as to those who require information on the subject, we recommend this pamphlet. The matter concerns ourselves: attempts have been made, and will no doubt be repeated, to extend the curses of such a plan to our own population. Mr. Hayden is imbued with the hardy spirit of the north; the 'No surrender' principle of Derry. We rejoice in his championship of the same sacred cause, the triumph of which we have just been commemorating, on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of shutting the gates: and we trust it will triumph yet more signally in the total discomfiture of all assailants, civil and ecclesiastical, political and spiritual, truncheoned and mitred. For though on all sides and in every shape the enemy does come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord does not cease to lift up a standard against him.

THE PROTESTANT.

'EIGHTEEN hundred and thirty-nine, uncle: and now for the ten years' review.'

'It is too painful to dwell upon so fully as it merits, niece: we must take a sweeping retrospect. But first let us adore the forbearing mercy that has hitherto helped us. To the eye of flesh we have careered downwards with a rapidity wholly unexpected, and equally terrific: to that of faith it is marvellous that we have not, as a nation, sank into the abyss beneath; and that a hope, however faint, remains of being arrested ere we reach the gulf.'

'That hope, uncle, is discernible to the eye of faith alone: for as matters now proceed, we have reason to fear the propelling arms of our friends, rather than to look for their resisting shoulders. God can indeed stay us from going down into the pit of natural apostacy, whether Popish or infidel, or both; but what symptoms do you discern of any other interposition?'

'None. I see a more general awakening to the actual danger wherein we stand; but of the first great step towards deliverance, repentance of the sin that has provoked that danger, alas! none. Individuals are, I grant you, almost daily added to the number of those whom God convinces of the evil deeds we have committed; but the conservative leaders, as they are called, and the influential body who follow them, would, I am persuaded, perpetrate the act over again

to-morrow, if it was rescinded to-day, providing the demon of worldly expediency tempted them so to do.'

'They cannot be blind to our altered position; but they look, it seems, on second causes alone, neither hearing the rod nor who hath appointed it.'

'Exactly so: the tories blame the whigs for all the disasters with which the whigs would never have been permitted to afflict the country, had not the tories cast away our Protest, and linked us in an unholy alliance with the great antichrist. Oh fools, and blind, not to discern that if we array ourselves in the ranks of those who systematically fight against God, he will, he must scatter his arrows among us! We may shift our position as we will; but, marching in the enemies' files, we necessarily walk contrary to God; and He will, nay he now does walk contrary to us, prepared to chastise us yet seven times more for our sins.'

'What was the aspect of this country, uncle, at the commencement of 1829?'

'Peaceful and prosperous: reposing after the struggles of a military conflict, and reassured of the stability of her financial fabric, after a crisis that tried it to the uttermost. At home, she was tranquil, her people loyal, and her institutions firm, save as an injudicious extension of the franchise, and the repeal of some protective acts had rendered it needful to impart additional strength to the great bulwarks of her church and throne. Abroad, she was respected and feared: her fleet had recently swept from the seas the naval power of Turkey, in a manner that marked her an appointed instrument in preparing the way for those mighty events to which the drying up of the Euphrates will prove introductory: for it

was not the will either of her government or her people that the deed should be wrought. Her distant colonies were prospering; the deep blot of negro slavery was about to be effaced from the page of her history, the very individuals from whom the fiercest opposition had been experienced, and was yet to be expected, beginning to entertain the subject as a thing to be admitted. Against her no hostile arm was uplifted, no seditious voice upraised, save the clamorous yells of a multitude whom she had left under the yoke of Papal dominion, and whose struggles, whose menaces, whose tumultuous outcries were calculated to deepen the effect that former experience could not but have produced, as to the peril of arming them with the power for which they raged. At the same time the warning voice was raised to a higher pitch than before, shewing from the senate, the pulpit, and the platform, the inevitable consequences of a departure from the principle, the vital principle of national Christianity.'

'How well I remember the publications of that period, uncle!'

'Yes: we thought Faber's masterly little tract which charged the sin of perjury so home upon every member of the legislature who should vote for the ominous bill; and Croly's powerful sketch of what had been, according as Protestantism was or was not regarded as the polar star of England during three centuries, and McNeile's prophetic warning, gathered from God's own word, should England throw away the shield of her Protest; we thought, as together we perused, and together circulated these and similar productions, that, at least, all God's people would set their faces as a flint against the abomination that was

about to be committed. Then the faithful stand made by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops of London, Salisbury, and others, supported by the archbishop of Tuam, augured well for the fidelity of their order. I lately looked over the speeches of Lords Eldon, Newcastle, Winchilsea, Roden, Farnham and others—of that noble philanthropist, Michael Sadler, and his brother protesters in the lower house; of the Kentish champions on the broad heath, and of many another true-hearted Englishman who loved God and his country—but my heart sickened as I read: every despised warning seemed a swift witness against us; and, old sailor as I am, I wept.'

I could believe this: for the old man did indeed weep many a bitter tear when the deed was perpetrated; and now, as he rose to pace the room, his eye was again ready to overflow.

'Dear uncle, let us quit that period: space was given to reflect, and to repent of the meditated evil, ere yet too late. Pass it over—the crime was committed—what followed?'

My uncle looked sternly up, and replied, 'Punishment. We know where the stroke first fell; and we know how the lingering hours of sickness were embittered by the consciousness of that irrevocable deed. We know too that on the very anniversary of that day on which the royal hand signed away our national faith, all hope was declared extinct of saving the royal head from going down to the grave. Next came the madness of innovation, smiting right and left at whatsoever remained; the outbursts of licensed blasphemy polluting the ears, and destroying the souls of our citizens; the blazing of incendiary fires; the tumultuous marching of infuriated mobs.

Then the successful application of that "pressure from without" which, having been found so efficacious against the national faith was brought to bear on the remaining bulwarks of the constitution. The Reform bill passed: and the wedge became securely fixed, that in process of time shall lay the honours of our old oak tree in the dust.'

'Then the pestilence.'

'Yes: the once Christian assemblage of our chosen representatives permitted themselves to be informed that the very idea of a providential government was humbug; and the demand to be permitted to seek our God in an act of national supplication was cant. With extreme difficulty we did obtain the boon: we fasted, we prayed, and the Lord was entreated for us. The scourge swept rapidly by, hurrying off its thousands, and disappeared from among us. Our next visitation was one of contempt. That was a stroke which I felt more, I believe, than those on whom it personally fell, when the Irish braggart and mendicant who had forced his way through the barriers of the British constitution to a seat in the house of commons, bestowed on the gentlemen of England, the legislators of England, the men who, above all other assemblies on the face of the earth, could influence the doctrines of the known world, the appellation of six hundred scoundrels.'

'Six hundred perjured scoundrels too, uncle.'

'Ay,' he replied, taking some extraordinary strides as he walked, 'and they pocketed the insult, after making a little noise. Well, well, it was our own doing: worse will come.'

'Worse has come, sir: the senate was then indeed degraded; but the throne was inviolate and the

church true to herself: and we were not become a scorn to our neighbours generally.'

'True niece: neither had a British force been marshalled, to engage in a buccaneering war, on principles avowedly mercenary, to run away from the battle-field, and disgrace our name on the recent theatre of our proudest conquests; where God, by our hands, delivered Europe. Let me hasten to a close: the retrospection is insupportable. Pass over the order of events, and how do we now stand? At home, our young sovereign and her realm are alike in the hands of men who are not competent to regulate the affairs of a parish workhouse, and who are content to hold office in dependence on the will of a Popish mendicant. We have a disorganized population, an insolent democracy raising their war-cry at our very doors: our church insulted from without, and contaminated within by the defiling pitch of Popery: mass-houses rising through the land by scores; Jesuits pervading society by thousands; Sabbath desecration in high places and in low. Our streets are adorned with gorgeous edifices, rightly termed palaces, for the express, exclusive purpose of promoting to excess the soul-destroying sin of drunkenness among the lower classes. Our Protestant poor are ground down to the starvation point, by act of parliament, on the plea of economy; while sums untold are flung to Popish priests for the furtherance of their nefarious designs. The press, that noble organ of a free people, is become the very engine of the devil, dispersing unchecked throughout the land, and more especially on the Lord's day, such principles as ought to consign their propagators to the pillory. We are given over too to the commission of

a sin that cries aloud to God day and night for terrible vengeance on our heads—the atrocious factory system, with the hollow pretences of amelioration, mocking the pledges given. Oh, the blood of those poor innocents does indeed testify against us!'

'And in Ireland, uncle.'

'Ireland! Nay, even in Scotland what a plea the church of Christ can utter against us, for the refusal of what any Christian government was bound to grant. The trifling that took place with a solemn claim advanced by the noble old Kirk of Scotland, was too degrading to be traced to any other source than that of the contempt which God has poured on us. But for Ireland—the measure that was carried on the assumption of its proving a panacea for all her evils, and a bond to unite her divided children, has been a weapon of offence against the loyal, peaceable, and faithful in that land, which I positively tremble to enter upon.'

'I think I can help you there, uncle. We have, in Ireland, so far as the government is concerned, a passive surrender of Protestantism, and an active persecution of Protestants. Having yielded political power to the clamour of their flock, we immediately conceded to the priests whatever they were pleased to demand, or to accept, at our hands. The government grant was withdrawn from scriptural schools, and all the money, all the patronage conferred on a system of education, of which the certain issue, if not the intentional drift, is to deliver over the whole rising generation into the hands of the Papacy. A fiery persecution of the established church was—*permitted*, we will say: and the attempt literally to STARVE the Protestant clergy at their posts, if they

refused to abandon them, was *permitted also.* Then, by way of bearing out the Romish legislators in keeping their solemn oath not to weaken or interfere with the established church in Ireland, they were assisted at once to rob it, and to deal what the prime minister coolly declared to be 'a heavy blow, and great discouragement to Protestantism' there. A body of men having been found unalterably true to the church and to the throne, not only above suspicion, but relied on as the very sinews of English dominion in Ireland, and having also withstood all the allurements, as of old they had despised the power of Popish traitors, they were disbanded, insulted, put down and trampled upon, in a spirit of contumely unparalleled. To be a known loyalist and a real Protestant is stigma sufficient to banish any man from places of authority or trust: to be a convicted traitor, a sworn foe to our name and nation, is an irresistible passport to both. If rebels, avowed rebels, assemble in arms, and violate every legal enactment, endangering or taking the lives of Protestant subjects, it is a thing to be overlooked: if the descendants of the men who rescued their own country and ours from Popery a century and a half ago, dare to walk peaceably, unarmed, and unadorned round the ramparts that their fathers manned, in remembrance of their deeds and sufferings, they are surrounded by an armed force, watched, reported, and, if a pretence can be found, committed to gaol. When the most outrageous treason is openly talked at the most tumultuous assemblages of the pope's subjects, no finger is raised, no interference permitted: when the day approaches in which Protestants are likely to remember that God, by blessing

the enterprise of the Prince of Orange, who delivered their land from thraldom, and preserved to them the faith which teaches loyalty and love, all the troops are put in motion, an army is marched in battle array to that very quarter of the land where no disloyalty can shew its face; and the gratuitous insult is repeated year after year, evidently to goad their insulted feelings into some breach of the laws that they have defended with their lives. So much for Ireland.'

'And a vast deal more too. But now for our colonies. In Canada, Popery has been established; and Canada has reeked with the blood of her children, shed in a rebellion that was born, nursed, matured, and brought into action under the same principle that wrought out the hateful bill. In Newfoundland, Popery has prevailed to set all authorities at defiance. In India, the same sanction has been afforded to the grossest horrors of barbarous idolatry, and vengeance hangs over our magnificent possessions, ready to sever them from us at a stroke. Our navy—our gallant navy—so long holding the undisputed sovereignty of the seas, has been allowed so to dwindle away, that we lie at the mercy of any foreign enemy who may think us worth a conquest: our army so inefficiently regulated, so reduced and so badly distributed, that when a few regiments are required to protect the most valuable of our dominions, they cannot be drawn to one spot without leaving another unprotected in the midst of watchful adversaries. To such a depth are we removed—in such a position do we totter—that any sudden shock, from abroad or at home—and we are menaced in all quarters—would hurl us at once into the pit of utter destruction.'

'We must turn from this spectacle, uncle; and remember that He who hath smitten us in his wrath can, yet in his everlasting kindness have mercy on us.'

'He can: and when I see a spirit of sincere repentance manifesting itself among his people, I shall hope that he will. There are not a few who, in their hearts, bitterly lament the evil deed committed ten years ago, but are loth to acknowledge it. They sinned openly, but would repent in a corner. This will not do: let all who feel it to have been a national offence come forward and declare their convictions. Let them, like Daniel, give glory to God by deprecating his judgments, while confessing the provocations of their rulers, their fathers and themselves. Many noble works, the fruit of private benevolence, and combined effort among Christians, have sprung up and flourished in the midst of our political desolations. This is most cheering: it shews that wherever God is owned and glorified, there he will impart a blessing. And why, oh why should our own, our beautiful, our favoured England, be lost, when such a united effort as is yet within the reach of her children might save her!'

'I think that Christians come short of their duty and privilege when stirring up themselves and one another to personal, social religion, with little if any reference to that which is national.'

'They do; and our ministers are guilty of an awful deriliction of duty while circumscribing the sphere of their admonitions within such narrow bounds. This often oppresses my mind: I cannot be so selfish as others strive to be. I love my God, I hope, and my country too: can I bear to see my

country in arms against my God? When the sword really comes, when some invader pours his legions on our coast, or the flames of domestic violence enwrap our dwellings, and the knife is at the throats of our neighbours, we may wish too late that we had extended our cares and our prayers beyond the narrow circle, and wrought also for our country while we laboured to make our own calling and election sure.'

PORTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11. Jeremiah vi.	FRIDAY, JANUARY 25. Jeremiah ix.

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1839.

BY-GONE DAYS.

'WHAT became of Pierrot?' has been asked by more than one enquirer, in whose bosom the slight sketch of the preceding chapter had excited an interest for the unhappy soldier. I know not, except that he shared the boon conferred on his comrades some time subsequent to our removal from Annapolis; and as this is one of the scenes to which I can revert with real pleasure, it may as well find its place here.

Rent by conscription from their native homes, engaged in sanguinary warfare, defeated, captured, and enrolled in the ranks of their conquerors, and finally sent to a distant country, it may be supposed with what fervent longings the hearts of our poor men must turn towards the scenes and friends they were so rudely, so strangely separated from. It was therefore a joyful announcement which proclaimed that, with as much speed as the necessary conveyances

could be procured, the two battalions, composed entirely of them, were to be taken back to England, disbanded, and each individual, at the national expense, returned to the place of his birth. Nothing was to be seen but smiles, nothing to be heard but merry voices, throughout the small garrison manned by a detachment from those under the former commandant of Annapolis, but now stationed at Windsor; and many droll developments of the national character were elicited by this call on their most joyous feelings. Not a man but was busily employed for the march, devising some whimsical method of putting honour upon it. One of their contrivances diverted me greatly: they had many little dogs among them, of the sharp, shrewd Indian breed, which partakes largely of the fox, being in fact no less the offspring of the one race than of the other. For these sagacious animals the soldiers prepared small panniers, formed of stuff or linen, and most gaily decorated with coloured ribbands, or whatever gaudy shreds could be pressed into the service. The docile creatures, thus lightly loaded with burdens of scarcely perceptible weight, though bulky in appearance, trotted close beside their owners; and as the officers had been prevailed on to allow unusual licence on so unique an occasion, so motley a rout of rejoicing travellers was rarely seen as that which came pouring down the side of the old fort-hill, and, after giving some rounds of hearty cheers under my windows, proceeded along the road, singing the joys of home—sweet home! Figures so martial, in a costume so striking, yet thrown by the tumult of their feelings into most unmilitary confusion, with wives, children, and little dogs intermingled at discretion.

and the carols of France, the hymns of Germany, the war-songs of Poland, together rising on the mountain breeze, as each man's lips gave utterance to the strain of his father-land, formed a combination as singular as any I can recal. Discipline was to be enforced when this exuberance of feeling had a little expended itself; but I neither saw nor wished to see the restraint imposed. I followed them as far as eye could stretch along the road, and rejoiced in their gladness; for I too, with them, was bound for home, sweet home!

Pierrot was not there: he had remained in garrison at Halifax, and I saw him no more, unless the surmise was correct that once, in mid-atlantic, told me the tall form was his which I remarked bending over the bulwarks of the vessel where his folded arms rested, while the short thin curls of pale brown hair, unconfined by any covering, were scattered over his brow by the breeze that fanned it. There was something in the fixed yet graceful attitude of the soldier, and the partial up-turning of his cheek to the rude wind, that bespoke Pierrot; and an emotion of solicitude as to *his* welcome in the home of his youth, arose in my mind: but further I saw him not. My impression was, that he felt himself a disgraced man, and that he would shun the scenes of former prosperity to become a self-doomed wanderer on the earth.

This, however, is out of place: from the period of leaving Annapolis, to our departure from the land, nearly a year and a half intervened; and I must resume, for a while, the thread of historical anecdote, to trace the progress of British settlement in that interesting colony, of which the value is so little ap-

preciated, because its circumstances are so imperfectly known. Thus writes a native of Nova Scotia in reference to this fact; and it is to be feared that few of my readers can repel the charge on their own behalf. 'The Canadas are the only portion of our transatlantic possessions that people in general seem to know anything about, just because the unhappy Canadians are now making themselves conspicuous by an exhibition of those factious, rebellious feelings by which a great part of them have always been characterized; while the loyal, the thoroughly British provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, seem to be alike uncared-for and unknown. We constantly meet proofs of the ignorance that confounds the United States with the British provinces: all is *America;* and all that is known of America seems to be, that it is a very distant, barbarous country, the only civilized part of which is a flourishing republic. My loyal and patriotic feelings have been sometimes roused into something like indignation at finding that we, who to the very heart's core are British subjects, are very unceremoniously thrown together in a heap with our democratic neighbours, or else supposed to be semi-barbarians. Or, what seems to be the more general impression, the colonies are regarded as a sort of receptacle for doubtful characters, adventurers, bankrupts, and so forth. In fact, some people seem to think all the colonies have their share of convicts.

"Are the people in America, whence you come, civilized at all? I suppose in your *towns* they are so,"—is an inquiry that I have more than once been called on to answer. On one occasion I endeavoured to enlighten an anxious querist by setting forth in

the first place the distinction between *British* and *American* America, and then telling him what sort of people settled our provinces, even real and *bona fide* Englishmen, with true hearts of oak, that would not relinquish their king and constitution; choosing rather to suffer all temporal loss than to forfeit the cherished name of British subject. There is, however, great difficulty in familiarizing people's minds to that most novel and extraordinary idea, that there is in fact no difference between her Majesty's lieges on this and on the farther side of the Atlantic. America *is* America—of that they are certain; and it does seem the height of presumption to assert that any thing American can resemble the English. Oh, that the interest and sympathy of Christians at home might be awakened for their far distant brethren! "brethren after the flesh" too; for you know our provinces, excepting the Canadas, are peopled almost exclusively by those of old English descent; and I will venture to affirm that in no part of Great Britain does there exist more genuine loyalty than is cherished in those colonies, which here are too often regarded in the light of foreign lands. Here the connecting link often seems to be scarcely recognized; there, it is felt, and acknowledged, and gloried in. We call it our mother country, and hail it as our home.'

So much for the unpremeditated effusion of one who was born and nurtured in Acadia; and who feelingly speaks the prevailing sentiments of the many thousands abiding there. From this point I resume the brief sketch so often interrupted, and proceed to shew who and what their ancestors were. A few notices, however, of intervening events must first introduce one remarkable occurrence, to which we may

now turn with a thankful acknowledgment that the stern Protestant wisdom of our forefathers, purging the infant colony of Popery, even at the expense of those pleadings which the tenderness of human nature must suggest, laid the foundation for all that now forms the glory of those loyal provinces.

The Romish priests having obtained a sure footing in the land, had two classes of followers over whom to lord it with despotic sway, and to exercise the directing power with which they invariably manage their tools, for the advancement of the apostacy, and the destruction of all that pertains to the true worship of God. These classes were the original French settlers and their descendants, with the Indian tribes who had been caught in their net. The latter proved invaluable auxiliaries, for as there is nothing in Popery to check, much less to subdue the most ferocious of man's evil principles, the Indian race might and did become exemplary Romanists, without losing an iota of their savage and murderous propensities. Accordingly they were goaded on to deeds of blood by their spiritual pastors, who knew how to shift the blame to the natural habits of their warlike flocks: while the French neutrals, as they were styled, pursued a more cautious track, contenting themselves with a species of underhand traffic in treason, rendered the more mischievous and less tangible to authority, because they preserved the character of inoffensive inhabitants, peaceably cultivating their lands, and giving no open cause of offence. This refers to the settlers in and about Annapolis, Cornwallis, and other stations, placed under the British authority, as we have seen, by the treaty of 1713, who for a long time evaded taking the oath of allegiance to king George; and

when at last obliged to do so, complained of it as having been compulsorily imposed. A conference with their ghostly fathers no doubt soon settled their conscience, on the encouraging grounds of 'no faith with heretics.'

Still the Romish priests were under a restraint that they could ill brook; and to provide a field of unincumbered operation they resolved on fortifying a strong point in Cape Breton, beyond heretical jurisdiction. This was accomplished: Louisburg was built, and with a population exclusively French, a religion exclusively popish, it proved a stronghold of all that was mischievous. Here the Indian tribes resorted to worship the idols of Rome; and hence they were despatched to scalp, to burn, and to ravage wherever they could find access to the English settlements. On one occasion, after a most unprovoked inroad on Annapolis, the Indians were headed by a desperate brother of the militant church of Rome, long resident among them, called Le Père Rollé, who, after performing many murderous acts, was shot: and this event so disheartened his followers, that they remained quiet for a while. Farther aggressions however followed, on the part of the restless Frenchmen, which led to one of the most extraordinary exploits on record. Impregnable as Louisburg appeared, strong as was the force that garrisoned it, and formidable the extent of that confederacy which bound the Gallic occupiers with their terrible savage allies, an expedition was projected, planned, and executed by the dauntless English, which, in defiance of obstacles that it would have appalled many a stout heart to contemplate, succeeded; and Louisburg fell. George Whitfield, in the zealous spirit of Protestantism,

sanctioned this crusade, giving them for a motto the words, 'Nil desperandum Christo duce.' It is said that one of his followers accompanied the assailants as chaplain, bearing on his shoulder an axe, for the avowed purpose of breaking down the imagery of the great mass-house. Admiral Warren lent efficient aid; and the achievement was won, without any reference to the parent state, which, however, rewarded the naval and military leaders with titled distinctions.

France was not slow to seek revenge for this attack on her subjects; but remarkable as had been the providential aid afforded in many ways on the former occasion, the disasters that assailed her armament of reprisal were no less so. Calamity in every form pursued their steps; and their power was effectually broken before a blow could be struck. Still a harassing warfare was carried on by the French colonists, who employed the Indians with deadly effect against their enemies; receiving more secret, but valuable aid from the 'Neutrals,' before mentioned; who, being in name, race, language and religion identical with the Canadian *habitans*, were always alive to whatsoever was inimical to British and Protestant rule. In the year 1755 a proceeding was finally resolved on, bearing on its face an aspect of arbitrary cruelty, and which has been denounced as unjustifiably severe, by historians of every class: it remained for our day to develope the wisdom, the real humanity of such a determination. This was nothing less than the final removal, *en masse*, of the whole population of 'Neutrals,' with their households, money, and portable goods. Much caution, and no little firmness were requisite to carry into effect so vast an undertaking, but both were em-

ployed; and while compassion for the expatriated individuals invests the scene with a sadness, and wrings the heart with a pang that none can resist, experience turns to the present fruit of that bold deed, tracing its real character in the lamentable contrast presented by Canada, with her rebellious horde of French Papists, long fostered by our liberalizing care in all their deadly delusions, to the noble attitude of our Nova Scotian fellow-subjects.

In short, whatever may be the special pleadings of mistaken charity—mistaken, because it confounds the disease with its victim, and remonstrates against banishing the former, as though it were a cruelty inflicted on the latter—popery is utterly incompatible with loyalty to any ruler whose neck is not placed under the footstool of the Vatican, or with fidelity to any obligation that is not subservient to the interests of the triple crown. "The powers that be are ordained of God," says the apostle, and on that ground he enjoins submission even to a Nero, or a Domitian, in all that does not militate against that primary allegiance which is ever due unto the Lord Jehovah: 'the powers that be are ordained of the pope,' says the Romish teacher; and allegiance to the bishop of Rome is that from which no member of their community may swerve. Now, unless we admit that the Christian is bound at the command of an idolatrous prince to blaspheme his Saviour and to do every abominable thing that God hates, we cannot expect the poor blinded, deluded Romanist, whose god is the pope, to yield submission in matters where the governing party is pronounced (as all Protestant rulers are) to be in actual rebellion against him, and their commandments rendered null by that excom-

municated position. This is simple fact; and why should the assertion of it, or its practical application, be exclaimed against as though the persons who were influenced by its knowledge had invented the circumstance? Nothing can be more childish than the cry of remonstrance, taxing with uncharitable severity those who would avert disastrous consequences by removing the cause that must necessarily produce them. A spiritual man will seek to deliver souls from the fatal bondage to which they are reduced, while the man wise only in the things of this world will merely seek to secure himself from the workings of an evil principle which he considers it out of his province or beyond his reach to contend against, as it affects the party influenced by it. To speak more correctly, the former will do both; the latter only one of these things.

Even to our day, the cry of cruelty, of persecution, has been re-echoed against the planners and executors of that stern edict of expatiation which drove the Romish settlers from Nova Scotia; but it is doubtful whether the complaint will be prolonged, now that passing events shew from what scenes of crimes, bloodshed, and devastation the peaceful plains of Nova Scotia have been spared, by the timely, though painful deed of preventive foresight of men who had not forgotten the sufferings which their parents had endured, when throwing off the galling yoke of James Stuart for the mild, because Protestant rule of William of Orange.

C. E.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

DEAR CHRISTIAN LADY,

A COUNTRY curate, in a remote part of ——shire, a part too much abounding with Papists and dissenters of the Unitarian persuasion, has felt himself often at a loss with regard to some of their arguments. He is a Cambridge man, but he dares not call himself learned; and he trusted that his abilities, though unfit for controversy, might be made useful to the poor. He now finds himself pressed with reasoning which embarrasses him; and though he feels his cause to be right, he cannot always answer the cavils of the objectors. Will you allow him to propose a few of his difficulties, in order that they may be seen, and perhaps solved by your correspondents?

That the bible, and the bible alone, is the religion of Protestants, is a saying now become proverbial among those who allow the right of private judgment; and when I attempt—for I shall now drop the third person—to show the awful nature of the Socinian doctrines, the Socinian minister tells me that he is a minister of God as much as I am, and that I am very bigotted to condemn him. He says the bible, and the bible alone, is his creed, and that I do not understand it all; that his right of private judgment is undeniable; that private judgment has led him to Socinianism; and that if I allow the Independent minister a right to separate from what he calls '*my*

church,' to preach against its ordinances and to hold different tenets, I have no right to deny the same liberty to him. On the other hand, the Papist sets up doctrines, erroneous, as I conceive, in the extreme; and diametrically opposed to those of the Socinian, inasmuch as one believes a great deal more than is written, and the other scarcely anything at all; yet the Papist, while he denies the right of private judgment, still refers to the bible.

Now the difficulty to me is, how to find an *authority* for declaring the Papist and the Socinian wrong: they are very plausible, and know how to make out such a case, that it requires a Close, or a Dillon, or a Mortimer O'Sullivan, to refute them. And if I meet them on practical ground, and tell them of the effects of the word on my own heart, they reply with an account of its effects on theirs. Oh! that it may not ultimately be a "savour of death unto death." Thus driven from the ground of interpretation by the right of private judgment, and from that of experience by an assumption of equal efficacy, I see the *carnally-minded* among my poor congregation drawn away, some by the bait held out to the pride of human reason, and others by the pomp and spiritual security which marks the Roman church. A neighbouring clergyman, who I am afraid studies the Oxford Tracts, and the so-called Fathers, rather than the Bible, has a very ready reply. He says: "The church of England is the only visible church of Christ in this country: those who differ *much* from it are dangerously in doctrinal error, and those who differ little from it (among dissenters) are wantonly and needlessly guilty of schism;" a sin of which I cannot find any definition in scripture. This is an

escape, indeed, but by taking up the most uncharitable ground, viz., by unchurching all the Protestant dissenters.

I remain, dear Lady,
Your obedient servant,
CLERICUS, Junior.

[The wish of our correspondent is a natural and a laudable one,—'to find an *authority*' for the faith on which he is resting. Our only marvel is, how one who signs himself 'CLERICUS' should have this yet to seek.

That there is nothing in the world so important, so essential, as this, is too obvious to need any proof. Everything else may be allowed to rest upon probability, upon expediency, or upon preference; but this requires *establishment*, and *certainty*. The man who would lay his head upon a dying pillow, and compose himself to a peaceful slumber, knowing that it is most likely that he will wake up in an eternal world,—must have something better than a *may be*, than a probability, than a balance of conflicting opinions, to rest upon. If he has not 'built his house upon a ROCK,' his placid repose is an instance of greater insanity than that of the man who made his bed in the crater of a volcano!

An *authority*, then, is indeed essential, and we regret to find that our correspondent is still in a kind of uncertainty about it. Let us first shew that his last idea,—that which he calls 'an escape' from the difficulty, is, in point of fact, no escape, no solution at all, but a mere *ignis fatuus*, a false light, held out by Satan to lure him from the only path in which safety is to be found.

The 'ready reply' in which he thinks he sees an 'escape' from the difficulty, is nothing else, in point of fact, but the established rule of faith with Papists, (as Dr. Milner and Dr. Wiseman will inform him,) THE CHURCH, as opposed to the Protestant rule, THE SCRIPTURES. But this rule, although in the hands of the Papists themselves it will never stand the encounter of a fair argument,—in the hands of a Protestant who pertinaciously clings to it, will inevitably carry him onwards to Popery. It is the Romish rule, and it is only consistent with Romanism. Whoever unwarily takes up with it will soon have his choice to make, either to give it up, and return to Protestantism, or to adhere to it and go on to Popery.

The 'neighbouring clergyman' says, that 'the church of England is the only visible church of Christ in this country.' But does our correspondent mean to say, that this sort of assumption silences both the Socinian and the Papist? If so, they must be very singular specimens of their respective classes.

Most Socinian ministers would be prompt enough to reply, 'I do not know what you mean. You have a building, which you call "the church," in Castle-street: I have a building, which I call "the chapel," in Albion-street. Both of these are visible, and equally so. But your own articles tell me, that a church is "a congregation of faithful men," and such a congregation I can shew you in Albion-street. To tell me, then, that "the church of England is the only visible church of Christ in this country," is nothing else than a piece of arrogant presumption. I shall admit the fact *when* you have proved it, but assuredly not till then.'

With equal readiness would a Romish priest retort, '*Yours* the only visible church! Why, it is no church at all! You have not a single bishop, priest, or deacon among you, whose ordination is of the least validity. You profess to receive and allow the first four general councils. Now that of Ephesus, the IIId, and that of Chalcedon, the IVth, both decreed that 'no bishop shall interfere in another province, which has not from the very first been under himself and his successors.' This of itself destroys your whole succession. For 'who removed Mary's, or rather the Roman pontiff's bishops, at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign? Did the English church? Who formed this church if the sixteen deposed bishops did not? And where will you shew us the canons whereby the deprivation of bishops, and the appointment of new ones by letters missive, are granted to the civil power?'[1]

Such, then, would be the success of the 'neighbouring clergyman's' 'ready reply.' If it were not thought too silly to call for remark, it would infallibly be demolished by the first blow, either of Socinian or Romish controversy.

Let our correspondent, then, quit this fancy, and let him return back to the 'old paths,' in which we must take for granted he has erewhile trodden, namely, the Articles and Homilies of his own church.

He has solemnly subscribed this declaration:—

"Holy scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatever is not *read therein*, nor may be *proved thereby*, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary for salvation."

[1] Dublin Review, vol. 5, p. 306.

He has also adopted, by his signature to the Articles, the book of Homilies, in which it is declared, that

"In the holy scripture is *fully contained* what we ought to do, and what to eschew,—what to believe, what to love, and what to look for."

But he is harassed by the use of the phrase 'private judgment.' If one man's private judgment is to be listened to, so is that of another, and this to the end of the story.

The remedy is a very simple one. Let him cast away this mere human invention, which is perplexing him, and let him endeavour to realize the FACT.

The Almighty God has most mercifully and graciously vouchsafed to give to man a full and free revelation of his mind and will. He has done this in the most ample and condescending manner, by causing divers of his servants to write down words dictated to them by his Holy Spirit, and thus, in process of time, to form a volume, which we call THE BIBLE.

This volume he has further condescended miraculously to preserve:—while every other ancient work descends to us in fragments, with losses or interpolations,—this, the most ancient of all, is complete and intact, the constant guardianship of divine power having equally preserved it from loss and from human addition.

And by this book shall every man be one day judged. "*The word that I have spoken,*" said our Lord, "*the same shall judge him in the last day.*" Will there be a word uttered, before that tribunal, of 'the right of private judgment?' Not one!

Let our correspondent, then, get rid of this fiction, which seems to perplex him. Our reformers knew

nothing of it. How calm and peaceful is the strain of their beautiful petition,—

"Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy scriptures to be written for our learning: Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Nothing, says the church of England in her sixth article, is to be required of any man as an article of faith, which is not *read in scripture*, or may be *proved thereby*. In the church's judgment, then, every essential doctrine of Christianity stands plainly recorded in scripture, either in express terms, or by inevitable implication.

An instance of the last may be given. In Isaiah's vith chapter he gives an account of a vision, in which he says that he beheld "THE LORD OF HOSTS." In the xiith chapter of St. John's gospel the apostle declares, that the person whom Isaiah then saw was CHRIST. The inference is inevitable. But both this, and every other essential doctrine, is declared, both expressly and impliedly, again and again; and so clearly and fully as to leave no room for doubt or equivocation.

'Private judgment,' then, as insisted upon by the Socinian, is the right of putting any meaning on a passage of scripture that the reasoner thinks proper! This may be claimed by unreasonable men, now; but, as we have already said, no such argument will be heard when "*the judgment is set and the books are opened.*" All the shifts and contrivances by which men now try to escape from the power of

God's word will then be at an end. Not a word of 'private judgment,' no, nor of 'the interpretation of the church,' or of 'the voice of antiquity,' will then be heard. "*The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him at the last day.*" Nor will there be a single individual, among assembled millions, to whom that word has been spoken, who will dare then to object, that it was too vague, or indefinite, or mysterious, for him to understand or receive benefit from it.

"*To the law and to the testimony,*" then, must be our appeal. "*If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.*" Man, every man, all men, whether layman, priest, or pope, are sinners; and all must "*stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.*" And at that bar, they may be sure, the only test which will be applied, whether to principles or to conduct, will be the only unerring test, the pure, unmixed, unerring record, the WORD OF GOD.]

Although the above remarks are appended as an editorial note, we have to confess our obligations to a hand far abler than our own, into which we put the letter of 'Clericus, Junior,' and from which we received this solution of the question. The writer having put his admirable reply into this form, we would not alter it: still less would we presume to claim it as our own.

SABBATH SANCTITY.

"Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head."—Ezek. xxxiii. 4.

MADAM,

IT hath been rumoured that an innovation on the sanctity of the Sabbath has been contemplated by the partial opening of the London Post-office on that blessed day. Being one of those men whom the people of the land have taken from their coasts and set for their watchmen, I hesitate not to pronounce such an attempt a demonstration of the approaching sword, coming to destroy the land; and therefore, according to the injunction and command of my Master, I sound the tocsin of alarm, by blowing the trumpet and warning the people, that my own conscience at least may be guiltless of the blood of such persons as such an innovation and breach of the Sabbath is highly calculated to betray: and if you, Madam, agree with me in the view I have taken of the matter, you will join me in raising our voices as loudly as we are able in defence of that which is not only God's own blessed boon, next perhaps in importance to salvation itself, to his people, scattered throughout a guilty world; but the birth-right of every British subject in particular.

The very title of your magazine is, I think, suffi-

cient to debar it a perusal from the legislators of the present times; but not so, I should hope, from the amiable partners of some of them; and we all know what influence on society, from the throne to the cottage, their sex is able to produce; so paramount indeed has it been in all ages of the world, that the greatest heathen poet that ever wrote, makes the most aged and wisest of his senators, on his viewing the heroine of the poet's song approach him, to exclaim:

> 'No wonder that such charms
> For ten long years has set the world in arms,
> What winning graces and majestic mien,
> She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.'

Whether we regard the Sabbath in a religious or political point of view, the mind of man or angel could not devise a more excellent blessing for the human race. And it is most natural that it should be so, for God is its author and ordainer; God made the seventh day a season of rest, and well does it become man to beware how he tampers with the appointments of God. But when did God appoint the observance of the Sabbath? After man sinned? nay, truly, but before sin was ever heard of in the world. Just after man was made in the image of God, after the wonderful work of creation was finished; and when God turned his eyes upon it all, and saw no imperfection there, but on the contrary all was very good, he rested on the seventh day, and blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it. The Sabbath then is a fragment of that blessed state that existed before man's fall. It was instituted in Eden, the type of the paradise of God in heaven, ere the blight of sin had withered its fair flowers, or ferocity entered the animal tribe, or thorns and thistles

usurped the dominion of the fertile fields. And thus it would appear, that when the Lord God created earth, he intended it to be assimilated, for a seventh portion of its time, to heaven itself, For what is heaven, but a perpetual Sabbath without sin? And that the Sabbath has continued ever since, through the manifold changes of this world until the present day, proves that it was God's appointment; for the sun in the firmament of heaven, or the moon that gladdens the gloom of night, does not more clearly demonstrate its author, than the day that has proved a rich blessing to all the people of God, from the earth's foundation until this hour. But now, in our times of the march of reform, men seem to overlook this fact, or not to know it; and they imagine that the Sabbath-day was made by an act of parliament in St. Stephen's, and may by another act be repealed. O no, say these worthies, we do not contemplate a repeal of the Sabbath, but only an amendment. To whom I would say, Would to God you could first learn to amend your own evil ways, before ye try your handy work in amending that which God at the beginning blessed, hallowed, and pronounced very good; and after man's transgression brought ruin, like a flood, into the world, took the precaution to write on tables of stone with his own finger, that men might not dare to transgress it. But even admitting ye do not contemplate such a result as the total disregard to the sanctity of the Sabbath, by so slight an innovation as is rumoured, I tell ye, that in the times wherein we live ye cannot vouch for others, that they will not carry out, to its full proportions, what yourselves have so boldly begun, and take the desecration of the Sabbath, on the part of the ma-

nagers of the Post-office, as an instalment for getting rid of the inconvenience of the Sabbath altogether. Can you guarantee that the managers of the Bank of England, seeing the temptation in vigorous operation before their eyes, will not by and by take the hint, and deprecate the interruption of every seventh day from their work; and that the reformed House of Commons will not claim a privilege of sitting as usual on that day? Ah, ye makers of human laws and breakers of God's laws, remember the fate of Atheistical France, just after changing the Sabbath from the seventh day to the tenth! the carnage that ensued, and the human blood that flowed, caused the nations of the earth to stand aghast with horror, and the glory of France has ever since declined, and her sun has set.

The Sabbath was intended by its author, not only as a day of rest for both man and beast from worldly toils, but to remind the former of the rest that remaineth in heaven for the people of God; and give him a foretaste of it, and remind him that here he hath no abiding place, but better things are provided for him above.

But to take carnal men on their own principles, we have both truth and reason on our side. For suppose that none of those facts which I have adduced were God's truth, and that the Sabbath was not of divine appointment, but, as men would seem to have it, made by an act of parliament; suppose it was found written not in the Bible, but in Magna Charta, 'That man and beast should rest from toil on every seventh day'—who, I ask, would have the rashness, who the daring, to tear from the scroll such a law of men's rights? For where again could we

find another act so calculated to bless our nation as the Sabbath act? What law of man has ever entailed so many and such rich blessings upon a people as the Lord's-day, and the law that calls aloud on men to remember to keep it holy? As for myself, madam, I look on the blessings of the Sabbath day as paramount, even in a human sense of the word; for time seems to begin anew on every Monday morning, and the languor and fatigue of mind and body, however severe they feel, are greatly alleviated by the prospect of the approaching Sabbath day, as the rest itself bringeth certain refreshment with it; and in saying this, I speak not my own experience alone, but the experience of millions who have enjoyed its blessings.

But how low the estimate of that man must be, even concerning morality, not to mention religion, who could propose any worse observance of the Sabbath than that which we have already! and what a miserable calculator must he be, to imagine that letters could be conveyed to Manchester and Liverpool on that day, and that the practice would not soon find its way to the most fashionable squares of London; and the Sabbath of Paris become the Sabbath of London.

As well might it be argued, that the blood that is dismissed from the heart of a living man will only interfere with the extremities of the human system: but the blood has no sooner reached the extremities, than it returns in a few more throbs to the heart, and brings with it fresh supplies from its wanderings, and these too of the nature of the system through which it has passed. London is the heart of the British empire; and only poison the fountain-head, by the

example of despatching letters on the Lord's day therefrom, and every stream that returns to the source will bring back fresh poison to the spring—'sed principiis obsta.'

Besides, we are not to forget the salvation of the souls of the men employed about the post-office on that day. God's dear people, for whom his Son bled, may be among the number; and asking them to work on the day on which God requires them to rest and keep holy, would put a stumbling-block in their way. And I would remind any one who should be inclined so to act, and who believes that the New Testament is the word of Christ, to reflect on what he therein declares concerning such: "Whosoever offendeth one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea," than so to do. And even taking the matter in its lowest consideration, namely, as a matter of expediency, is it, I ask, expedient to open such a pandemonium of business at a crisis like the present? Is this to be done, if indeed it must be done, at a season when wars and rumours of wars are afloat in every quarter of the globe? Was it by desecrating the Lord's day that England was enabled to cope with the combined nations of the earth, and come off victorious? And where shall we now turn that war does not stare us in the face? Look at the east, and behold the commotions there; our dominions threatened by a most powerful foe. See the Russian girding himself to the battle. Look at the west; the Canadas and America up in arms to throw off our name. Look at Ireland, the sister kingdom, ripe for rebellion, and blood already shed, as a prelude of what may be expected,

where a premium is put on agitation, and loyalty is a crime. Look at England, with her nightly meetings, and her disaffected sons standing tiptoe on rebellion, with the powers of her ministers crippled and paralyzed. And is this a time publicly to provoke God by the breach of his Sabbath?

I have the honour to remain, Madam,
Most faithfully yours,
A LOVER OF SINGULARITY.

[We are greatly indebted to the writer of this forcible remonstrance. No sign of the time has appalled us so much as the experiment now in progress on the public mind, with regard to this audacious profanation of God's holy day. Happily, the country is not yet so far advanced in the destructive march as to acquiesce in the infidel proposal: but it behoves every Christian lady to be watchful, and in her proper sphere to act promptly, whenever it is brought forward. The policy of the day is to sharpen the point of the wedge, so as to make the least possible breach in that which, by repeated sledge-hammer strokes, they are sure of severing when once that is accomplished. Let the mothers and mistresses of families look to it, or the Christian household will soon become a very pandemonium.]

THE TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

I.—Introduction.

During the past year I endeavoured to draw the attention of my readers to the striking and evident connexion which subsists between the religion of the bible and the so-called 'religion of nature;' and having, as I humbly trust, succeeded in proving that the latter is only a corrupted stream from the former pure and heavenly fountain, I purpose now to make use of that fact (and thus of mythology itself), as collateral evidence to the truth of revelation. To those who are enabled devoutly and humbly to believe all that they find declared in the divine word, without either a difficulty as to its truth, or an inquiry as to the reason of it, such a proceeding may seem useless, or perhaps irreverent; but many a restless and inquisitive mind will feel very differently on the subject, and will be rejoiced to see that even paganism, with all her corruptions, cannot refuse her testimony to the main points of Christianity; while the more devoted believer ought to feel satisfaction when he finds that all nature, human as well as irrational, mythological as well as scientific, is constrained to bear witness, as with one voice, to the truth and glory of God.

Those who have felt any interest in the former

series of papers, will perhaps find the present inquiry an object of still deeper importance; as it embraces a variety of illustration, and a range of scriptural subjects, which could not belong to the religion of nature, considered in the light wherein Archbishop Tillotson viewed it, and which formed the text of my then observations. We shall begin with the existence, nature, and operations of deity, and proceed through the main events connected with our species and their terrestrial habitation, as detailed in the early part of the scriptures; vindicating each point from the cavils and aspersions of ungodly men, by the collateral, and, as some may think, the unnecessary evidence of paganism.

Far, however, be it from me, to view this chain of testimony, how clear and useful soever it may be, as an indispensable or even requisite argument in favour of the Mosaic narrative. We well know that the bible stands upon its own intrinsic truth and divine inspiration, neither aiming at, nor desiring the witness of man in any age; yet it may be useful, in its measure, to adduce even the meanest existing proof of its veracity; thus filling up any crevice which may have been left in the body of irrefragable evidence. Many have been the means to which unbelievers and heretics in every age have resorted, in their vain attempt to disprove all or part of God's holy word: and equally numerous have been the arms used against them by the faithful. They have rejected the whole bible, as a modern invention; its antiquity has been proved, from ancient records, by the archiologist. They have despised it as a pretended and interested oracle; its inspiration has been proved, from its internal evidence, by the philosopher.

They have impugned the veracity of its narrative; it has been justified, from other authors, by the historian. They have substituted their own false versions for the true one; the real meaning has been established by the scholar.

But there is another, and an invincible weapon, and one most easy to use, although it has seldom, if ever been turned against them. Pagan mythology is too old to be slighted, too clear to be contradicted, and too inimical to Christianity to be suspected of collusion.

As to its origin, I have perhaps said enough already; but it may not be amiss, in a few words, to restate the case, upon a different footing from that on which we have already seen it to rest: for its internal evidence is as good an argument for its traditionary origin as is the date of its commencement. There are but three sources whence mythology could spring: —history, imagination, and tradition; from one of these three it must inevitably have taken its rise.

If from history, there must have been real facts, whence men framed the story of their gods; but we have no evidence at all that any facts ever occurred in history which could give birth to the grand outlines of mythology; and we are not now contending about its lesser details. It could not therefore spring from history.

Neither could it spring from imagination, because if it had so sprung it must have been consonant to man's reason; but the leading feature of every Pagan theology is a SLAIN GOD, which to human reason is a contradiction in terms; for if a god be mortal, in his own nature, he is no more than a man, and consequently he is no God at all. If, therefore, neither

history nor imagination can have been the source of mythology, we must trace it to tradition, a result which is confirmed by the striking coincidences between them; for, however the drapery may be altered, the form is the same, as we have already seen in the five leading points formerly considered.

But it is not improbable that some one of my readers may here enquire, what can be the possible use of a false religion, as a supporter of the true? How can an impure theology give any aid in the vindication of a pure one?

The use of revelation to Paganism, it may be said, is sufficiently evident, if it supplied the materials of which it was made; but how can the reflex position hold good, that Paganism is in any way useful to the support of revelation?

Let us illustrate it by a familiar instance. Suppose that a father makes a will, in which he leaves to his children certain possessions and privileges, and enjoins upon them sundry duties. At his death, the will is found and read, but on account of its contents in general, and the mysterious nature of some among its provisions, certain wicked men endeavour to discredit its authenticity, and tempt the children to throw it aside as a useless piece of forgery. A copy of the document, however, is found, made by a rude and ignorant scribe, and of as early a date as the original; it is in a low provincial dialect, the style is corrupted, and many parts have been omitted or misplaced, by the carelessness and stupidity of the transcriber. Besides all this, it is torn, defaced, and dirty; many pages, and those very important ones, are missing, and the whole is so vile a thing, that the heirs are, with great difficulty, persuaded to be-

lieve its connexion with the beautiful, perfect, illuminated manuscript of which they are possessed. A few among them, anxious to gather up every crumb of evidence in favour of their beloved parent's testament, examine the repulsive paper, and find, to their surprise and pleasure, that however misplaced are the items, and however misspelled may be the names, still it *is* a copy of the original document, and so far agrees with it as to substantiate all its most mysterious parts, and thus to refute the calumnies of those who had made use of these very mysteries to discredit its authority.

This pure and beautiful manuscript is the Bible itself; mythology is the base and disgusting copy, but still it *is* a copy; and when compared with the original, it will be found to verify, in its own barbarous manner, all the chief doctrines and facts of that divine system.

I will place these under the following heads: the existence and creative power of God; the Trinity in Unity; the fall of the angels; the garden of Eden; the promise of a divine Redeemer; the deluge; and the destruction of Babel.

These several points I hope to consider in their order, shewing, from undoubted mythological authority, how evidently they formed a part of the deteriorated system derived from Revelation, and therefore how distinctly they must have been known previously to the origin of that deteriorated system.

I cannot but think that this is a conclusive argument against those deluded or deluding writers who have endeavoured to discredit the scripture narrative, as being a Judaical or modern invention.

X. Q.

THE RETURN ALONE.

THOU did'st leave us, O stranger, that sunnier skies
Might kindle up life in thy fair one's bright eyes;
But thy pale drooping flower, Oh where is it gone?
Why art thou come back to thy dwelling alone?

Ye are parted! thy fair one no longer is thine!
The skies that ye pined for were only to shine
O'er the grave where she sleeps, in some far distant
ground,
And the sweet English flowers that are planted around.

She is gone, then, sad stranger, where never may come
The voice of her children, the light of her home!
Where the earth o'er her coffin is heavily spread,
In the depths of corruption she sleeps 'midst the dead.

She is gone, but not there! though my spirit must
learn,
For the help of her fondness no longer to yearn;
Yet mine is the pain and the sorrow alone,
For she to the house of her Father hath gone!

And comest thou here, where her sweet smiling face
Peeps in at the casement with feminine grace—
Where the sound of her footstep haunts every floor,
The same as thou heardst it in moments of yore?

Where there is not a thing which thy pathway hath
crost,
But is linked with the thoughts of the loved and the
lost;
Go, hide at a distance thine oft-falling tear,
Oh! heart-broken stranger, why comest thou here?

I have come to the home, to the sweet pleasant ways,
Which we dwelt in together through long quiet days;
Not a spot, not a place, not a chamber is there
But is hallowed with thoughts of our watching and
prayer.

For we looked for the hope of that glorious state,
Which she has now entered—which I must await;
And the life that we lived is perfected above,
'Twas but the beginning of gladness and love.

By the window she loved, still her Bible is laid,
Still her school-house gleams white through the
Sycamore's shade;
The hearts of the aged her absence shall mourn,
And the poor look in vain for the lady's return.

Yet calm is my spirit—its pleasures are o'er,
The solace of love is my portion no more;
But the mourner may wear a rejoicing smile,
When he knows that his sorrow is but for a while!

M. A. S. B.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. XIX.

How truly miserable must this world be to those who have no vital religion in their hearts—who are not practically influenced by its hopes and motives! It is all very well while health and prosperity are at their height, and while the intoxication of pleasure for a time supplies the place of that calm, steady, happiness—the delightful sense of peace and reconciliation with God through the blood of Christ—the lightheartedness of feeling, the burden of sin removed from the conscience—the comforting assurance of having a Friend, an Advocate, a Saviour at the hour of utmost need—the joyful prospect of eternal rest and re-union with departed friends—those glorious hopes for the future, and that peace at the present which passeth all understanding—the *all*, too long to enumerate, that makes the Christian's life so happy a one. But when the cloud of adversity darkens, and the cheerless night of affliction overshadows the fair horizon, how intolerable must be the gloom! I cannot conceive how any one can bear up against the bitter pangs of grief, or indeed even contend with the daily common rubs and disappointments of life, without the supports of religion, its hopes and promises, and the abiding conviction that everything, great and

small, that happens, is by the appointment and with the cognizance of a God of love.

These reflections are partly suggested by the perusal of a powerfully-written narrative, containing a sketch of an individual who was the victim of cruel persecution. He was thrown into prison for debt, and the lingering miseries of long years of incarceration were aggravated by seeing a beloved wife and child gradually pine away and die before his eyes. They had quitted a pleasant country home, the scene of happiness and domestic life, for a close and miserable lodging near the prison. Every day was spent in the cell of the prisoner, and at night they returned to their garret, and as time rolled wearily on, the effects of confinement and wretchedness were visible in the emaciated frame and pallid cheek. The child died first. The already broken-hearted mother did not long survive the shock, and over her corpse the bereaved husband and father vowed the most deadly and persevering revenge against his oppressor. He lived to accomplish his fearful vow. After his release from prison, vengeance became the object to which he devoted his life—vengeance so relentless and diabolical as to be satiated only by witnessing the dying agonies of its victim, worn out by mental sufferings the most acute.

The writer of the above was evidently not under the influence of religion; and there was something so awful in the picture, such utter hopelessness in the despair, such a total absence of the faintest gleam of consolation amid the most aggravated sufferings, that it was enough to make one go down on one's knees and praise God for those to whom he had vouchsafed any measure of his divine Spirit, as well

as pray earnestly for such as without religion had to struggle with the waves of this troublesome world, like a ship in a stormy sea, without anchor to stay, compass to direct, or haven to look forward to.

If it be true that those who are blessed with health know not its full value until they either feel or witness the sad effects of being deprived of it, surely those who enjoy the abiding peace and comforts of religion are not so fully aware of the inestimable treasure they possess, or of the golden sunshine which the lamp of life sheds over the earthly path, until they really see what a cold, cheerless, miserable blank the world is without it.

It was mine once to witness the hopeless grief of a fellow-creature crushed beneath the agony of a sharp and sudden blow, without knowing where to turn for consolation: and it was mine—blessed be God—to see the dark mists of error, ignorance, and sorrow clear away before the glorious light of revelation, as the healing balm of the gospel was poured into those bleeding wounds.

The sufferer was a poor, simple cottager, one whom the world and its proud ones would have despised. But though of no account in the eye of men, she is, I humbly trust, accepted of God, and will shine bright in his kingdom when all earthly distinctions shall have passed away, "in that day when he maketh up his jewels."

I saw her generally three days in every week during a whole summer, and my visits to her lowly cabin were very delightful, and I hope not wholly without profit to myself. Many of her simple expressions and remarks, on passages of scripture read to her, I noted down at the time. They interested

me much: there was a freshness and genuine feeling in all she said, a fervour and earnestness of manner; and her gestures were the more expressive and energetic, from the difficulty she felt in giving utterance to what overflowed at her heart in a foreign tongue; for English was a foreign tongue to her, as it is to many of the poor in Ireland.

The cottage of the widow L—— was not far from our abode, and we could seldom pass it without being tempted to go in. There was always her smiling face at the door, as she stood curtesying her welcome and invitation; for she was proud of the little place which she kept scrupulously clean, and whitewashed with her own hands; and she had always some little new acquisition, a jug or bowl, just added to the store of delf on the dresser, to display before our admiring eyes.

Her only companion was a son, the last that remained to her of her family. I never saw any thing like the affection that subsisted between them. It was perhaps strengthened by her having, to make use of an Irish phrase, 'earned him very dear,' for he had been very delicate in his childhood, and she had carried him about to various places, and consulted many doctors, and 'lost a power of money by him.' He grew up, however, to be of the greatest use and comfort to her, and she never tired of descanting on his good qualities. 'There was never mother had a better son than Tom; he worked late and early for her, and was as loving and tender as a daughter, and so handy about the little cabin! Then he wasn't like other boys; no one ever heard him cursing or swearing; an' he never could bear to say a bad word of mortal, or even to stand by when any back-biting was

going on. The last time he saved a few shillings out of his earnings, instead of putting a new hat or a pair of shoes on himself, he laid them out on a thick flannel petticoat for her, coming on winter—and he wouldn't call her 'mother,' only 'mother asthore,' and 'mother mavourneen' (my dear, my darling), ever an' always.'

One spring, Tom got an attack of illness. It promised to be tedious, and the physician, who lived at a distance, was anxious that the young man should go to the hospital, where he would be immediately under his own eye, and his recovery more rapid than at home. Every day the anxious mother used 'to run to town,' (as she called it) barefoot, a distance of six long Irish miles, to visit her son. On her return in the evening, she generally came up to our house, to announce, with a joyful face, that 'Tom was better, glory be to God! and would be soon home.'

Great was her delight the first day that she was told he was well enough to eat meat, and in fact now no longer considered an invalid. Thinking he would relish any thing prepared by herself, and coming from his own little cabin, more than what they would give him at the hospital, she procured a chicken, which she dressed and put in a jug, with a paper carefully tied over it. At the first grey light of morning she started off with the dainty. A neighbour, who was driving his car into town, overtook her as she was toiling through the miry road, and offered her a 'lift;' but she was hardly seated in the vehicle than she begged him to stop and let her out again, lest the jolting should spill the liquor that was about the chicken in the jug, and any should be lost.

When at last the poor woman reached the hospital,

the doors were shut; and thinking it might be too early to expect admittance, she sat down to wait patiently on the steps. At length she ventured to knock, and, on going in, saw the doctor in the hall, looking very much agitated, and talking earnestly to the nurses, who seemed in much confusion, dismay being in every face.

What an anxious throbbing thing is a mother's heart! now rising, now sinking—a thermometer of the affections! The poor widow L——'s misgave her in a moment. She said, in a trembling voice, to the physician, 'I suppose, sir, I may go up to my child?' The doctor and the nurses exchanged looks, and endeavoured to detain her below. This confirmed her agonizing suspicions. She burst from them, rushed up stairs with frantic haste to the ward occupied by her son, and found him stretched there—a corpse!

A few days after the funeral—it was a cold, damp, cheerless afternoon—I bent my steps towards the house of mourning. I dreaded the visit; for I knew the strong feelings and ardent temperament of the sufferer, and on such dispositions the effects of grief are far more violent than on quieter spirits. Besides, in those who have themselves once deeply suffered, there is always a shrinking from witnessing the pangs of others. 'The sight of others' woe' re-opens every wound in the heart, and old sorrows, that time has comparatively healed over, bleed afresh.

The door of the cabin was closed; I pushed it open, and there she stood, the bereaved mother by the fireless hearth. I shall never forget her, as she looked at that moment—such a picture of wretchedness! A few days of sorrow seemed to have done the work of years on her shrivelled haggard face and shrunken

form. Her lips had that dragged writhing appearance which is produced by bodily torture; her forehead was drawn up, and her eyes—oh! what despair was in *them!* Her dress, always so neatly arranged, was soiled and in disorder; the little room neglected, and the dresser—the pride of the Irish cabin, was covered with dust.

Her first burst of agony on seeing me was so dreadful that it was with the utmost difficulty I could control my feelings,—grief is sadly infectious. She was so hoarse that I could hardly hear what she said, and this I attributed to her having cried so much at the funeral; but a neighbour, who was with her, told me that the day the young man's body was brought home to be waked was one of unceasing rain; it fell in such torrents that the poor creature, fearing the wet would penetrate into the coffin, stretched herself upon it, and there she lay during the long drive of several miles in an open car. Her clothes were, of course, completely soaked through, and she was so absorbed in her grief that she did not take them off for two days, until the funeral was over.

Bitter as were the widow L——'s lamentations for the loss of her son, they were nothing compared to her agony about his soul. It seems he had expired quite suddenly, and without there being time to send for a priest. This was a fatal omission in the eyes of those who attribute such important effects to the sacrament of extreme unction.[1] Happy the Christian

[1] 'Démande.—Qu'est-ce que l'extrême onction?

Réponse.—C'est le dernier sacrement qu'on donne aux malades qui sont en danger de mort.

D.—Quels sont les effets de ce sacrement?

R.—1. Il donne la grâce à celui qui le recoit dignement. 2. Il efface les pêchés qui restent, c'est-à-dire, ou qu'on a commis depuis la der-

who is taught to look up to the great High Priest, and anchor his hopes on the Rock of ages, instead of putting his trust in man, whose breath is in his nostrils! Never did I so forcibly feel this as when I saw the misery of the poor widow L——.

'And to think of his dying as he did,' she would exclaim, wringing her hands, 'dying there, without a priest, like a cow, or a horse, or a beast that has no soul, by the road-side! Oh, but I'm afraid 'tis bad with him now on the 'count of it. I gave away his clothes for the good of his soul the day he was buried, and if I had to part with every thing I have in the wide world,' she said, looking round at the furniture of the little cabin, 'I'd do it to have masses said for him while I have a penny left. O Tom, Tom agra,' she exclaimed with another burst of anguish, ''tis you that have left me lone and desolate this day. O what will I do without you at all, aragel! I havn't a friend in the wide world now to look at me, or to care for me, or to wet my lips with a drop of water when they'll be parched with the drought of death. O Tom, my son, why did you go from me, and leave your old mother alone in the wide world.'

I tried to persuade her that she was not so lone or unpitied as she imagined, and told her of the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and who is afflicted in all our afflictions. She scarcely heeded my words; so absorbed in grief that she did not even wipe away the tears that were silently dripping down

nière confession, ou qu'on a oublié en se confessant. 3. Il donne du courage et de la force à l'âme pour supporter patiemment la violence du mal, et pour résister aux tentations du démon, en ce dernier moment de la vie. 4. Il donne aussi la santé du cords, lors seulement que Dieu prévoit qu'il doit être utile au salut de l'âme.'—*Catechisme Theologique des Jesuites.*

and fell unnoticed on her neckerchief. I made another effort to engage her attention, and told, as simply as I could, the story of the woman of Nain. It had an instantaneous effect. The poor creature dropped on her knees, and holding up her hands high over her head uttered a fervent ejaculation in Irish. It was most affecting to see her, and I shall never forget the expression of her hollow eyes as they were raised to heaven. When I could sufficiently command my voice, I made some more observations about a future state and the way of salvation through the Saviour, adding 'You know this, don't you?'

'A' how would I know any thing about them things? sure I don't know—God help me!' was her reply; and there was something so mournful, so hopeless in the tone with which it was said, that it went to my very heart.

The mention of a future state had roused up again all the poor woman's agony about the safety of her son. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'I think if he had only had the priest with him, I'd have been content—I wouldn't have cried a tear. But sure now I don't know where he's gone. There was one thing about him, may be 'twas a good sign; he had the most beautiful smile upon his mouth, when he was dead, and his face, when he was lying stretched, was like an angel's in heaven. I hope,' she added eagerly, 'I *hope* that was a good sign.'

Alas! how sad it was to see this sorrowing creature clinging with such tenacity to a broken reed of hope like this, instead of being able to trust in the certainty of a joyful resurrection, through the merits of Jesus Christ applied by faith to the believing soul.

I promised to come soon again, and to bring with me a book which, if my poor friend would listen to, would give her much comfort; and then I took my leave. My heart was wrung as I turned away from her door, and left her there so comfortless—in such a dark and hopeless state, overshadowed by the double night of ignorance and grief.

M. F. D.

(To be continued.)

CASTLE BUILDING.

'Why do we thus ourselves deceive,
And fancy's golden dreams believe!
As idle children wandering look
Upon the image in the book,
We quit our hold—the good is fled—
We grasp the watery shade instead,
When present joys we cease to prize
For hope's deluding phantasies.'

PERNICIOUS dreams, which raise men as by a temporary delirium above the cares of real life, making them all unfit to descend again into the more sober pleasures of existence. There is no state of mind so difficult, so hopeless to improve, as that of a confirmed day-dreamer, for castle-building saps the very foundation of all improvement, by taking from us the clear perception of things as they really exist, colouring them with its deceitful hues, and teaching us to measure ourselves and others by the false standard of imagination. To see our faults is the first and only step to correcting them; but these are the very things we cease to see when we array ourselves in the glitter of a distorted fancy, and paint ourselves either as perfect, or only subject to those passions of which by nature we think lightly. In whatever light we consider it, there appears no redeeming point to place in account against the time wasted, energy destroyed, and responsibility abused, which invariably follow the indulgence of this enervating

mental luxury. It would take too long here to discuss its original cause in a natural fertility of imagination, or to inquire how far that faculty is in itself hurtful or beneficial. I only now allude to its flagrant abuse, when, instead of restraining it to its lawful task of increasing our enjoyment of all beauty in nature and art, we suffer it to carry captive the reason which was given us as its master, and to revel in the unbounded liberty of fancy's wildest dreams.

There are some who take delight in the mere pleasure of imagination, without any reference to their own future plans and prospects. They will spend hours in continued abstraction, calling up before them visions of those objects which in their more rational moments would strike their fancy or suit their taste. Some paint the pomp and shew of tournaments, courts, and festivals; some love to think of desert islands with their dark forests and unbroken solitudes, while others choose the more probable scenes of real life, only removing those darker shades of grief and pain, which in our present existence always accompany reality. What needs it to tell of the thousand objects of fancy, when every youthful mind has a different bent? But in these visions there is a cast of similarity, which constitutes the chief distinction between this and other sorts of castle-building, and that is, that in all his fancies the dreamer feels as a spectator, not an actor, in what he beholds. And in this consists the *comparative* harmlessness of his wildest thoughts, because they do not influence him as the more probable themes in which he himself might take a part; nay, their very extravagance is his greatest safeguard, as it prevents his thinking they could ever really occur.

When I speak of these dreams as *comparatively* harmless, let no one imagine them to be positively so. Though they do not poison the mind by infusing absurd notions of our own good qualities, and others' esteem, love, or admiration, yet they weaken it by concentrating our pleasure on what is wholly useless, and thereby withdrawing it from what alone can be of any use, namely, the sober realities of domestic and social life. One who persists in the indulgence of these abstracted visions may be amiable, intelligent, and refined; but he will never be capable of anything firm or great—he will never acquire moral courage or self-governance, or a strong and well-regulated mind. How can he? If reason awake, or conscience disturb his repose by reminding him of all he has left undone, he has but to fly to his fanciful delusions, in them to lose all sense of folly and sin. And who can wonder, when temporary ease is so near at hand, that the dreamer should persist in shunning those inward reproaches which alone can arouse him from his mental lethargy.

If these then can be pronounced *comparatively* harmless castle-builders, what must those be who embody their own interests in their dreams, and mix the scenes of real life so often with fancy, as to be ever apt to turn the eye of fancy on real life. Useless the others are—passively criminal; but these are still more blameable, as in addition to their culpable indolence towards their fellow-creatures, they are guilty of trifling with their own best interests, and of poisoning the immortal soul. The evil influence of this habit would be rendered more striking, if men would but examine into the first cause of any of their predominant desires after earthly good; for they would

always find the source in a train of thought, allowed or cherished, in which the desired object was first brought before them in its most attractive aspect, coloured by passion or fancy. First comes the exciting cause; and, oh! how little will serve to excite the dormant power of sinful feeling—the pomp of another's wealth—the fame of another's reputation, awaking in the heart those foolish fancies, have often proved sufficient to create a new predominant desire, which, if cherished by further thought and attention, may give another stamp to the character, and fix it permanently for a whole life. By allowing the thoughts to dwell only on the pleasant side of some fancied good, the power of discrimination becomes corrupted, and a false standard of happiness is formed, as indeed is inevitable when the good is thrown into the balance without its accompanying evil. And as this coveted happiness exists only in the future—as its very nature is to elude our grasp, and still fly before us, the necessary consequence of depending on it is to make us discontented with our present lot, apathetic in its pleasures, and murmurers in its cares. When I say that the happiness of imagination must always elude our grasp, I say only what every one has felt, for though such objects as fame, love, wealth, or admiration, are to be attained, yet these are not what men seek, but rather the happiness which in fancy they have personified under these names; and if they reach their aim, and find that care and grief are still near them, imagination flies on, seeking for happiness in some more distant good, and slighting it where alone it is to be found, in the right employment and enjoyment of the present hour. A false standard of future bliss, must necessarily make men

discontented; not perhaps so deeply as to render them unhappy, but sufficient to prevent their being happy,—sufficient to brush away the bloom from many pleasures, that better regulated minds would thoroughly enjoy. None but a true castle-builder can understand the slight but constant feeling of disappointment which accompanies the possession of anything long expected, when truth begins to look pale after the bright colouring of imagination. Another evil of this unsettled state of mind is, that it makes us unfit for all thoughtful and active exertion. To lounge on a sofa, to rove in solitude, to dream away the quiet hours of twilight are the favourite habits of its slothful victims, who, by so doing, deprive themselves of the energy which alone can aid them in the pursuit of the coveted blessing. Like the Alnaschar of the eastern tale, who fancying himself a vizier, in the act of chastising impertinence kicked down the basket of eggs on which he had built his hopes of future greatness.

But perhaps the most dangerous of all circumstances, is, when a tendency to day-dreams is associated with a natural susceptibility of feeling, which leads its possessors earnestly to desire the esteem, the admiration, or more than all, the love of their fellow-creatures. While tangible things are the object, such as wealth, rank, power or fame, however much men may be deceived in their chance of obtaining them, or their efficacy to bless, yet they cannot well be deceived with regard to their actual possession, or imagine they have them when they have them not: but when such uncertain things as esteem and affection are chiefly desired, imagination is a thousand times more liable to deceive, and will so

twist and distort trifles, as to persuade them they are the objects of those feelings, when they have never existed towards them. A word, a look, a smile, will sometimes so act on the fancy as to create a lasting feeling of preference towards some who are wholly unworthy of exciting or incapable of returning it. Perhaps at first the delusion brings happiness to its victims—a brief dream of happiness, to feel they are esteemed and loved, until time and further intercourse reveal too plainly the signs of utter indifference. And then comes bitter disappointment, sufficient to awake, but not always sufficient to arouse; for if reason be strong to remonstrate, habit is still stronger to enslave; and thus for months and years these dupes of their own weakness go on in fancy's delusion, knowing, but not willing to feel, the falseness of their hopes. Yes, they often know the deceit, but not having resolution to destroy the interest they take in it, they permit themselves to believe it as completely as though they knew it not. To them the words of the prophet may well be applied,—"They feed on ashes," profitless poisonous food: "a deceived heart hath turned them aside, so that they cannot deliver their soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand." Or even when they are not wholly deceived in the belief of others' affection, they will be apt, in making it the subject of their day-dreams, to picture esteem so high, friendship so confiding, and love so constant, that when they come in contact with the selfishness, doubts, and jealousies of ordinary life they feel dissatisfied with their measure of affection, and begin to think themselves ill used, in not receiving the warmth and constancy of angels from their mortal fellow-creatures. And this idea of ill usage

prevents their seeing how little they deserve what they have the presumption to expect; how little right their own faults, frailty, and caprice have to demand any superhuman disinterestedness in others. Or if natural good temper and sense prevent their thinking themselves injured, the disappointment which arises from having trusted in the false colouring of imagination, often makes them weary of their friends' affection, and inclined to seek, in the excitement of some new attachment, a foundation on which to build their visionary hopes. And for a time all goes on smoothly, until novelty decays, and the restless fancy wearies of the new as of the old friend, and then some new excitement must be sought; and again, for a time, the dreamer revels in ideal joy, again to be bitterly disappointed. Thus has much affection been wasted, and many a real friend thrown away. The heart, beguiled by its false standard of merit, loses the power to choose aright, but yielding itself to the dominion of fancy, fixes its preference on the charms of person or manner, instead of regarding those qualities which alone are calculated permanently to attach.

But without any further reference to the various objects and subjects of fancy, it should be remembered that a state of mind in which imagination is suffered to act without restraint, is no commonly bad fault. There are many trifling pursuits and tastes, not quite important enough to be pronounced seriously wrong, though their followers are willing to grant they had better be abandoned, and with these castle-building is often classed, but it is not one of these. While the fault lies in words or actions there is always ground to hope that reflection may lead men to correct the error; but when the sin

dwells in the thoughts, reason has no room to rouse, nor conscience to warn; or if they creep in, and suggest that life is not a subject for idle dreams, this exuberance of fancy offers a ready escape from the unpleasant thought, and leads its victims far away from the contemplation of themselves into a sunny existence of all excellent and admirable things. They feel no faults there, no weakness nor folly, and therefore may dispense with their bitter consequences of humility and repentance,—what wonder then, when conscience again whispers the remembrance of all their errors, they should yield more and more readily to the influence that lulls them in flattering forgetfulness. Fast as other bad habits grow in strength, there is not one more easily formed, and with more difficulty broken, than this thorough dissipation of mind. To-day's does not make to-morrow's task more easy, and even weeks have little effect; for if once the habit be firmly established, it will take years to overcome its insinuating influence. Yet let no one be discouraged: if every day has its task, every day has also its reward, in the increased cheerfulness, even spirits and activity which accompany a well-regulated mind. That it needs an effort no one can deny, a hard and constant effort; yet in this alone consists the power to conquer. As soon as its listless influence is felt creeping over the mind, and active employment is relinquished for a state of half-dreamy abstraction, whilst thoughts and images come crowding fast;—there should be a strenuous effort to arouse the flagging attention, and fix it on any object that can recal the senses to the consideration of tangible things. For this purpose there are various means recom-

mended; mechanical repetition, active exertion, or the intercourse of society may often be useful; but these are but the tools of the mind; the strong mental effort is the real agent, without which all other means must prove ineffectual. How often has every one felt the heart wandering back to the forbidden theme, whilst the tongue, or hands, have mechanically used the charm that was meant to break the spell.

But above all these minor evils—above the waste of time, opportunity and talents, this bad habit has another and more fatal consequence. With reference to this world, the natural tastes of man often act against, and counteract each other;—thus we see knowledge striving against pleasure, and pride against folly; but in the evils I now refer to, the whole force of nature is thrown into the descending scale, and uniformly acts against a better principle. Perhaps none but those who have felt some desire and made some efforts to return and repent, will understand me when I say that the habit of castle-building is but the worship of an idol, which occupies the soul, to the exclusion of its lawful God. The subject of their dreams, whether it be fame or love, wealth or power, is to them a complete object of existence—a good to be earnestly coveted and perseveringly sought. To this their energies are directed; to this their thoughts naturally tend; for this they live, and think, and act. Not that the majority of mankind devote themselves to one definite object; they have a thousand pleasures, a thousand cares, but when pleasure begins to satiate, and care to press heavy, most men have some predominant hope, which then comes to comfort and cheer, supplying them with a delusive promise of

happiness, and circumscribing those wants and wishes by a barrier of earthly bliss which otherwise might have risen to a better and more enduring portion. Those who have for years kept some object of hope distantly yet distinctly in view, are not the persons to estimate the strength of its influence, as habit renders them partially insensible: but if circumstances make its attainment impossible, and tear away the hopes that have been so long twined round the heart, it is then they learn to know how dear and important it was to them in the lassitude, weariness and distaste of life which follow the destruction of a cherished idol; proving sufficiently that it has occupied an undue share of their affection, and filled that vacancy in the heart which God alone was meant to fill. Yet there are many who feel themselves free from the accusation, many who not having any predominant desire on earth are unconscious of cherishing a hidden idol. They do so notwithstanding, and not the less an absorbing one, that it exists neither in tangible nor sentimental objects, for self-love is the principle of their worship, and in the creations of fancy they do homage to a distorted image of themselves. Let such recal their dreams, and observe the many virtues with which they stand invested,—what generosity, benevolence, disinterestedness and firmness; how like an idol, how unlike themselves. And let them also observe the influence these vain thoughts have had on their characters, what false opinions they have raised and cherished; what faults they have concealed, or coloured, or justified, that they may judge if fame or wealth be more an idol to others, than their own glory has been to themselves. Rather of the two, foreign objects are to be preferred, as less

hurtful, for they often force men, in very despair of obtaining them, to seek better things; but self-love has always some remedy at hand to soothe the wounds of pride, and throw new charms around the idol by its flattering deceptions.

What more shall I say, or how make sufficiently prominent the many evils consequent on the enslaving habit; rather let me appeal to the consciences of its servants, to tell how dearly they have bought its unprofitable joys. Their time is wasted, their power of attention dissipated, their thoughts ungoverned, their faculties neglected, their opportunities of usefulness unseized, and the career that God ordained them to run either forgotten in idle reverie, or slothfully and negligently followed. I can scarcely imagine I am speaking of Christians, but at least I am speaking of those who may yet be Christians, and if so I can only assure them of a certain and abundant harvest of the seed they are sowing now. These fantastic dreams, indulged for thirty, or twenty, or ten years, will become a rallying point for every vain feeling, every unholy passion, until as a strong besetting sin, they overpower the reason, darken the conscience, or, worse than all, grieve, and finally resist the Holy Spirit of God.

HOME EDUCATION.

No. III.

Our author divides the period of Home Education into three eras; infancy ending within the sixth year; childhood about the eleventh or twelfth, and adolescence in the seventeenth year, though the termination of these eras will vary in different individuals. Of these eras he treats in three distinct chapters, the fourth, fifth, and sixth; and his general view of the different course of education adapted to these different eras may be gathered from the following passage:

'During the first of the three eras of education, knowledge is conveyed by the teacher's being ever ready to meet the freakish curiosity of the infant mind, with a something more than itself seeks or intends. During the second of these eras, a further amount of knowledge is imparted, and the expanding faculties are exercised, by that sort of defined instruction which the teacher originates, and which he controls, and limits, and in conducting which he secures animated attention, and forfends listlessness, by the vivacity of his manner, the versatility of his methods, and the fertility of his invention. But during the third era the learner is called upon to take up his full share of the general labour of education; he is to do at least as much for himself as his instructor does for him; and the two, with a good

understanding of their several parts, and a firm resolution to overcome all difficulties, ascend the arduous height hand in hand.' (p. 141, 142.)

This is his general scheme, which is, we think, excellent; and the volume before us furnishes many valuable hints for carrying it into execution, and some useful suggestions for remedying, as far as may be, some defects which are incident to home, as compared with public education. We should not, however, adopt, without modification, all the methods of instruction which he recommends: we think he gives too great prominence to that *desultory* system which, though the best for the first era of education, must be gradually abandoned in the subsequent eras.

The prevailing object to be traced in most of his plans, not only for infancy, but for the two first eras of education, is 'to give the mind a desultory familiarity with every subject to which at length the attention is to be strenuously directed.' (p. 147, 148.) By following his system, 'the encyclopædia of human knowledge will have been fingered, in all parts, before it comes to be consecutively perused.' (p. 147.) We think this system right, when properly understood, when not prosecuted so far and for such a length of time as to induce desultory habits, and unfit the pupil for serious application. There is danger of this result, unless, when infancy, or at least when early childhood is passed over, some measure of steady attention be required of the pupil, and knowledge be communicated with some regard by the teacher, to order and correction. We mean, not that the logical order—which proceeds from general principles to particular facts—should be pursued; but that beginning, as our author recommends, with

particular facts, the teacher should aim at bringing them before the child, and accustom the child to view them in that order and connection from which he may naturally ascend to the more general principles.

Our author's observations on *school-hours* are, we think, valuable, when rightly understood and duly modified; but they are liable to be misunderstood.

Treating of school hours during infancy: 'There is enough,' he says, 'in the purely mechanical parts of education to occupy those hours; and the employments during what are called school hours should be such as tend rather to lull and tranquillise than to excite the faculties. It is OUT OF SCHOOL, it is on the play-ground, abroad, and at the table that the vivifying communion of minds between parents and children will take place.' (p. 112, 113.) And, in his chapter on Childhood, he says, 'At home, the mental culture—the better part of education is carried on, not exclusively, perhaps not chiefly, and scarcely at all during the period of *early* childhood, in school hours. These are times of tranquil, unintellectual occupation; the resting times, as well of the body as of the mind. As there can be no motive whatever for hurrying forward the ordinary branches of mechanical education, such as reading, writing, arithmetic,' (we should not enumerate arithmetic among the mechanical branches of education,) 'drawing, music, which, without doubt, will all be duly acquired as early as need be wished, they may be leisurely pursued, to the entire exclusion of what, to use an expressive French term, we might call *empressement*,' (p. 139, 141.)

It would be a sad misapprehension of his views, if any one should be led by these observations, to turn

the play-ground, the walk, the dinner-table into a school-room; to give a lecture on botany to a child who is admiring the beauty of a rose, or a lecture on projectiles, when the boy is playing at cricket. It is principally to the desultory conversation, which naturally arises out of the child's 'freakish curiosity,' that our author alludes, and to instruction so conveyed as to meet inquiry, and to call forth no effort. 'Let play,' says our author, in another passage, 'let play be play, and nothing else: on a rainy day I had rather see a boy amuse himself with cat's-cradle than with a geometric or geographical puzzle . . . A child who, in his diversions, is called upon to *think*, is defrauded of his right, and is physically injured.' (p. 119.)

He includes, as we have seen, 'reading,' among the mechanical parts of education. He means *learning to read;* which, as we understood him, he, though with some hesitation, allows to be begun in what he characterizes as infancy, while he cautions parents most strongly against permitting a child to *read* during that period. He argues, on physiological principles, that a child incurs great risk of injury both to body and mind by reading much, either for information or for amusement, during that period. While the mind is 'far more familiar with words by the ear than by the eye,' it is far better that the same book be *read to* him, than that he should read it himself.' (pp. 92—99.) There is an earlier passage (p. 81), in which he speaks of infancy as the period 'during which the ANIMAL ORGANIZATION of the mind is advancing more rapidly than at any other period of life. Infancy, therefore,' he continues, 'is the season in which everything, so far as education is

concerned, should be made subservient to the healthy growth and consolidation of the BRAIN.' Is, then, the *brain* the *animal organization* of the mind? The mind, indeed, is liable to be fearfully affected by disease or injury occurring to the brain: and the brain *may* be in some sense the *organ* through which the mind operates on the body, and through which its receives information from the senses: but to speak (as our author seems to speak) of the brain as synonimous with the animal organization of the mind, is, to say the least, a very dangerous approach to the unscriptural doctrine of materialism.

We cannot pass by without remarking some observations which occur towards the close of this chapter. 'Infancy, as I have said, is emphatically nature's season; and parents may be thoroughly contented, so far, who see their children reach the verge that separates infancy from childhood, in blooming health; happy, in habit and in temper; with transparent dispositions—with a curiosity alive—with a moderate command of language; and, if I may be allowed the figure, with a lap full of the blossoms of philosophy, unsorted and plucked as they have come to hand.' (p. 134.)

So far our author. We would say, that infancy is emphatically the season for sowing the seeds of that faith in God, and love towards God, from which alone can spring permanent happiness of temper, and by which alone that openness and transparency of character, which may often be observed in childhood, can be preserved in after life amidst the chilling selfishness of the world. It is emphatically the *seed-time for eternity.* There are those who are called even at the eleventh hour; but many never reach

that hour; and in him who 'from a child' has 'known the scriptures,' we may most reasonably hope to find unfeigned 'faith in Christ Jesus.'

It is the wise and kind provision of our Creator, that the parents' instinctive love to the child, and the tender care which that instinct leads the parent to exercise over it, call forth in the child, even while an infant, implicit confidence, and a warm response of affection towards the parent. Here, then, are appliances for gradually and cautiously directing the child's trust and love towards him, who is infinitely more worthy both of trust and love—even our heavenly Father. The infant may be taught that God made him and all the world; that God keeps him and preserves him; and that God both disposes and enables his earthly parents to give him those things in which he delights. Many are the short and heart-stirring passages of scripture, in which the love of God and his tender care over us are described in language suited to the mind of an infant, as well as to that of the wisest of men; and such passages may, as occasions offer, be repeated to the child at intervals, till they fix themselves in its memory, so as never to be effaced. Little histories also, and parables from the Bible, may be read or told, not once or twice, but repeatedly—for it is another wise provision of the Creator, that the infant does not weary with repetition—the infant even delights in it. If a story be so told as to awaken his curiosity or interest his affections, he will ask to have it told again and again, and the oftener it is told the more thoroughly he will understand it, and the more he will delight in it. This instruction, however, should very, very sparingly, if at all, be accompanied with comments

on the story or parable. The child may not at first perceive the moral or religious application; but he will think about the story—he will perhaps ask questions, or seek explanation of something he does not understand; and an opportunity will thus be opened for further and more specific instruction.

Occasions will arise for applying the story or the parable. A child may exhibit an unforgiving temper towards a brother or playmate; remind him of the parable of the servant to whom his lord forgave ten thousand talents, and the child will at once perceive the drift of the parable, and its application to himself. David saw not the application of Nathan's parable till the prophet said to him, "Thou art the man:" he then felt it in all its force, and acknowledged his sin.

Considered, however, as exhibiting, with respect to the intellectual faculties only, the result at which education should aim in infancy, the passage on which we have just commented is important, and may usefully be brought in juxta-position with another, in which our author exhibits the result, which may not improbably be found in the later stages of home education, presenting 'an apparent, and perhaps to some extent, a real inconsistency with the 'principle of retarded development.' 'It may often be found that intelligent children, who are constantly the companions of well-informed parents, and who may have been their fathers' assistants in literary or scientific pursuits, have become, notwithstanding his intentions to the contrary, far more mature in tastes and habits than they would have been if they had passed the same years at school. If, however, the home system be in all respects judiciously conducted

—if animal health and hilarity are maintained by the proper means, and if severe exactions in the course of study are scrupulously avoided, few, if any, of the ill consequences of this early ripening of the mind will have been incurred.' (p. 160.) The prospect of such a result may well encourage the parent, though his child *seem*, in early childhood, to be outstripped by others of his own age, with whom the system of early development has been adopted.

The seventh chapter discusses 'some diversities of mental conformation, considered in reference to methods of culture'—an important subject; but we pass on to the five last chapters, which principally develop the author's system. In these he gives a 'practical analysis of the intellectual faculties,' and then discusses, with respect to *some* of them, the culture which he would recommend, and the transition state, or preparation, for the culture of others; which he reserves, it should seem, for another volume.

This part of the volume contains many valuable hints; but much caution is, we think, requisite in adopting them. In his enumeration of the faculties which he considers as susceptible of training, he specifies the conceptive faculty, the sense of resemblance, the sense of analogy, the memory, the powers of abstraction, the ratiocinative faculty, and the imagination. The three first of these he calls *intuitive*, or *accumulative*, as distinguished from the memory, the power of abstraction, and the ratiocinative faculty, which he denominates *active* or *operative*; 'the former' (according to him) 'being the earliest expanded, and the latter the latest; yet the development of the one going on long after that of the other has come into full course.' (p. 349, 350.) We presume he in-

cludes the imagination among the active powers, and, if we understand him right, he considers the intuitive powers as performing their office 'without any sensible effort;' the active as implying 'more or less of conscious effort.' (p. 348—350.)

We have some difficulty in adopting this distribution of the mental powers. Our author defines the conceptive faculty, as 'that mental power by means of which what has already been present to the perceptions, returns or is brought back to the mind, in the absence of the object, with more or less distinctness and perception, and is then dealt with by the mind as a material of cogitation, or merely serves to lead on to other ideas.' (p. 206.) But he does not furnish us with any clear distinction between this faculty which he considers as first, and the imagination, which he considers as last in the order of development. (p. 210, 211.) We should have gathered, from the definition, that the conceptive faculty only dealt with by-gone perceptions, just as they returned or were recalled to the mind, while the imagination busies itself in forming new combinations which have never fallen under the notice of the senses, either such as have, or may have, their prototype in nature, or such as are the mere creatures of the mind. But our author, in discussing the culture of the conceptive faculty, observes no such distinction. He might, in many passages, be considered as treating of the culture of the imagination; and he not unfrequently uses that word,—as, 'the fancy,' 'the imaginative power,' or some equivalent expression, interchangeably with the conceptive faculty. We shall have occasion to revert to this circumstance.

Again—Many of the illustrations, which our author

gives, of the exercise of the conceptive faculty, and some of which we shall have occasion to quote, 'imply more or less of conscious effort;' while very often the memory brings back to the mind past scenes, 'without any sensible effort,'—aye, and not unfrequently against our will, which would (were it possible) exclude the painful intrusion. We see no reason why he should class the memory, with the *active* and late developed faculties, with the faculty of abstraction and the reason. The memory is one of the earliest faculties: it treasures up those materials on which the faculty of abstraction, the reason, and the imagination are afterwards to work, and which, ever and anon, present themselves to the mind, sometimes sought and with effort, often unsought and without effort.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH."

ONWARD, soldier!—not for gold
Were you in the lists enrolled,
The meed you seek is bliss untold,
Onward to the strife!

Onward soldier! faith will be
A shield and buckler unto thee;
Death's Conqueror leads to victory—
The wreath—eternal life.

Onward soldier! for thy sword,
Take, O take, God's holy word;
Thy leader is the mighty Lord,
Thy banner is the cross!

Onward, Christian soldier, on!
Faint not till the battle's done,
And the heavenly crown be won;
Count earthly honours dross!

ELIZA.

SCENES FROM HOME.

No. II.

ST. PETER'S AND ST. PAUL.

I STOOD within the loveliest church of Normandy,—for rich as is that ancient province in ecclesiastical architecture, none of its sacred edifices can surpass the exquisite and almost bewildering beauty of St. Pierre de Caen.

Perhaps such luxuriance of ornament and such perfection of symmetry can scarcely be found united elsewhere; I have seen larger, more venerable, and more stately churches, but never have I seen, nor could I have even imagined any thing so elaborately magnificent as this. One might think that all the architects of the age had lent their assistance to devise the most intricate yet lovely decorations, which had all been heaped, in their profusion, upon this favoured building.

Not only is every arch and every capital adorned with its portion of fretwork; not only are the chapels of the apsis open-arched, and vaulted, and open bordered; not only is the roof one elaborate twine of tracery; but from that roof depend long and richly carved dripstones, hanging from every point of the groining, like the clusters of grapes in a hot-house, or the stalactites from the top of a cavern. A triple

row of these supplies the place of keystones to the choir roof, and in the five eastern chapels they are multiplied even beyond this proportion; they finish every crossing of the intricate arches, and crowd into every corner of the vaulting.

Nor are the walls which support them unworthy of their sculptured burden; between the screen-arches and those of the clere-story is a broad mass of fretwork, pierced, carved, adorned in every possible manner; yet there is no confusion, no incongruity; for all the parts of this church, each so exquisite in itself, harmonize in a whole so perfect that it is difficult to fix on a point for commencing remark, and impossible to find one where we can pass a criticism. The exterior is nearly equal in decoration, and superior in its venerable appearance, which the interior does not possess. The whole edifice is of a class which no description of mine can adequately present to the mind of my readers. One of our party quaintly but justly called it—'Beauty run mad.'

So much for the architecture; alas for the purposes to which it is applied! The Virgin stands amid golden glory, over the altar, trampling the serpent's head, according to the Romish perversion of scripture; saints innumerable, altars, images, pictures, garlands and flower-pots fill up the various chapels, to say nothing of crucifixes. Did we view this only as a matter of taste, it would be insufferable; for who can bear to see any part of a church tricked out like the toy stalls at a bazaar? But we cannot stop here. There is a deeper shade over these things: they are not only vain fripperies, but idolatries and abominations.

If I had been in any danger of forgetting this, I

was forcibly reminded of it on the day when, as I have above said, I stood in the incomparable church of St. Pierre. I was wandering alone through its silent and lofty side-aisle, when I stopped almost instinctively before a very fine painting. It was evidently, by its strong light and shade, and excellent anatomy, a French picture, and in point of taste was much better than such generally are. In the centre stood a manly and commanding figure, exhorting a multitude; and from the dresses, and the architectural back-ground, there was no difficulty in deciding that its subject was St. Paul preaching "in the midst of Mars' hill."

'Oh Rome, Rome!' I said within myself, 'thou hast chosen a most unfortunate subject, in adorning the altars of thine idols with Paul preaching at Athens!'

I almost fancied that I heard the words once more come from his lips: "Whom, therefore, ye *ignorantly* worship, Him I declare unto you;" for surely, could that pictured form receive life, and the spirit of him whom it represents, that "spirit" would again be "stirred within him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry;" and standing in the most public place, he would say, "Ye men of" France! "I perceive that in *all* things ye are too *superstitious*."

There is not less need now, in France, for such an address, than when it was spoken amid the marble splendours of the Areopagus and the Parthenon. If any of my readers are incredulous upon this point, after what I have said, I will only wish that they could have seen what I saw, as I reluctantly passed away from before that picture.

A few paces brought me near the low iron rails of

the exquisite central chapel. There, above the altar, stood the colossal figure of the Virgin Mary, amid a mass of snowy clouds and golden rays, so arranged as to give what Rome always aims at—a capital effect. And there, on the steps before the altar, knelt a poor and aged man, bowing reverently before the image, and whispering his devotions. As I approached, he was rising to depart, but on seeing that I neither crossed myself, nor bowed to the altar, he gave me a look of mingled sorrow and anger, and kneeling again, he bent to the ground, and kissed the marble step, with a devout fervour which he apparently wished to serve as a pattern for me.

Were not Paul's words applicable here? "IN ALL things ye are TOO SUPERSTITIOUS."

A. F.

'THERE is in my consulate a small village near C——, in the department of L. M——. The priest behaved ill, looking after the fleece more than the flock: his congregation deserted him. Their protest against the priest's conduct spread through the whole parish: the bishop removed the priest and sent another in his place; but it was too late: they chose a Protestant minister, and now form a Protestant congregation of upwards of *two thousand*, with the mayor at their head, while the parish church is deserted.'—*Private Letter from France.*

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

No. VI.—Esther.

"Then said the king, What wilt thou, queen Esther and what is thy request? it shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom. And Esther answered, If it seem good unto the king, let the king and Haman come this day unto the banquet that I have prepared for him? Then the king said, Cause Haman to make haste that he may do as Esther hath said."

"Be ye," said the Lord of glory to his apostles, "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." If we have hitherto had occasion to admire the gentleness and meekness of Esther's character; if we have beheld in her whatsoever things were pure, honest, lovely and of good report; we come now to the discovery of those other qualities described by the Saviour as no less necessary to the children of God, sent forth into a world where they are as sheep among wolves, than are the above-mentioned graces, as proofs of their citizenship in heaven. If it at first excites surprise, that when the king engages to grant Esther's request, even to the half of his kingdom, she merely contents herself with soliciting the favour of his presence, and that of his favourite Haman, at a banquet prepared by her that day, a little consideration serves to shew with what calmness of matured wisdom Esther had prepared for all contingences, after having commended herself to Him with whom

alone are the issues of life and death. Ahasuerus had promised to grant her any possible request, even to the half of his kingdom; but there was that he could not do. He could not revoke an edict which had once passed the sanction of his own signet. Haman might voluntarily avail himself of the permission given him to destroy the Jews; for the king had sold them into his hand; or rather, had made him a grant of that people; since Ahasuerus had refused to receive from Haman indemnification for the damage which would ensue to his revenue from the destruction of so large a body of his subjects. Haman appears to have been personally unknown to the queen, and his invitation, an unprecedented honour, never before conferred on any of his sex. (ch. v. 12.) It was therefore of the utmost importance that she should obtain an interview with him, that, by studying the character of the man with whom she had to do, she might be the better enabled to work out her people's deliverance. Perhaps, too, she hoped to soften the adversary of Israel, by shewing him in things lawful that deference which her kinsman had refused in things unlawful, and it is probable that, when at the close of that day's banquet her penetration had discovered the haughty and inflexible nature of the man who "thought scorn" to lay hands on a single individual; but who sought in his reckless vengeance to ruin a whole nation, merely because one man of that nation had refused to pay him the tribute of divine honours: it is more than probable, that while Haman, all unconscious of the interest with which the queen had sat in scrutiny over his words and actions, "went forth joyful and with a glad heart," Esther's heart sank within her; and that

she had again recourse to a throne of grace, with urgent entreaties for further guidance and direction in the perilous enterprise on which she had now fairly entered. But God worked with her, and that in a manner so devoid of the intricacy of human agency, so unexpected and fortuitous, that the finger of Providence is more discernible in this, than in any other incident throughout the narrative.

"On that night the king could not sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of records of the chronicles; and they were read before the king. And it was found written that Mordecai had told of Bigthana and Teresh, two of the king's chamberlains, the keepers of the door, who sought to lay hands on the king Ahasuerus. And the king said, What honour and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this? Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, There is nothing done for him."

Morning dawned upon that kingly couch, from whence "He who giveth his beloved sleep" had withheld that "sweet restorer;" to effect his own most gracious purposes, for He that keepeth Israel does himself neither slumber nor sleep. The grateful monarch was revolving in his mind what would be meet recompense for a service too long left unrequited, and with which it seems, 'till now, he had been unacquainted. At the time when the treason of his chamberlains was discovered, Esther had certified the king thereof; and in the sense of his own danger, and her emotion, Ahasuerus had forgotten to make very minute inquiries as to the other agent concerned in effecting his rescue. Now however he resolves that Mordecai's generous and disinterested loyalty shall be repaid by every mark of distinction;

and while so determining, footsteps are heard in the outer court; and the king upon inquiring who is there, receives for answer that it is Haman, his chosen friend and counsellor. This was a most opportune arrival. Here was the man who could best advise with him, in what way to shew his gratitude to his long neglected and unobtrusive preserver.

Haman too had been a watcher. All night long the deadly preparations had been carried on, for consigning Mordecai to a death of infamy; and the restless Haman stood betimes in his place of privilege "in the outer court of the king's house," waiting till a summons to the royal presence should enable him to ask that poor boon from Ahasuerus, the death-warrant of a comparatively obscure Jew, whom his raging malice would not even suffer to live till the short period of seven waning months had brought round that day of lucky omen, which was to overwhelm the whole Hebrew race in one undistinguished carnage. (chap. iii. 7.) The wished-for summons was immediately given: "So Haman came in. And the king said unto him, What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour? Now Haman thought in his heart, To whom would the king delight to do honour more than to myself?" And what shall the favourite of the king of Persia ask at the hands of his royal master, that he may shew the gazing world how high he stands in Ahasuerus's confidence and regard? He needed not to ask for riches. The man who could volunteer to pay ten thousand talents of silver[1] for permission to commit an act of private revenge, could not be in a condition

[1] Above two millions of our money.

to require increase of wealth. Neither could he wish for power: the signet-ring of the complaisant monarch was ever at his command, and his ear open to his counsels, whether it were matter of life or death. And with respect to rank, the king could not, as a subject, promote Haman; for had he not already advanced him, and "set his seat above all princes?" But the spirit of ambition is a flaming fire, which gains strength and fierceness with the honours that are heaped upon it; and Haman hesitated not, in his mad aspirations after greatness, to ask equality with the king himself. When the princely Jonathan, in the ardour of his generous friendship, would give the son of Jesse an undoubted pledge of the brotherly covenant and perfect equality established between them; he "stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword and his bow." When David himself would give assurance to his perplexed people, that Solomon, and not Adonijah, was to succeed him in the kingdom, he bade his most confidential ministers to cause Solomon his son to ride upon the king's own mule through the city of David. And when Haman asks to be invested with the peculiar badges of royalty, and to be paraded through the streets of Shushan, "upon the horse that the king rideth," we see that not even in the throne could he endure a greater than himself; and we see also manifestations of the same insatiable desires which prompted him of old to say, "I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the Most High." But how often, in the history of nations, has the man of ambition, when about to take the last daring step that should place

him on the pinnacle of fame, been hurled from its summit, to be

> Only supreme in misery,
> Such joy ambition finds.

"Then said the king to Haman, Make haste and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate, let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken." Now must the faltering lips of Haman forbear the petition which brought him in such eager haste to the palace of Ahasuerus: now has burst upon his astonished ear the first terrible announcement of his coming doom! Who can tell the shame and anguish of that hour, when he, "one of the king's most noble princes," encountered the amazed and inquiring looks of his partisans in the city, as he accompanied Mordecai the Jew through the streets of Shushan, proclaiming before him, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" "But this is the portion of wicked men with God; and the heritage of oppressors, which he shall receive of the Almighty. If his children be multiplied, it is for the sword; and his offspring shall not be satisfied with bread. Though he heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay; he may prepare it, but the just shall put it on, and the innocent shall divide the silver. Terrors take hold on him as waters. The east wind carrieth him away, and he departeth, and as a storm hurleth him out of his place. For God shall cast upon him, and not spare: he would fain flee out of his hand. Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place."

Who can doubt but that tidings of the royal proclamation and procession had reached the ears of the inmates of the palace, and inspired hope, nay, assurance of God's interposing mercy, in the mind of the queen. When the king and Haman again appeared at that day's banquet, and the former pressed her once more to name the request which she had promised at that time to make known (chap. v. 8), she no longer hesitated to state the imminent peril in which she herself and her countrymen were placed, through the machinations of their adversary; being already "sold to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish." So little was Ahasuerus aware of his wife's connexion with the Jewish people, that he indignantly asks, Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so? Esther immediately denounced Haman, who, speechless and self-convicted, stood terror-struck before the king and queen. A few moments of recollection served to unravel all the web of delusion in which the monarch had been entangled. Haman's bold request of the morning, the real drift of which could not have escaped the king's observation, now flashed on his memory in all its aggravated hardihood. He looked on the gulity ingrate, whom he had loaded with benefits, and resolved that his life should pay the forfeit of his crimes. He gave the signal of death, by rising abruptly and leaving the apartment; and Haman, who in that action read his doom, threw himself upon the couch on which the queen reclined, in wild and abject supplication for life. He was, however, torn from her presence by the chamberlains, at Ahasuerus's command; and now, encouraged by the favourite's disgrace, the king's attendants hastened

to make known to him the fact of Haman's having beforehand prepared a gibbet for Mordecai's execution; and as it was the usage in Persia, that he who falsely accused the innocent, should himself suffer the punishment due to the pretended guilt of the other, Haman was ordered to be hanged on the gallows that he had erected for Mordecai; and his house and property confiscated, and given to the queen.

Events the most important now followed with astonishing rapidity. Esther's relationship to Mordecai was by her made known to Ahasuerus, and the signet-ring, taken from the unhappy Haman, bestowed upon him. Another application from the queen in favour of her people, beseeching Ahasuerus "to put away the mischief of Haman the Agagite and his devices, that he had devised against the Jews," produced the like favourable result. The king held out the golden sceptre to Esther, and gave to her and Mordecai permission to write in the king's name, and seal with the king's seal, whatsoever it liked them to write. The moderation with which the queen and Mordecai acted, in merely granting to the Jews leave to stand on the defensive when the fatal thirteenth of Adar should arrive, is quite in unison with the character of those who now sat at the head of Ahasuerus's counsels; and the moderation of the Jews themselves, in refraining from complying with that clause in the letters of Mordecai, which gave them permission to appropriate to themselves the property of those who assaulted them "for a prey," is still more remarkable. In every place the onslaught upon the Jews was successfully resisted, "but on the spoil laid they not their hand." Theirs

was no quarrel for religious pre-eminence nor worldly aggrandizement. They stood ready to defend themselves when attacked, and laid down their weapons when those who sought their destruction had perished. In the capital alone, where the partisans of Haman were numerous, and where there was occasion to fear that the Jews would be attacked by their enemies, on the thirteenth day of Adar, when, having no permission from the authorities, they could not lawfully resist unto blood; it was ordered, through the provident foresight of Esther, that they should also be ready to defend themselves against the last attacks of their persecutors; and the result of these troubles was, not only the safety, honour, and advantage of the Jewish nation, but the enlargement of her church among the heathen, for "many of the people of the land became Jews, for the fear of the Jews fell upon them."

The sun that shone upon the thirteenth of the month Adar, that day which Haman, regardless of Him who divideth the lot, had looked forward to as destined to be the consummation of his own and his family's greatness, saw his ten sons numbered with the slain. In the Jewish law, he who was hanged on a tree was reckoned accursed of God. Esther therefore made request to Ahauserus to have the sons of Haman hanged upon a gallows, as the seven sons of Saul were hanged in Gibeah, to make atonement for his meditated slaughter of all the Gibeonites. The curse of the violated oath of Israel fell upon the man who had devised mischief against Gibeon, and his children were made a curse, for it is written, "cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree." It was therefore with no vindictive feelings,

but as a solemn recognition of the hand of a just and omnipotent ruler causing the wickedness of the wicked to return upon his own head, which moved Esther to make this final appeal to the king in the matter of Haman. From this period, her prosperity and that of Mordecai appears to have known no reverses. They jointly instituted an annual festival in remembrance of this great national deliverance, whose observance even to the present day serves to authenticate the facts narrated in the book of Esther. That Mordecai, who had been humble and patient in adversity, when promoted to be second ruler over a mighty empire, should in all things seek the honour and glory of Him, for whose sake he had not counted his life dear unto him, so that he might keep his commandments blameless, was to be expected; and the popularity of his administration, and the benefits resulting from his godly rule, are beautifully recorded in the closing passage of this most interesting and eventful history. "Mordecai the Jew was next unto king Ahasuerus, and great among the Jews, and accepted of the multitude of his brethren, seeking the wealth of his people, and speaking peace to all his seed."

At the foot of a lofty range of mountains, in the north-west of Persia, in a rich and fertile plain, stands the modern town of Hamadan, where once arose the hill-crowned battlements of Ecbatana, the proud capital of the Median and Persian kings. In this town is a mausoleum, containing two sarcophagi, which the most ancient tradition has pointed out as the graves of Mordecai and Esther. From the period of the captivity to the present day, Jews have been dwelling in those regions, and there can be no ques-

tion but that the site of the sepulchre has been religiously preserved. It has always been a place of pilgrimage, and many European travellers have visited the spot. One of our own countrymen[1] has given translations of the inscriptions in the interior of this mausoleum, and among them is this, taken from the sarcophagus of Esther:—

"I praise thee, O God, that thou hast created me. I know that my sins merit punishment, yet I hope for mercy at thy hands; for whenever I call upon thee, thou art with me; thy holy presence secures me from all evil. My heart is at ease, and my fear of thee increases. My life became at the last, through thy goodness, full of grace. O God! shut not my soul out from thy divine presence. Those whom thou lovest never feel the torments of hell. Lead me, O merciful Father, to the life of life, that I may be filled with the heavenly fruits of Paradise!—ESTHER."

The myrtle of Chaldea is now, indeed, transplanted to the paradise of God, but the fragrance of her memory remains throughout the ages. Occupying a name and a place among the records of the written word, by it, she "being dead yet speaketh." As a child, learning obedience—as a wife, caring for the bodily and spiritual welfare of her husband—as a mistress, "keeping the way of the Lord" with her household—and as a queen, "putting her whole trust and confidence in God, and ever seeking his honour and glory." Wherever the scriptures of truth shall be carried, amid the snows of the Arctic regions, and beneath the burning rays of the tropic sun; in the sea-girt islands of the south, and in the

[1] Sir R. Ker Porter.

broad savannahs of the west; there shall the things which she hath done be told for a memorial of her: there shall it be seen that "affliction cometh not out of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground. For the righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of all their troubles. So that a man shall say, verily there is a reward for the righteous, verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

LYDIA.

'YOU have read of certain venomous animals, which expire the moment that they have deposited their sting and its mortal poison in the body of their victim; and thus there ensues a double death, the death of the sufferer and the death also of the assailant. And certain it is, that on the cross of our Saviour there was just such a catastrophe: Then did our Saviour pour out his soul under the weight and agony of those inflictions that were laid upon him by the law; but then also did the law expend all its power as a judge and an avenger over those who believe in the Saviour.'—*Chalmers on Romans.*

ONE SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Reflecting one day, as I was walking in London, upon some present causes for personal dissatisfaction, I looked round, and fancied there were many among the passing multitudes, who had greater opportunities for enjoying life and being at peace than myself; yet as I am one of those who consider constant cheerfulness and a quiet acquiescence in all circumstances, equally the duty and the privilege of a Christian, I began trying to adjust the balance between others and myself, and considered that, according to the proverb, in every lot, 'There is always something.' Whilst thus occupied, I entered a shop, and, having to wait a while, I took up a book; it was Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise, and I opened it where he treats of the vegetation peculiar to the different zones, and consequent temperature; so that whilst the splendid productions of a tropical climate are strangers to our eyes, the refreshing green of our meadows, and all the various beauties of a temperate latitude, are equally unknown to the inhabitants of those burning regions. This seemed to me a good illustration of my former reflections: it led me to consider that the amount of human happiness is in general very equally distributed; for God, who has caused each tree and each plant to grow in its congenial atmosphere, has also placed each individual in that rank, and in those circumstances, which he sees best for them.

There are some (I am not speaking of Christians) who experience a weariness of life, a disgust for the trifles which fill up the round of existence; but that

such is not the general feeling is proved by the fact, that, apart from all considerations of a future state, whether of hope or fear, men cling to life as being in itself a positive good; and could they choose between continuing in its enjoyment, with all the pains and sufferings thereto attached, and dying, nearly all would prefer the former. As people advance in years, this love of life appears to strengthen.

> 'The tree of deepest root is found
> Last willing still to quit the ground.'

And the young who stand by, as spectators at the game, are often less unwilling to depart than they who have played long, and are eagerly watching the stake yet remaining to them, in the concerns of this world. Many complain of life, but few would wish to part with it.

If we took a just and fair view of our own lot, we should oftener find reason for thankfulness than for murmurs, as many of our complaints arise from the habit of viewing only one side of the question; looking at our troubles, without regarding our blessings, or comparing our external circumstances with those of others, without any reference to our own individual character and temperament, or to theirs. It has been observed by some authors, that there is no such thing as equality; and if it were possible to render all men equal in the morning, some would have gained the superiority over others before night. Such being the case, there must always exist a great dissimilarity in the lot of all; and nothing can be more fatal to spiritual repose than the habit of looking curiously at the situation or the advantages of other people.

M. A. S. B.

Review of Books.

ISRAEL'S WANDERINGS IN THE WILDERNESS. *By the Rev. G. D. Krummacher, of Elberfold. From the German: by the translator of 'Elijah the Tishbite.'* 2 vols. Nisbet & Co.

THERE are many things in this work very striking, very profitable, and worthy of all commendation. As a spiritual treatise, it is, we think, unexceptionable, and likely to afford much gratification to those who can appreciate the importance of the subject, typically considered: *but*—and we claim a special reservation here in every similar instance—but there is a wholesale appropriation to the Gentile church, or, if our readers please, to the Christian church in general, of those phrases, those works, those promises to which the literal Israel can advance an undoubted claim of priority, that we should almost tremble to concur in. We confess ourselves exceedingly jea-

lous on this point: Matthew Henry, and other commentators who wrote long before the set time was come for God to have mercy upon Zion and to favour her, had very obscure views of His gracious purposes towards his own ancient people; we acquiesce in their habit of spiritualizing and allegorizing what in fact ought never to be lost sight of in its natural, literal interpretation: but surely in our day, when such a flood of light has broken on the church with regard to the elder branch of God's family, we must look for a fairer measure of justice to be rendered to those claimants. 'Israel's wanderings' were indeed written for our ensamples, and we do well that we take heed to them, for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, while ourselves wandering through this world's wilderness to a better country than the goodly land of Canaan: still we feel it a bounden duty to press on every one the solemn obligation under which we, as possessing these oracles, lie, to plead with, and to plead for the people, "beloved for the fathers' sakes," whose temporary separation from their own olive tree has been made the means of ingrafting our wild shoot. Krummacher fails here, and we would supply the deficiency, so far as we are concerned, by unequivocally declaring that we recognize in the converted Israelite, not only a brother, but an elder brother, not only one in whose privileges we have been admitted to participate, but as one who still enjoys a priority of privilege, and to whom the promise is full-fraught with distinguishing mercies, hereafter to be developed, when the fulness of the times of the Gentiles is accomplished, and the holy city, even Jerusalem, is delivered from the trampling down to which she has so long been subjected.

Krummacher also takes a very cloudy view of Popery: he sees her as through the mist of her fictitious sanctity, apparently regarding that great Mother of Abomination as an inferior form of Christianity, instead of being, as she is, its inveterate hater and merciless destroyer. With this passing remark, by way of a protest on our own behalf, we commend the book to our readers.

CHRISTIAN TRUTH: *a Family Guide to the chief Truths of the Gospel; with Forms of Prayer for each day in the week, and Private Devotions on various occasions. Second edition.* Seeley and Burnside.

THIS truly valuable work has reached a second edition, and appears as one in the series of the Christian's Family Library. Mr. Bickersteth's devotional writings are among the chief treasures of modern divinity, or rather of the productions of modern divines; for his divinity is truly that of the old school, drawn pure and undiluted from the fountain of truth. Our recommendation is needless—we simply announce the book.

LECTURES ON THE EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE ROMANS. *By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. L.L.D. Professor of Theology in the University of Edinburgh; and Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France.* Collins, Glasgow; Hamilton and Co. London.

THE volume of these Lectures which has been for-

warded to us is the second: the first we have not seen, and how many there may be of the series we do not know, but this we do say, that in the pages of the detached volume before us there is that to feast on, to which the many delicious feastings we have enjoyed in former years, at the hand of Dr. Chalmers, were but as unsubstantial though fair and fragrant blossoms, compared with the nutritious, ripened fruit. It may appear a presumptuous assertion on our part, to say that this eminent man is improved: but contrasting the style of his most admired earlier productions with this, we are astonished no less than delighted, at what we have no other word for but the most striking improvement in style. He was always weighty, always grand; he always clothed his gigantic ideas in garments befitting a giant: but here we have him delivering the most precious truths of the gospel of Christ in language of which the sublimity consists in its exquisite simplicity. There is nothing involved, nothing complex, laboured, or obscure: but it is as though the cloudy magnificence of the creature's wisdom had been rolled aside, that the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness might reach us through a transparent atmosphere. Nothing can surpass the beauty of his illustrations, unless it be the close convincingness of the deductions drawn from them. Deeply spiritual, Jesus Christ and him crucified is the soul of every paragraph, the whole burden of this "very lovely song," the words of which, God grant may never rise in judgment against any, to testify that they heard, but did them not.

LETTERS TO A DISSENTER: *being an Abridgment of 'Essays on the Church,' by a Layman.* Seeley and Burnside.

We are glad to see the most important, leading facts and principles of this valuable work condensed into a small pocket volume. The author is very far from holding what are denominated 'high church' doctrines; on the contrary, he is ready, yea desirous, to concede many things tenaciously grasped by the ultras of that class, and to meet our dissenting brethren half way in all that is not integral in our ecclesiastical establishment. He maintains episcopacy, and stoutly defends the plan of a national established church, in contradiction to the voluntary system. The 'Essays' have become too popular to need remark here: these 'Letters' will bring the leading arguments very fairly before those who, from want of leisure, or other causes, might be deterred from taking up the larger work.

THE FEMALE ADVOCATE. *Under the superintendence of the London Female Mission. Vol. I.* L. and G. Seeley.

The London Female Mission is under deep obligations to the supporters of the Christian Lady's Magazine. It is indeed a privilege to be permitted to stretch forth the hand in promoting so precious a work of mercy; and we are sure our readers will concur in this sentiment. The Female Advocate is a

pleasing little periodical, which we rejoice to find assuming the form of a volume, neatly and handsomely got up. We wish the conductors all success; and trust we shall long be permitted to realize together what the title of their little magazine imports —the advocacy of those who are too generally regarded as cast out beyond the reach of sympathy.

We have seen the first number of a Life of 'Lady Huntingdon,' to be completed in about sixteen numbers. It is a pleasing, entertaining work, so far as we can judge, interspersed with many anecdotes of that excellent woman's contemporaries—Whitfield, the Wesleys, &c.

'The Servant's Magazine' has reached the extent of a volume: it is a valuable companion for the class to whose use it is devoted.

We must close our list with one word more for 'The Protestant Magazine,' assured that none of our readers will grudge the small outlay of two shillings per annum to support the literary organ of that most estimable body, 'the Protestant Association.'

THE PROTESTANT.

CLOUDED as the scene has long been, and fast as the gloom is deepening around us, at least to the view of all who contemplate the signs of the times with an attentive eye, we are still spared the tasting of that "cup of trembling" which is held to the lips of our neighbours, and which will surely pass over, in due time, to ourselves.

The event of Lord Norbury's assassination deeply affected my uncle, who viewed it as an indication, deliberately given, that no stretch of liberality, or even of liberalism on the part of any man in Ireland can atone for the sin of being a Protestant, or afford him a prospect of escape from the organized band whose object is the total overthrow of all, save their own church and her immediate members.

'The loss of a single life,' he remarked, 'the hurrying of one human being into eternity is a fearful thing to think on: but with what feelings must we view the wide spreading of that plague-spot which touches not only the life of the body, but that of the soul, destroying wherever it fixes! The Protestants of Ireland, appointed like sheep to the slaughter, demand, as well they may, our sympathy, our prayers, our efforts on their behalf; and I will not so wrong the land of my birth as to imagine that any English Christian can lightly regard their adversity. But my heart bleeds with deeper sorrow when I look upon

the wretched agents of all these diabolical machinations, and count the cost at which their vile instigators are teaching them to grasp at a phantom, in order that they may themselves seize the substance—the prize eagerly sought after by their own ambitious, covetous, treacherous minds.'

'What an awful description Lord Charleville gives of the populace who greeted his arrival at Tullamore immediately after the murder.'

'Yes: Lord Charleville was at dinner when he heard that his friend and neighbour had just fallen by the assassin's hand. He hastened to Durrow; and passing through the town of Tullamore was saluted by some hundreds of the assembled peasants with groans and hootings, succeeded by cries of 'He is dead—he is dead!' with yells of savage exultation pursuing him on his painful path to the scene of slaughter. Oh, it is an appalling spectacle! A few short hours only had elapsed since his murdered friend had expressed to him his confidence that he might walk unarmed, in perfect security, from one end to the other of his princely estates, so well assured he was of having bound every individual around him in the strong ties of gratitude and attachment. Alas for human nature! how readily can Satan wind it to his foulest purposes; exulting over the wreck he has made.'

'It has grieved me sorely, uncle, because it puts so cutting a reproach into the mouths of those who are already sufficiently prejudiced as to the Irish race and character. These cold-blooded murders tell most heavily against them as a people.'

'Far more terribly will they tell against us as a people if we put not forth some vigorous effort to

rescue them from these fetters of darkness. Prejudiced we may be; but which of our prejudices can we interpose between our souls and the judgment that awaits us all? To me it is a dreadful feature in the case, that in proportion as Ireland and her sons are forced on our observation, the minds of the many appear to contract and to harden, their tongues to utter reproaches, and their hands to fling a stone at the perishing brother whose necessities so touchingly demand from us the bread of life.'

'Not generally, uncle: I must bear a thankful testimony to the contrary, on the part of those with whom I canvass the subject. They are open to the conviction that Popery, and Popery alone is the fountain head of all these horrors.'

'Natural depravity—man's inbred corruption is the fountain head, my dear: but the policy of Popery is to lay hold on the evil principle in man, not to eradicate, but to convert it to her own use; and the priests of that Satanic synagogue take special care, by retaining the people in darkest ignorance to promote the destructive work. If it be true that the knowledge of a disease is half the cure, we may indeed hail the events of the last few weeks in Ireland as most auspiciously tending to the amelioration of her desperate ailments. As animal matter in the last stage of corruption is sometimes known to emit a light by which the eye is guided to discover its existence, so from the morally, spiritually, politically decomposed state of that devoted population, we may now trace an emanation bespeaking both the origin and the seat of that decay which must be speedily arrested if we would not see the whole body dissolve into worse than nothingness.'

'Do you think this will be made evident to the generality of lookers-on?'

'Yes; the indications are so strong, and the inference so inevitable, that we must indeed be obstinately blind in all matters concerning Ireland to escape it. First we have the unprovoked murder of a kind, benevolent landlord, in the bosom of his own tenantry, who, if they did not from among themselves provide the assassin, most unquestionably they concealed him after the fact, and enabled him to escape from justice. This being proved to demonstration by another resident nobleman, high in local office, being the lieutenant of the county, he, in turn, is held up by O'Connell as a mark for the next death-shot, on grounds that we cannot too seriously regard—for they exhibit the principal wire which moves the unhappy automata of the Romish power in Ireland: he reminds the people of the manner in which Lord Oxmantown's ancestors acquired their property; he represents them as wresting it from the aborigines of the soil, whose direct descendants and rightful heirs his impoverished hearers are always taught to consider themselves. His language amounts to this: "Lord Oxmantown's ancestors obtained the estate by murder, violence, and wrong: therefore you are justified in retaliating on their posterity, from whom you must, by the same means, recover it." Goaded by such language to the perpetration of what that evil man has dignified as "the wild justice of revenge," his excitable dupes look around; they behold the Protestants, the great landholders of the soil, maintaining a high superiority in everything besides, but so disproportionately few in number, compared with themselves, that the conclusion is ir-

resistible—a vigorous effort of mere animal strength would sweep them from the land, and leave it in their own possession. Now, in such a case, where would be the check upon their proceedings?'

'I should suppose, uncle, the laws, with that physical force which is always provided for their due execution, would furnish the restraint.'

'Of course: but where the laws are allowed to become a dead letter, and the arm of the executive is paralyzed, save when outstretched to rescue the offender, or to increase the discouragements of the loyal subject, what hope remains?'

'That hope alone which we are invited to lay hold on, that there is no restraint with the Lord to save by many or by few; and that in his strength one may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.'

'True; but when so put to flight, whither are these baffled assailants to go?'

'That is the point, uncle, to be decided.'

'Shall they be treated as beasts of prey, extirpated like the wolves that once prowled through the land, or forced, as they were of old, into a struggling subjection, ever watching to burst their bonds, and re-enact the accustomed tragedy of civil war? Such must ever be the case until we bind them in allegiance to the British crown by a stronger tie than any that can be woven by mere legislative enactments. It is my hope, that the recent elucidation of things as they are in Ireland will open the eyes of Protestant England, or rather if you will, of English Protestants, to this momentous truth—that nothing can really tend to the tranquillization of Ireland, which does not directly bear upon the grand point of emancipating her native millions from the accursed yoke of Popery.'

'That would be a real emancipation—far different from the act of 1829.'

'The act of 1829 was an emancipation from every wholesome restraint, a breaking of every bond that even seemed to unite them with us; a death-blow, so far as man could deal it, to every attempt at bringing them to partake in the liberty of the gospel. For, the passing of that hateful bill opened before their eyes a path to the ascendancy which their apostate church once enjoyed, and which she does, and ever will, claim as her right. It emancipated them from the very shadow of allegiance to the throne, or obedience to the laws, and placed them on high vantage ground, in hostile array against the Protestant faith and name. It gave tremendous influence and moral power to that central committee, that secret junta of confederated traitors, by whom all these movements are directed, and who work the vast machine more to the attainment of their own sordid, selfish ends, than with any view to the advantage of their church, the thunders of which, together with its blandishments, are alike placed at their disposal by the priesthood, who have their own game to play; and operate with fearful effect on the mass of the people, who follow with the blind subservience of ignorant, but honest devotees wherever the former may lead them.'

'It is a wide and fearful conspiracy; and under the fostering wing of such a government as now bears rule in Ireland, what may we not dread?'

'Every thing; and hope nothing, unless both parties be placed on a right footing, and dealt with accordingly, by those who have power to aid them both. To the Protestants of Ireland we owe every encourage-

ment that brotherly affection can offer, to strengthen them in that bond of union which is so essential to their very existence: we also owe them such a measure of faithfulness as shall distinctly point out the more sacred path of duty, in reference to their unhappy countrymen. We must remind them that if they, the descendants of the English settlers, find themselves menaced in their homes, insecure in their possessions, it is just because of the wrong inflicted by their fathers, and not redressed by themselves—the cruel wrong of withholding scriptural instruction from the aborigines of the land, among the many millions of whom, generation after generation passed into eternity without possessing a copy, in their own tongue, of the book that made *them* free. The word of God was England's emancipator, and the first debt under heaven that England owed, was the full participation of her own spiritual liberty with the natives of a soil that was enriching, fattening, ennobling her sons, while its own children drooped, pined, and perished under what was, whether directly or in its reflex operation, from the permitted curse of Romish ascendancy, a cruel and revolting, an unjust and a ruinous tyranny.'

'So much for the footing on which you would place the Protestants, uncle: and what of the other party?'

'As sheep, of right belonging to the true fold, but lured away, and lying under the power of the wolf, devoured by him at his pleasure. As such, they are to be sought after, invited back, and by every means assisted in finding the safe paths from which they have so long wandered. The work is the Lord's; but he uses means for its accomplishment, and the very

preservation of Protestantism among those who but professed the empty name, is a pledge that by such means he wills to work for the recovery of his lost ones. I feel assured that the recent awful developement to which we have been alluding, is ordered for the furtherance of this end; and the Protestant, whether Irish or English, who does not NOW stretch forth his hand with renewed energy in the task of delivering the captives of Popery from their cruel bondage, is an accessory before the fact, to all the bloodshed that will ensue; and—far more fearful to contemplate, to the eternal destruction of his fellow-sinners. We have arrived at such a crisis as never before presented itself; and God will reckon with us, not according to the standard by which, in our own minds, we may please to measure its importance, but according to the loudness, the distinctness of the call now uttered through His startling dispensations. "Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, when ye can work no longer."

PORTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8. Jeremiah xii.	FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22. Jeremiah xiii.

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1839.

BY-GONE DAYS.

AMONG the many prevailing signs that we have 'fallen upon evil days,' a conspicuous mark may be traced in the springing up of a school of ladies who, unaccountably forgetting, or sinfully disbelieving the plain statements of God's word, assume the position of equality with man. It is, in fact, the revival and extension of an old school, of which Mary Wolstoncraft was the female apostle in England; and which, after a vast deal of frothy declamation, was put down by the united force of common sense and ridicule, where the more solemn admonitions of scripture were rejected. This curious sect was at the pinnacle of its exaltation when the wretched infidels of revolutionary France placed a naked woman on an altar, and worshipped her as the goddess of reason. The doctrine also exhibited its practical workings in those days of sanguinary horror, when none waded so

deep in the blood of their fellow-citizens, none revelled so wildly around the insatiable guillotine, none assailed with such butchering avidity the mangled remains of slaughtered royalty, as the unsexed females of Paris. We cannot too strongly protest, nor too carefully guard the young ladies of England, against such unseemly, unnatural, anti-scriptural manifestations. There is much in the sophistry of these most learned she-Thebans to allure the inexperienced mind: something very grand in the idea of their figuring at the bar, on the bench, in the senate, and in the pulpit, among an admiring audience of the other sex, cowed into due subordination by the astonishing developement of organs hitherto concealed under the cap, the bonnet, the long tress, and cruelly debarred the culture of grammar-school, college, and inns of court! Pity it is that so brilliant a vision should prove a baseless fabric—that

> 'Let but one beam of sober reason play,
> Lo, fancy's fairy frostwork melts away.'

Pity that these noble theories must vanish just when the fair theorists enter on the wider sphere of domestic life, and find the imaginary thunders of an applauding senate dying away into the shrill squalling of a well-peopled nursery; the subtle wranglings of the bar diminished into an occasional squabble with obstreperous cook-maids, and the meditated career of super-eminent distinction through academic shades and halls of anatomy, terminate in preserving plums and dismembering boiled turkeys! But so it is, and so it is likely to be; nay, so it most certainly will be to the end of the mortifying chapter.

Some, indeed, may resolve to sacrifice the sweets

of wedded life to the paramount call which they conceive their country has upon their latent energies, and well-cultured talents; but these will form too limited a minority to produce any palpable effect on the general mass; besides laying themselves open to the disagreeable imputation of not having had a voice in the fixing of their earthly destiny, and of seeking this mode of apprizing certain disengaged parties among the invaded ranks that such choice specimens of female excellence are actually extant, and as yet unappropriated.

I meant to be serious, for the subject is so, in its seriously mischievous tendency; but it is impossible to avoid being struck by the ludicrous, which stares us in the face at the very first glance. I was led into the track, by learning from a friend that some lady of this unique school had been writing a book wherein she adduces my dear old friends the Squaws of British America, as a triumphant elucidation of the system. The book I have not seen, nor do I purpose wasting any time upon a work, the principle of which is so clearly opposed to the revealed will of God; but the idea of a despotic Squaw in a Wigwam was to me so exceedingly new, so absurdly opposed to all that I ever witnessed or heard of among the Indian race, that it led me back, through this halo of my fair contemporary's imagination, to the sober, sad realities of scenes where I still desire to expatiate in thought, though long and far removed from their locality.

Many traces are discernible among the Indian tribes of their Israelitish origin: of these I do not hesitate to reckon the marked subjection in which the woman is held, although the introduction of a

spurious, nominal Christianity—I mean popery—has a little softened that feature in its stronger lines. We all know that the promulgation of the law, in its national and ceremonial ordinances, stamped anew, and rigidly, the decree which the Most High pronounced on the first transgressor of His righteous commandment. "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, AND HE SHALL RULE OVER THEE." There is no indication whatever in the Bible that woman has aspired to, or even desired any co-equality with man, up to this period: indeed the glimpses of patriarchal life distinctly furnish strong proof to the contrary. In no single instance do we find woman overstepping the bounds of her humble sphere of retirement and domestic duty: she is never made the medium of God's communications to man: she appears not in any public capacity or political office whatever: she is always exhibited as a 'keeper at home,' perfectly subject to man; and by the terms of her usual address, the peculiarities of her accustomed deportment, displaying the total absence of all such unseemly aspirations. "Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord." Rebecca could no otherwise interfere with Isaac's paternal prerogatives than by covertly suggesting to Jacob a stratagem whereby to deceive him. It does not appear that Laban's wife had any hand in the arrangements between him and Jacob; and it is very clear his daughters had not. Throughout the eventful history of Joseph, a woman appears but once, and that in a most disgraceful character, but still indicative of her domestic subordination. The like remarks may be applied to the whole course of the inspired narrative, women occasionally receiving commendation, but

only for well-doing within their prescribed sphere. At Sinai this sphere was more exactly defined, and far more strictly hedged round with various restraints not before imposed; and among the rest disobedience to father or husband was denounced as entailing severe chastisement upon the offending female. Surely we need no other argument wherewith to combat the irregular assumptions, and silence the unjustifiable demands, of our mistaken sisters, than this brief sketch supplies. It is true that the glorious liberty of the gospel has loosened many an irksome fetter from woman, and exalted her to a participation in all the spiritual privileges of man, together with a more equal share in his affection and companionship, by abrogating all that sanctioned polygamy, and confining each individual to one partner; but in order to guard the divine decree, as originally pronounced in its penal character, for a continual remembrance of woman's priority in transgression, the apostles are most express in prohibiting every attempt at assuming authority over the man, or even asserting equality. "Let the woman learn in silence, *with all subjection*," is the peremptory command; and it is carried out into particulars, even descending to the character of her apparel.

To return, however, to the squaws, whose bright black eyes would dilate with wonder, not unmixed with ridicule, could they hear themselves cited as specimens of female aggrandisement over the male sex: they always appeared to me to possess the advantage that sobriety insures, when the other party is addicted to intoxication; the cruel policy that encourages habits of intemperance, first introduced among the Indian race through the force of evil ex-

ample, retains the aboriginal inhabitants in a state of degradation through means of that pernicious engine—rum. For this, the hunter brings his moose venison into the town; for this, he offers the skin of his forest prey, or the prize that his net has secured in the bosom of some pure stream overhung by his native woods. For this, liquid fire the squaw barters her cakes of delicious sugar, drawn from the sweet maple in the distant forest, and hardened by a rude process of boiling; or spreads before the passer-by her little stock of bowls, baskets, canoes, and other fancy articles, formed of birch bark, sewn together with the fibres of plants, and exquisitely embroidered with moose hair and porcupine quills. Often have I seen them approaching in the early part of the day, laden with such articles, which they piled on the river side while drawing the light canoe up the bank, and reversing it until their return; or else emerging from the forest track, and slowly pacing towards our habitations. Before the sun set, I have marked them in the act of departure, scantily supplied with meal, clothing, or such seeming necessaries, but abundantly freighted with the destructive luxury of spirituous liquor, or reeling under the effects of indulged intemperance: for the men frequently drink on the spot the price of their wives' and children's industry. I have at this day a little unornamented basket, or rather box, of birch bark, formed of one piece, the broad square of the bottom diminishing to a narrow circular top, with a lid accurately fitted in, all being the work of an Indian boy of less than eight years old. Labour, severe and unremitting, is the portion of the squaw: the produce of her toil is generally devoted to gratify her husband's propensity

for self-indulgence. I have mentioned the papousie, or infant, as an object of interest to me: the little creature, not many days after its birth, is carefully wrapped in such clothing as the mother can provide, and laid flat in a case of bark, not unlike a small coffin, without lid or head. Some stout lacing, passed from side to side over the child's body, makes all safe; a strong strap is secured to the broad end of the cradle, and this being passed round the mother's neck, the baby appears at her back, in a standing position, its little head and face generally uncovered; and more exquisite specimens of infant loveliness I never beheld. In complexion they resemble a healthy, sunburnt, English child, rarely deepening into so dark a tint as our gipsies: the eyes always black, the hair of a beautiful auburn, crisp and curling, with delicate mouths, and much of the settled, quiet aspect that characterizes the adult race. It is only during early infancy that they retain this delicacy of complexion and resemblance to others: by degrees the complexion thickens, the hair becomes black, straight, and coarse, and nothing survives of the beautiful papousie save that softness of eye, and pearly whiteness of diminutive rows of teeth, which render them striking through the whole period of childhood and youth. The Indian smile, until the light-heartedness of early years has given place to sterner feelings, is most bewitching; nor does it ever entirely lose its character: but they are among the saddest of people; and, alas! throughout the tribes of outcast Israel it is usually so: "All the merry-hearted do sigh."

I have asked the squaws how they could perform their laborious tasks of tilling the ground, cleaving

wood, and other similar employments requiring constant motion, with the children at their backs. They replied, that when they went to work in the woods they hung papousie on the branch of a tree, too high for foxes to reach, and threw a handkerchief over its head as security from birds and insects. The waving bough rocks the baby in the breeze; the mother's frequent visit supplies its hunger; and thus accustomed from the first to still and lonely life, no marvel that it grows up a pensive quiet being, attached to its forest home, and led into the haunts of busy man only by the pressure of artificial wants—the longing for indulgences that tend to utter destruction.

In their religious observances, the Indians who came under my notice were all papists: their priests were of their own race, but how far they carried the observance of their idolatrous rites I know not, because I did not inquire; nor did I then rightly comprehend the distinction between Popery and Christianity. I know that on a fine Sabbath evening many of the colonists used to visit their camp, on a neighbouring mountain, to hear the melody of their fine voices, engaged in vesper hymns; and I know that the rosary and crucifix formed a very general appendage to the dress of a squaw. Beyond this, I can say nothing: I can but envy those who, being still on the spot, and themselves enjoying the clear light of the gospel—the truth as it is in Jesus—may freely commune with these interesting people, and invite them also to lay hold on the same hope that forms the anchor of their souls. The colonists of Nova Scotia owe a deep, a solemn debt to the aborigines: and in proportion to the value which they are enabled to set on the blessings of salvation,

will be their anxiety to liquidate that long-standing debt of spiritual instruction. It was not England who introduced Popery here; she acted with stern decision in uprooting the evil from among the European settlers, by exiling those whose subservience to the Romish see was, as it ever must be, the pledge of disloyalty to a Protestant government; and whom they might expect to find dangerous as subjects and as neighbours. But the poor, diminished, despised Indians, driven into the woods, and destitute of means to become formidable, were no objects of dread, therefore no concern was felt for their state of bondage, nor a single effort made to win them into a participation of the privileges so richly prized by the Protestant colonists. I may be mistaken in asserting that no such effort has yet been made, but I am not aware that the plan so abundantly blessed in Ireland has been yet tried in Nova Scotia; that individuals brought to receive the light of the gospel have been sent back to their native brethren with the message of peace, and the word of life rendered acceptable by being breathed in their own accents, presented by a kindred hand. Sure I am that such an enterprize, on which side soever of the Atlantic it might originate, would produce glorious results; for, even putting out of sight the well-grounded supposition that these aborigines are of the race whom God will yet set his hand to gather from all countries whithersoever he has driven them, still it is a duty which no sophistry can evade, to impart these blessings to the people whose country we occupy, whose fathers we dispossessed, and over whom we hold unresisted sway. Endeavours have been made to settle and to educate the Indian race: they are resisted be-

cause the motive that prompts them is suspected to be a self-interested one. They believe we want them to clear and till the land, to establish fisheries, and fertilize a spot from which they would afterwards be driven, that the fruit of their labours might be gathered by other and stronger hands. Let them first be won to regard us as disinterestedly caring for their souls, and they will no longer mistrust us in matters of inferior moment. Let justice be done to this forgotten, neglected class of our fellow-subjects, and the favour of God will be manifested to the promoters of such a work, by the return of a blessing many times multiplied into their own bosoms, their homes, their churches, and their whole province. I have yet to speak of many things concerning the settlers of Nova Scotia, but this paramount claim of the poor scattered Indian remnant on them must not be overlooked, while we consider their claim on us. It is through the righteous retribution of God that sins of omission, no less than of commission, find out the delinquents, perhaps unconscious that as such they appear in the eye of the Lord. This is peculiarly a time to search and try our ways, to confess, like the saints of old, our iniquity, and that of our fathers too: and with full purpose of heart to return unto Him who will never allow us to plead, in the evasive language of the first fratricide, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

C. E.

THE TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

No. II.

THE EXISTENCE AND CREATIVE POWER OF GOD.

THERE has not been wanting, in all ages, a class of men gifted with talents of various amount, some of them indeed belonging to the higher orders of genius, who have been so far infatuated by their mental superiority, or rather by the pride of their own hearts, as to turn the gifts against the Giver, and deny the very being of a God.

But these open atheists have generally been regarded with horror by the more decent part of mankind; and of late years they have given way to another class, more respectable in its appearance, and far more comprehensive in its divisions. We find in it a vast variety of character and opinion, from the professed scoffer and profligate, the disciple of Voltaire or Tom Paine, up to the learned, moral, and grave philosopher, who, while he allows the bible to be a very good code of morals, quietly sets it aside in all matters of history or science, as a book written to please the vulgar, or to suit the erroneous notions of antiquity.

This latter person—be he the mere secular student

of chronology or geology, who revels in periods of millions of ages, totally disregarding all scriptural declarations, whether literal or figurative—or be he the collegiate professor, who feels himself orthodox, and means to be pious, while he explains away, or misinterprets, or silently gets out of sight of scripture, in all literary matters wherewith he has to deal; historical, scientific or metaphysical,—is a far more dangerous being than the professed unbeliever; just as the covert attack, and the wound secretly given under the semblance of respect, are much more to be dreaded than the open hostility of the battle array.

These writers, whether or not they know it (and I would fain hope that they do not), are doing the work of scepticism, with far greater rapidity and success than a host of Shaftesburys, Gibbons, and Carliles could do. They are unsuspected, they are esteemed, they are implicitly followed, more especially by the young, and thus the seeds of unbelief are sown when men feel most secure from its poison.

Let me not be called uncharitable; this is a very plain case. Either the bible is the word of God, or the word of man; if it be the word of God, it must necessarily be infallible; but if any one part of it can be proved to be inaccurate, or deceptive, it is no longer an infallible book, and consequently it cannot be the word of God. If the philosopher can succeed in depriving us of the first two chapters of Genesis, with their history, let him also take the 20th chapter of Exodus, with its ten commandments; for the one rests on exactly the same authority as the other. Both are parts of one work, the Pentateuch, written by one inspired author, Moses; so that if the one be undermined, the other must fall with it: "Yea, let

him take all, forasmuch as" with its veracity "the glory is departed" from it altogether.

It is, however, against the more open unbeliever that we are at present to direct our attack, or rather to conduct our defence, since he has commenced the contest by attacking the foundations of our faith, and saying, with a certain character named in the Psalms, "There is no God;" or, if he acknowledge the divine existence, denying his power and operations in creating the world. We reply, that the Bible declares it to be as we believe it. He impudently makes answer, that the Bible is only a fiction of the Jews, or a modern invention of interested priestcraft. We are not now to examine its internal evidence, through which perhaps he has neither the patience nor the judgment to follow us; but we are to use a very simple argument, and say, 'if we can shew, from ancient Pagan authorities, which you greatly venerate, that all the nations of antiquity believed in a self-existent, powerful, creative Deity, whether he were called Ammon, Vishnu, or Odin; is it not a proof that the Bible is no modern invention, when it declares that there is one true, self-existent, Almighty, Creative God, whose name is Jehovah?"

I think no infidel or Deist will say me nay; and it is so well-known a fact, that all Pagan nations did and do still believe in such a Supreme Deity, that it is almost a work of supererogation to adduce proofs.

Whatever philosophers may have said of the minor divinities, none but the sceptic or the Atheist have ever denied the being or the godhead of the Demiourgos, or Supreme God, whose very name implied his creative power and its exercise, and who there-

fore must have been Almighty, and the Framer of the universe.

The Egyptian mythology is the earliest of which we have any copious account; and it is evident that all their deities were emanations from the great Supreme Being whom they called Ammon. We have the express testimony of Tamblictius on this point. In his work on the Mysteries of Egypt, he says: 'According to the Egyptians, *Eieton*, or the first God, existed in his solitary unity before all beings. He is the fountain and original of everything,' &c. And he adds, from Hermes Trismegistus, 'The Spirit who produces all things has different names, according to his different properties and operations. He is called in the Egyptian tongue Ammon, as he is wise; Ptha, as he is the life of all things; and Osiris, as he is the author of all good.'

In more recent times, Spineto, who had deeply studied the language and hieroglyphics of Egypt, says, that most clearly the original framers of that theogony admitted but one God, who governs all things by his various attributes. It is therefore quite clear that this Supreme Deity of Egypt, who was called Ammon, and at other times Kuouph, Mendes, or Ptha, was the creator of the world, the original fountain of all nature, as well as of all other divinities. Osiris is also one and the same with this deity, although somewhat more Grecian in aspect. The Greeks indeed declared him to be son of Jupiter or of Saturn, but this appears to have been only one of their many piratical appropriations; for they had as great an aptitude for stealing Egyptian gods as the ancient Irish charge the Scotch with possessing, for stealing their saints. Indeed the Greek gods are only new

modelled Orientals with Hellenic names and countenances. The ancients themselves traced Greek theology to Egypt, and thence to Asia, as may be seen from Lucian, Zonaras and Pausanias; indeed the likeness to those originals, however defaced, is yet clear enough to be recognised.

Thales, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras and Plato all described God (Theos) as the one original and only self-existent being; the source of all nature, "the soul of the world," and the origin of all other gods.

In the mythology of India, which undoubtedly is as ancient as that of Egypt, and which claims to be much older, we again find a supreme God and Creator, under the name of Vishnu; from whom proceed all other gods, and all nature, and who, by the testimony of Eusebius, the Puranas, and Capt. Wilford's Asiatic Researches, is proved to be no other than Kuouph, the great god of Egypt. I will not trouble my readers with the chain of arguments and quotations which establish this fact; I will only repeat that it may be very easily proved.

Let us now turn to another and very ancient system of mythology, though little known and less esteemed; I mean the Scandinavian, one of the most striking and romantic religions of Paganism. From the Eddas, the oldest and most authentic records of the Runic legends, we find that Odin was generally considered as the father of gods and men, although he is sometimes called the son of Bor, which looks very much like the Egyptian confusion between Osiris and Horus, or the many mistakes of the Greeks between Jupiter and Saturn.

Dr. Henderson, in his valuable work on Iceland, (I. Introd. p. 19.) gives the following as the form of

an oath among the ancient idolatrous natives; 'So help me Freya, and Thor, and the Omnipotent God,' this last must have been Odin, as he was the most powerful of the Runic gods.

We thus see that the most ancient and best known forms of Paganism each acknowledged a supreme, creative deity, more ancient than the rest. It were easy to trace this primary feature of all religions through the mythologies of ancient Persia, Tyre, Thrace, &c. but I am sure my readers will excuse any farther details on a point so well known, I had almost called it self-evident. We have already had proof enough, if proof were wanting, that the chief nations of antiquity believed in a divine creator, and that the infidel is left, even by the heathen, without excuse, when he declares the scriptures to be of Jewish or modern origin, because they set forth the original fact of Jehovah's existence and Almighty creative power; from which all the systems and legends of Paganism are but debased and imperfect copies.

X. Q.

HOME EDUCATION.

No. IV.

THE broad line of distinction which seems to be applicable to the purposes of education, is between those faculties, by which the mind is furnished with what may be called the rough 'materials' of knowledge; and those faculties which work on those materials, classifying them, deducing from them mere general truths, and moulding them into new shapes and combinations. The former, it is obvious, must have been for some time in exercise, before the latter can be developed.

We should not have entered into this discussion, which, we fear, to some of our readers will appear too metaphysical, had we not felt it necessary, in order to make our observations on the author's system intelligible.

Without it we could not have pointed out the qualification, which the following important passage seems to us to require:

'Far more might be achieved by each individual, whatever be his native endowments, if only, in the early training of the reason, the working of the active faculties were delayed until after the accumulative faculties had largely gathered in materials. The difference between working *with* a fund of ideas, and working *for* a fund, is a circumstance on which de-

pends the healthy growth or early standing of the mind. In the ordinary course of education, the minds of children are strained and stimulated upon inanition.' (p. 350, 351.) That the reason, the power of abstraction, the imagination, should not be stimulated into exercise 'until after the accumulative faculties' have 'largely gathered in materials' is an important truth, of which the parent or teacher should never lose sight: but the *memory*, which our author enumerates among the *active* faculties, must not, *cannot*, if we would, be delayed. Though it should never be *loaded*, it requires early and careful culture: and though our author postpones to a future volume what he has to recommend on the culture of the memory; yet, as it appears to us, and as might have been anticipated, many of his suggestions in the chapters on the Conceptive Faculty are methods, by the adoption of which the memory would be richly stored, and usefully exercised and strengthened.

We have said, that our author treats of the conceptive faculty in many passages, as if he were treating of the imagination, and uses the term interchangeably. We said this, not in the spirit of criticism, but because we think the observation has an important bearing on the extent to which his suggestions may safely be adopted.

The following is one of the passages to which we referred:—

'Sober-minded and anxious parents may probably think that great hazards are run by indulging, so far, the conceptive faculty, and by bestowing upon it the culture which I am recommending. But I seriously believe that the dangers apprehended are warded off, or superseded, rather than enhanced, by enriching the

mind in this very respect. To preserve the purity and health of the imagination, we should not quash it, but occupy it with what is bright and fair.' (p. 265.)

This, be it observed, is said with reference not to the third era of education—not to the period when, according to our author, the imagination, the last of the faculties, developes itself—but to childhood. Now we would so far agree with our author as to preoccupy the child's mind 'with what is bright and fair;' we would furnish it with those images and ideas on which a pure and healthful imagination may in due time exercise itself: but we would be careful, and that on his own principles, not to stimulate the imagination into premature developement. The imagination, when called forth at its proper time, is an ornament to the mind, and enables the individual to use his other faculties with more effect: but, if unseasonably brought into play, it commonly obtains undue possession of the mind, to the injury of its other powers. We should say of the methods which our author suggests for the culture of the conceptive faculty, that such of them (and this applies to many of them,) as aim only at storing the mind with varied knowledge, by connecting pleasurable emotions with its reception, may be adopted with great advantage; but there are some of his suggestions which involve, in our opinion, a dangerous excitement of the imagination. We can best illustrate our meaning by a few instances:—

'Instead of requiring children to listen to, or to repeat, what they will forget as soon as they can, and what can do them no imaginable service while they may chance to remember it—as that Iceland is "situated between the 63d and 67th degrees of north

latitude, and the 12th and 25th degrees of west longitude; is 280 miles in length, and 180 in width; and that its population, according to the last census, is 53,000—and so forth; instead of this, let the scenes, the occupations, the habiliments, of an Iceland family, during their few summer days, and then during their long wintry months, be graphically described (and with an admixture of humour), aided by the best pictorial representation that may be at hand.'—(p. 255.)

Here we have a valuable hint as to the mode in which at once geographical information may be conveyed, and the mind be enriched with subjects on which both the imagination and the judgment may (according to circumstances) be afterwards exercised. But in other passages our author goes beyond the wholesome training of the memory and enriching of the mind, and proposes methods of culture which would at once call the child's imagination into strong and (we think) premature excitement. We select the following instances:—

'What we want in the training of this (viz. the conceptive) faculty is, to accustom the mind to stretch out from the boundary of things actually seen, and to give itself a sort of intellectual ubiquity, by the vigorous effort which realizes remote scenes as analogous to surrounding objects, and yet as unlike them. A child is to be tempted on, until he breaks over his horizon; he is to be exercised and informed until he can wing his way north or south, east or west, and shew his teacher, in apt and vivid language, that his imagination has actually taken the leap, and has returned—from the tempest-rocked Hebrides, or the ice-bound Northern Ocean—from

the red man's wilderness of the west—from the steppes of central Asia—from the teeming swamps of the Amazon—from the sirocco deserts of Africa—from the tufted islets of the Pacific—from the heaving flanks of Etna—from the marbled shores of Greece.'—(p. 240, 241.)

'Whether or not children have yet heard of the signs of the zodiac, or know anything of "declination, equation of the centre, or the syzygies of the moon's orbit," they may be led on until they can plunge boldly into the abyss of worlds around us, and by the aid of the telescope, and of vivid descriptive discourses, hold a steady flight from point to point of the visible universe.'—(p. 243.)

'To recur to the instance of the pleiades, or to some of the globular nebulæ:—when the telescope has lifted the curtain, and brought before the eye, instead of a confused twinkling, as if of a dozen luminous points, the clear steady splendour of thousands and thousands again, constituting the flaming community of suns, within the range of which there can be no darkness at all, but perpetual glory, radiating from innumerable sources—when this idea has been vividly realized, and when the actual remoteness of the scene hast been lost from the recollection, some such train of thoughts as the following may be suggested—Let us now imagine ourselves the inhabitants of one of those suns, surrounded on every side by ten thousand splendours, and beholding everywhere so much more life, power, and enjoyment, as may be thought to belong to such a system: and let us then suppose there were to be described to us some such dim region of the universe as the one we actually occupy, where there is but a single source

of light and heat, and this one far remote from us'—(p. 250, 251)—but we have quoted enough.

These passages, especially the last, are the beautiful outbursts of our author's vigorous and high-wrought imagination. But it will not have escaped the observation of our readers, that he uses the conceptive faculty and the imagination as convertible terms; and that a teacher, who should follow out these illustrations of our author's system, would be calling into exercise, not a mere *intuitive* faculty, performing its office "without any sensible effort," but one of the most active powers of the mind—not the conceptive faculty, but the imagination. Such a method, as is exemplified in these passages, should, we think, be used with great caution in the two first eras of education. We should fear its tendency to call the imagination into premature excitement, and give it a dangerous preponderance over the other faculties of the mind. Many, however, of his suggestions in the chapter on the Conceptive Faculty are well calculated to enrich and strengthen the memory, by connecting its exercise with pleasurable emotions. The memory is an early faculty. The infant, of its own accord, cultivates it by repetition upon repetition; a practice which to him is a source of pleasure, though it would weary one of more advanced years: and both in infancy, and in childhood, and in later life, that knowledge which is received, accompanied by pleasurable emotions, fixes itself most firmly in the memory. We would, therefore, adopt many of our author's methods as calculated to render the acquisition of knowledge agreeable to children, but not those which unnecessarily call the imagination into exercise: and we would, when the

first era of education is gone by, introduce more of order and arrangement, than (as far as appears in this volume) he seems to think necessary or advisable in the instruction of children.

We would, in childhood, begin to convey knowledge in such order and succession, that the mind might not only be richly furnished, but that its riches might be producible when wanted. It is one thing to have the memory well stored, and another to have it so cultivated that it can readily recal what is needed for the occasion. To this end, knowledge should, when the first era of education is past, at least, after early childhood, be infused into the mind on some system, so that its parts may have a mutual connexion with each other. The nature of this connexion will vary with the department of knowledge which is brought before the child. It may be succession of time—as in history, or some resemblance of form—as in botany, or a general law embracing a variety of particular facts—as in the inductive sciences. If the teacher keep this object in view, the child's memory will derive a powerful aid from the natural association of ideas; and the mind will have its materials ready for the future exercise of the reason and the imagination, as they respectively develope themselves.

When we urge the importance of order and arrangement in the communication of knowledge, we are far from recommending that the child should, in general, be set to learn by heart stated tasks, whether in the form of compendiums or catechisms, or under any other title. The intelligent teacher will question the pupil on what he has either read or been taught in conversation, and will be much better

pleased to find him answer well in his own words, than if he use the words of the book or of the teacher himself. The teacher has then satisfactory proof that the child has *understood* what he has been taught, while the child, escaping the drudgery of learning mere words by heart, will find pleasure in the acquisition of knowledge and in the consciousness of being able to use it.

Poetry, however, must, if committed at all to memory, be learned accurately; and we suppose no one will say that the mind should not be well stored with *good* poetry. This exercise will not only strengthen the memory; but if the poetry be carefully chosen, it will be part of that 'positive process' of education, which our author justly recommends, as 'providing for the exclusion of evil by pre-occupying the mind and the heart with the best materials and the best habits.' (p. 234.) Sacred poetry and texts of scripture, committed to memory, have often, very often, proved the solace of sickness and affliction, when the mind could recal, or cared to recal, little else. This exercise of learning poetry by heart, may be begun even in infancy, but not as a *task;* and of course it will be continued, more or less, through the subsequent periods of education.

There is *one* book in prose, from which we think large portions may beneficially be committed to memory. Our readers will at once understand to what book we allude.

Even in infancy, detached and impressive sentences judiciously selected from scripture, may, with great advantage, be committed to memory,—such as, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work;" "God is love;"

"Honour thy father," &c.; "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Not that these should, at that age, be learnt from book, or as a task; they should be taught from the parent's own lips, as being God's words. In childhood, larger portions may be committed to memory; and, for this purpose, a selection made by the Rev. William Carus Wilson, will be found very useful. It is important that the child should have well and firmly imprinted on his mind the principal precepts, and promises, and doctrines of scripture, for his guidance, and comfort, and encouragement through life, and in the hour of death. The man thus furnished, will have always at hand armour of proof, of heavenly temperature, to repel all the assaults of the devil.

Now perhaps thou thinkest that thou shalt live thirty or forty years. Well then, if it be certain that in one of these years thou shalt die, and thou knowest not in which of them, why art thou not afraid in every one of them; and dost not every year, yea every day, make preparation for death?—*Gearing.*

THE FAVOURED SHEPHERD.

III.—The Challenge.

We have now to contemplate David in a new character, and to follow him into scenes totally at variance with those among which the first years of his life were spent. Israel was at war with the Philistines, and the three eldest sons of Jesse followed Saul to the battle; and little did the father of David think, when he sent his son to the camp to see how his brethren fared, and to take their pledge, that he sent him to be the champion of the Lord and the deliverer of Israel! And thus God deals with his people in the present time, frequently both in providence and in grace, leading them by a way that they know not, and guiding their every step towards some end, of which they are ignorant; but when that end is gained, then they can trace their heavenly Father's hand, and admire the wondrous machinery and regular working of it all. We must walk by faith in small matters as well as in greater ones; and to the Christian, whose prayer is, "guide me by thy counsel," it must ever be a comfort to reflect, that every act of his is permitted for some wise purpose, which himself is often not permitted to see. Thus it probably was with Jesse when God put it into his heart to send David to the camp; and we may suppose that the youth went forth to accomplish the bidding

of the anxious and affectionate father, unconscious of the task that awaited him, though doubtless his devoted and pious heart was ready for any work to which his God might suddenly call him. It frequently occurs in the experience of the children of God, that they are unexpectedly summoned to some great business appointed for them to take in hand, without any previous intimation. Is it for them to say, under such circumstances, that they cannot undertake the work, not having had sufficient time for consideration, or not having strength or ability for it? Surely such excuses, if ever entertained by the real Christian, must be repented of, as proceeding from unbelief and forgetfulness of the all-sufficient grace of God: this was the sin of Moses (Exod. iv. 10—13), which displeased Jehovah: for we read, that "his anger was kindled against Moses," although at the same time he mercifully granted him a human assistant as well as his own divine power and presence in his work.

On reaching the army we are told that while David was talking with his brethren, the terrific Philistine, from whom all the hosts of Israel were ready to flee, came up, and in the ears of David repeated his proud challenge. He heard, and was indignant that one of God's enemies—one who was not numbered with His then only visible people—a worshipper of false Gods in defiance of the true One—that such a man should defy the power of that Almighty God, and not one among the armies of Israel be found who dared accept the challenge, and wipe away the reproach! "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" These expressions were not likely to pass without remark,

and we find his eldest brother, who was, perhaps, like the brethren of Joseph, jealous of the honour shewn David during the visit of the prophet Samuel, reproaching him in nō very gentle terms, and bidding him return to his humble employments; and by the terms he used it is not unlikely that he believed this circumstance to have inspired in David's mind an ambition to equal his elder brothers.

And is there no Eliab, in these days, ready to rise up in the accusation of those who are coming forward in the Lord's strength, to fight the Lord's battles? There is, undoubtedly, much of an Eliab spirit at work in opposing the champions of our national faith,—of the cause of God in general, and of PROTESTANISM in particular. "Why comest thou hither?" they are angrily asked; and when the servants of the Most High are ready to enlist under the banners of his insulted Majesty, on the platform, or in the pulpit, against the Goliath of infidelity or popery, it is ascribed to "pride and naughtiness of heart," though they come not to "see," but to "fight in the foremost ranks of the battle." And "Is there not a cause?"

David put off the coat of mail, the helmet of brass, and the weighty sword with which Saul armed him, saying, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." He preferred the simple weapons to which he had all his life been accustomed, and with his sling and stones advanced to meet the foe. And so, in waging war with the enemies of the truth, its advocates must be careful only to use such armour as has been proved available in its defence: not the carnal weapons of bitter sarcasm or violent language, but the oft-tried and well-tempered steel of the sword

of the Spirit—the impenetrable helmet of salvation, and the invulnerable body-covering of truth. The champions of the cause of Christ have proved this armour, and have found it successful.

David then went forth to meet the Philistine, who cursed him by his gods; but the curse fell harmless upon him, and Goliath soon found what Balaam and all the enemies of God and his people have ever found—the impossibility of fighting successfully against those who are under the covenant protection of Jehovah: "How shall I curse whom the Lord hath not cursed, and how shall I defy whom the Lord hath not defied?" The gigantic size and strength of Goliath, the sword, spear, and shield, the threats and imprecations which escaped from his savage lips, were but an unequal match for one who was fighting in the name of the Lord, and with the consciousness that He who had delivered him from the lion and bear, would deliver him also out of the hand of this Philistine. And mark the difference between the challenge of him who trusted in his own strength, and the reply of him who appealed to the power of an omnipotent God in his behalf. It is just the difference always manifested between the unconverted and the children of God. (1 Sam. xvii. 37, 45—47.) Here we see the language of the believer, knowing that every victory, spiritual or temporal, must be effected by the Lord, his strength. Well might the hostile army fly in terror when the youth struck the fatal blow, and their champion fell to the earth; and no wonder that they became an easy prey to their pursuers, while the headless corpse lay bleeding on the plain!

And has not the great antitype of David, our Lord

Jesus Christ, wrought a victory for his spiritual Israel yet more astonishing and more beneficial than this? Has he not bruised the head of Satan, and rendered him powerless as to the eternal security of those whom he hath chosen from the foundation of the world? Then may his redeemed, who are waiting until Satan is finally beaten down under their feet, even now take into their hearts the song of praise written by David after this victory. (Ps. ix.) "I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvellous works. I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High. They that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."

M. W.

As the smallest particle of sand, or the end of a very little hair lodged in the eye doth so irritate that tender organ that it hindereth sight until the intruding matter be removed, so the least sin, if allowed to attach itself to the heart, doth so let all godly motions and darken the view of heavenly things, that the man shall know no peace of conscience nor freedom of mind until by prayer and perseverance he have prevailed to banish it, and by the blood of sprinkling applied in faith, have the pollution that it occasioned throughly washed away.—*Gordon.*

STANZAS.

O BLAME me not because my hand
  Oft strikes the simple lyre,
And sometimes ye may catch the sounds,
  That passing thoughts inspire:
It is not that I shrink away
  From daily toil and care,
For strength and patience I would pray
  The allotted weight to bear.

It is that when my heart is grieved,
  My wearied spirit worn,
It soothes my heart to strike the harp,
  Which chained life's early morn:
I stay not in the muse's bowers
  Neglecting duty's call;
I know, 'even 'mid her fragrant flowers,
  How passing moments fall.

Go—stop the dying swan's last song,
  Curb the young eagle's wing,
And check the varied melody
  That welcomes in the spring.
Ye may *command*—and proudly play
  The boaster's idle part;
But mark it well—as soon ye'll stem
  The current of my heart.

That current rose a sparkling stream
  When life as hope was gay,
And still, though dimmed by grief and tears,
  It cheers my pilgrim way.
I cannot suddenly be wrenched
  From childhood's early friend;
And well we know each gift of God
  Has some appointed end.

And who art thou that dost presume
  To sit as judge on me?
Nay—cast the beam from out thine eye,
  Thy brother's mote to see;
Search well thine heart, weigh well thy life,
  To God we stand or fall,
'Tis little to be judged of man,
  When He is Judge of all.

M A. STODART.

GOD, to see you with complacency, must see you not as shining in any native splendour of your own; but as shone upon by the splendour of Him who is full of grace and truth. It is only when surrounded with this element that a holy God can regard you with complacency; and, to complete the triumphs of the gospel administration, it is only when breathing in this atmosphere that you inhale the delights of an affectionate and confiding piety.—*Chalmers.*

THE MONOMANIA.

My dear Madam,

In forwarding you the 'Testimony of Paganism,' for this month, may I beg the favour of a word with you? I wish just to ask you a question, and hope you will not think it too much trouble to give me an explicit reply. Every body who reads any of your interesting writings, knows and feels your strong partiality for Ireland and every thing Irish. It is a feeling which I can fully understand and enter into; but I believe many of your readers are far from thus sympathizing with you. I have heard your personal attachment to Ireland denominated 'a delusion,' 'extravagance of feeling,' 'affectation,' &c.; and some of the younger luminaries of our would-be-wise penny-knowledge age are very fond of the learned-sounding word '*monomania*' on the subject, and think they have performed a great feat, when they have applied so *fine* a term to a feeling which they cannot estimate or comprehend. A late review has said that you have 'never received anything but evil from Ireland, and yet you are never weary of doing her good.' If so, it is in accordance with the divine precept, "Do good to them that hate you," and should excite praise rather than reproach. Perhaps you will give me a reply to the question, *Why do you love Ireland?* and so silence the cavillers to whom I allude.

I leave it entirely to your discretion to make use of

this note, in any way you please, by publication or otherwise; feeling assured that you will do that which is best for the justification of your own feelings on the subject.

I remain, my dear Madam, with the most sincere regard, yours ever faithfully,

X. Q.

[We have no hesitation in giving insertion to the foregoing letter, from a correspondent who has long furnished these pages with some of their choicest articles, and who having, as we understand, never been in the sister island, cannot be suspected of a desire to draw forth an eulogy on the land of song. Neither shall we pen one: we shall keep strictly to the point, chiefly as set forth in that pretty word, 'monomania,' which best expresses the view taken by many kind friends of the individual's peculiar case. Monomania being used to designate any person's state of mind, who is sane and sober enough on all subjects but one; but who, on having that one brought before him, straightway falls into a frenzy, or soars off to regions where poor reason cannot follow the flight. Now this is a pitiable case, and doubly pitiable are they whose hard lot it is to be exposed to the outbreaks of such a patient; more especially when the monomaniac is thoroughly bent on snapping right and left during the paroxysms, with a wicked design of spreading the malady among all who came within reach. That such has been the endeavour of the Editor, every reader of the Christian Lady's Magazine must be able to testify; that it has been abundantly successful, she joyfully acknowledges; and for the consolation of those among

them who may be alarmed by the formidable appellation given to the disease, she will, at the risk of appearing more than usually egotistical, give an explicit answer to the reasonable demands of 'X. Q.'

The paragraph quoted is, we believe, from a late number of the Dublin Christian Examiner, and it occurs in the course of a kind literary notice: it struck the individual alluded to with painful surprise, until she recollected the impossibility of those particulars being generally known, which, if made public, would place her in her right position as the foundling, the elevé, the protegé, the hired servant of Ireland—hired on such wages as the world gives not, and bound by such ties as the world cannot weave.' The call to declare those circumstances is now expressly, publicly given; the desire to respond to it is irrepressible; and if 'X. Q.' will kindly attend to a tale, in illustration of the above assertion, perhaps he, and some other readers on both sides of St. George's Channel, may be disposed to give credit where it is due, and to return also a verdict of acquittal in favour of the accused on the several counts of 'delusion,' 'extravagance of feeling,' 'affectation,' and 'monomania,' simply convicting her of pure selfishness.

Let the case be put hypothetically:—'X. Q.' must imagine a young Englishwoman, tenderly reared, accustomed to every indulgence, and brimful of that pride which the world applauds, while God beholds it afar off, and in his own time abases the offender. It matters not how, but in some effectual way this proud and pampered individual, yet newly arrived in a country to which she was altogether unallied except by marriage, was made to feel that all the

pleasant things of earth can glide away like summer clouds, and that one who never thought to want even the indulgences of life, might look round unable to discern an avenue through which the supply of to-morrow's wants should come—might stand in utter desolation, lonely and forlorn, with no alternative but the bitter one of becoming dependent on the casual help of some who had not a surplus of their own; and no consolation but the sweet light that had recently dawned into her heart, giving knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Suppose that at such a juncture Irish Christians, who knew no more of her than the bare facts here stated, stretched forth the hand of sympathy, not to wound the feelings of personal independence, not to make her a pensioner on their ever ready bounty, but gently to lead her into a path of honest, useful industry, by endeavouring to exercise, in the cause and for the glory of Christ, that little talent which they had discovered as capable of improvement in the literary line. Suppose her thus surrounded, thus directed and upheld, for the space of several years, her first poor attempts munificently remunerated, her heart warmed, her spirit cheered, her confidence strengthened, her efforts encouraged, until the inestimable prize of actual independence of aught save her own labours was secured; while every drop of bitterness that an all-wise hand saw good to mingle in her cup was but the vehicle of conveying to her lips two drops of that sweetest of all earthly cordials, Christian sympathy and love.

But the mandate came: the scene was changed, the green shores of Ireland were left far westward, and a very cloudy dispensation followed, through

which the sunshine of Irish kindness continually broke; and even in her own land, among her own friends and kindred, it outshone all the rest. Again the sky cleared; and a brief season of enjoyment in the bosom of an English home, under the fostering care of the only one to whom she could look for such shelter and defence, appeared to place her beyond the need of Irish patronage. In the midst of these privileges a menace reached the sole source of her income: it appeared no longer safe to deal with her for those literary wares—a point of law had been started, and she could not conscientiously allow any publisher to incur the risk inseparable from those dealings. Who then stepped forward to rescue her from the anguish of becoming burdensome to her only, her generous, her loving, but by no means affluent connexion? even the first friends of her literary life—the Irish patrons and promoters of her humble work. 'Write for us,' said they, 'we will brave the result; we will increase your profits, and trust in our covenant God that no weapon formed against us shall prosper, while we are mutually engaged in his service.' The call was obeyed, the pen was resumed, a munificent gift from an Irish nobleman who, from the first had been to her as a father, supplied what had been lost during the interval of reluctant inaction; the panic passed away, every channel was re-opened, and increasing success crowned the renewed effort.

It needs not here to enter into the sad episode that would follow—to tell of the dearest and most precious of earthly friends, called by his duty to Ireland, spiritually taught under the ministry of one of God's dear Irish servants, and laid, by the stroke of a moment, under the green sod, thence rendered trebly dear by

shrouding those loved remains—to dwell upon the tenderness that never ceased pouring the balm of consolation, the love that shone so brightly through that season of heavy gloom. It is enough to assert that what they were in the first days of perplexity and distress, that they continued through joy and through sorrow, through evil report and good report, and that to this day they continue to be, in every possible way that affection and generosity can devise to exhibit themselves in; receiving as though they had not earned it at so rich a price, every expression of attachment, every little effort at serving their dear country.

When X. Q. has pondered all this, let the following supposition be added. Imagine that a party of noble and affluent Irish friends, considering the liability of the individual to some disabling visitation, and knowing that the numerous claims upon her precluded the possibility of hoarding a shilling, even had such been her desire, came to the conclusion that a provision ought to be made, to become available in case of such dispensation. That they had made it, had fully secured her from the possibility of wanting the support she might be unable to earn; and had also done this deed so stealthily, under the influence of that exquisite delicacy which cannot bear to wound even the pride of a friend, that she would never have known the fact but for an unforeseen accident bringing her acquainted with it.

Now, the query of X. Q. might have been satisfactorily answered without dragging into public view these personal and domestic concerns; but the recipient of Ireland's love and Ireland's bounty well knows that such remarks as our correspondent has quoted are very frequently made: and among them

the charge of affectation has certainly wounded her greatly. She longed to vindicate herself, by shewing somewhat of the Irish character as developed in her own experience; and to silence, perhaps to shame some, whose prejudices disgrace not the people whom they affect to despise, but themselves. It is easy to make out a just demand on the part of Ireland for all that English Protestantism can now do to wipe out the grievous wrongs of many generations, during which her native race have gone down to perdition, enclosed in the accursed net of popery: and so long as the opportunity is given, so long will the Editor of the Christian Lady's Magazine press upon its readers this weighty obligation under which they all lie, to help the good work now prospering in that interesting land: but these pages are intended as a direct answer to the plain question that precedes them; and the individual referred to humbly trusts that she has shewn cause—though she has not advanced the twentieth part of what could have been brought to strengthen her assertions—abundant cause why, with all the ardour of gratitude, with all the fervency of devoted attachment, all the energy of zealous perseverance, she is bound to 'love Ireland.']

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. XX.

EVERY day's experience in the concerns of life proves the great importance of seizing the present moment. How much more is this the case with regard to spiritual matters, where by the delay even of a day an immortal soul may be endangered! An opportunity lost may never occur again; life is uncertain, and there is no repentance in the grave—that once closed, all is over!

The enemy of our souls knows this, and full well does he act upon and take advantage of it. It appears to me that we may often distinctly trace his efforts to retain a victim within his grasp in the stumbling-blocks he throws in the way of an individual's spiritual improvement; the thousand seemingly trifling hindrances that rise up; the spirit of procrastination and indolence; or the struggles of unbelief which, when we have devised any plan of usefulness, cause us to despond and be discouraged —to exclaim with the slothful man in the Proverbs, "there is a lion without."

The difficulties that presented themselves against the fulfilment of my promise to read the Bible for the afflicted widow L——, were so hydra-headed, that I was almost tempted to give up the task as hopeless. First, her knowledge of English was so

imperfect, that even in speaking of every-day business, it was generally necessary to repeat a sentence twice over: how, then, was it possible she could be made to understand a difficult and new subject, when the very words in which it would be attempted to be explained, presented in themselves such a formidable stumbling-block? Then I knew that to the lower orders, unused as they are to books, what is read is so much less comprehensible than anything spoken; and added to this, and the total ignorance of the poor creature, she was so overwhelmed with grief, and so completely absorbed in the thoughts of her lost son, that I despaired even of being able to arrest her attention, much less engage her interest and understanding in the subject.

These doubts and fears could have been no other than the suggestion of the enemy of souls. He alone could so pervert the mind of an unworthy labourer in the Lord's vineyard, as to render it forgetful of the Almighty power, which can perfect strength in weakness—of the Holy Spirit, whose influence can enable the poor and ignorant of this world to be often far wiser unto salvation than the refined and the learned: to lose sight, in short, of Him from whom alone is the preparation of the heart, and see only the want of ability of the humble instrument employed. These faithless and sinful misgivings kept me away from my poor friend for several days; for, in truth, I shrank from the thoughts of looking upon sufferings to which there seemed no prospect of ministering the healing balm of religion. At length, however, better feelings prevailed, and I set out for the afflicted widow's cabin, resolved to make the attempt of reading to her, and leave the result to God.

It was a lovely morning in spring. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds singing from every tree. The air was filled with the fragrant perfume of the violet and primrose, and all the bursting buds and blossoms of early spring; innumerable tiny flies were dancing and playing in the sunbeams, and the bee was buzzing by with its soothing industrious hum. The merry voices of children at play rose from the fields that sloped downwards from the path, and the young lambs were gambolling under the trees and among the hillocks, in all the glee of new-born existence. All these glad sights and sounds, the bright sunshine and calm smiling landscape, contrasted painfully with the closed door and melancholy look of the house of mourning. Its humble owner was no longer standing there with smiling face, or cheerfully plying her spinning-wheel in the door-way; all was dark and silent about the house.

I found the bereaved mother sitting on the floor, cutting up potatoes for seed. It is a touching thing to see the poor pursuing their ordinary toils and avocations in the midst of severe affliction, denied by the pressure of their necessities the luxury of indulging their grief. A gleam of satisfaction lit up for a moment her grief-worn countenance when she saw me. 'Ah, you're welcome kindly,' she said, arising and pushing away the heap of potatoes from before her; and I saw the poor woman peering anxiously about, until her eyes rested upon the volume I had brought. It seemed as though the ardent prayer I had sent up while crossing the threshold, that the Lord would open the mourner's heart to receive his own word, had been instantly answered. She exclaimed, 'That's the book; God bless it, and you for

coming with it to me;' and drawing a chair for me, seated herself opposite. After some conversation, I asked her what I should read about, expecting she would wish to hear something of a future state applicable to her lost son, concluding, of course, that he was uppermost in her thoughts. I was mistaken. 'I'd like to know about our Saviour,' was the reply.

The poor woman's seat was lower than mine; she sat with her arms folded in her apron, and her earnest, intelligent eyes rivetted upon my face, with the most fixed and absorbed attention. I began the first chapter of St. Luke, leaving out all that related to John the Baptist, lest the double story might embarrass her, and reading as slowly and distinctly as possible. Here I cannot help remarking upon the exceeding plainness and simplicity of style in which the gospel is written: it never struck me so forcibly as on this occasion, owing, probably, to the great anxiety I felt that my poor hearer should understand what was read. She listened with intense interest, and seemed straining every nerve to catch the meaning. This was particularly the case whenever the Virgin's name was mentioned, she being, I have always remarked, an object of paramount veneration to the lower classes of Roman Catholics. The poor widow L—— was an example of this: though extremely ignorant of every thing relating to the Creator and Saviour, she seemed tolerably well acquainted with the history of the Virgin, and asked me very eagerly whether there was anything in that book about the blessed Mary carrying her son on her back into Egypt, away from his enemies. She told me her mother was a very holy woman, and always wore a long string of beads

hanging down to the ground; that she devoted herself to the Virgin, and had entered a religious order two years before her death, all the members of which were entitled to be clad in the robes of the Virgin at the last day!

Before leaving, I turned to the 7th chapter of Revelations, and read from the ninth verse to the end. Her cry of delight, her earnest exclamations in Irish, the fervent and impassioned devotion of her manner and gestures, I can never forget: they are indescribable.

The ice once broken, my visits to the widow's cabin became regular, and I laid down a little plan for our readings. There was a force and energy in her simple sayings that was most attractive, and the notes I took of them, at the time, would fill a little volume. But these conversations owed so much of their interest to the manner of my poor friend, the circumstances in which she was placed, and the primitive simplicity of her picturesque though lowly little dwelling, that I almost fear the record of them may seem trivial and tedious.

One day the conversation turned on prayer. I asked her, what prayers she used, to whom she prayed, and for what? She replied, 'First, I pray to God, then to the blessed Virgin, and then to the angels. Then as soon as I'll open my eyes in the morning, an' before I'll close them at night, I pray for the soul of my mother and my husband;' and she added, in a faltering voice, her eyes filling with tears, 'to be sure now, I pray for my poor Tom's soul.'

I made no comment on this reply. Perhaps I was wrong, but I thought that to enter upon controverted subjects, and all at once declare war against the old

deep-rooted habits she had clung to ever since her childhood would utterly bewilder the poor thing, and defeat my object of acquainting her with the simple truths of the gospel, and leading her to the Saviour. I therefore contented myself with offering up a silent prayer that "the word of God which is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword," would gradually pierce asunder the veil of ignorance with which she was surrounded.

We had more conversation on the nature of true prayer; and I found that notwithstanding her erroneous views, the widow L—— by no means went through the duty as a mere matter of form. 'See now, Miss M——,' she said, in her usual energetic manner, laying her hand on my arm, 'see now, I couldn't stretch on that bed ever, and close my eyes in sleep and quietness, without saying my prayers—no, not if you were to give me the whole world for doing it. But when I'll say in my prayers to God, and when I'll ask him wid a good heart to forgive me my sins, and to take care of me, and when I'll just offer myself up to Him on my two knees—then sure I may lay myself down in quietness; for don't I know He'll have an eye over myself an' over the cabin till morning; and then, at the flight o' night, I'll pray to Him again, and praise His holy name.'

She uttered these words with a sincerity that was delightful, and I was especially glad to hear her speak about the forgiving of her sins, for I had some doubts as to her convictions on that head. 'What sins, then, do you commit,' I asked, 'that you should beg for forgiveness at night?'

'Ah,' she said, looking down and sighing, 'many's the sin a body will commit—aye, so they will, un-

knownst to themselves at times. Maybe now, while I'll be sitting there forenenst the fire, doing nothing at all but watching the potatoes boiling, I'll be sinning against the great God in my heart; and sure I'll not rest at night till I'll ask him to forgive that. Ah! 'tis a good thing to be praying, an' I often heard that very same you're after telling me now, about God hearing us at all times. I'm told he'll hear you, if you pray, an' you going along the road or in the fields, just every bit as well as if you were down upon your two knees before him. I like to be praying up to the great God, when I'm walking the road or across the fields.'

The simple but forcible language of this poor woman was truly instructive. I often felt, while listening to her, that I had gone to her humble cabin to teach, but would come away taught many a valuable lesson myself. Oh, how frequently were her words keen monitors to me! What humbling contrasts I was forced to draw between her and myself! How often what she said made me wince under the sharp reprovings of conscience! Seldom did I feel a severer pang of self-reproach than when she was telling me of her prayers for the souls of her departed relatives. There was this poor creature, in her ignorance praying night and morning, unweariedly, for long, long, years, for the souls of those that were dear to her, long after their mortal bodies had mouldered away into the dust; and I, with the objects of my affection living before me, and every day gaining increased hold upon my heart, what were my pleadings before the throne of grace for their spiritual welfare compared to hers? I too, who knew that while there was life only there was hope; that as the tree falls so

must it lie;—I, who read in my bible the gracious permission of God, to bring those I loved, in the arms of faith, and lay them down at his mercy-seat; and, more than this, the assured promise of Him who cannot lie, to hear and grant my petitions on their souls' behalf.

The soothing and calming influence of the words of inspiration were strikingly manifest in the case of this afflicted sufferer. I constantly found her in tears, or seated over the fire wringing her hands, in a state of miserable dejection; and I never left her without seeing her face beaming with hope and animation. Her love for the bible, and delight with its contents, were very great. I have seen her take it up and kiss it with indescribable reverence and veneration; and she often interrupted me, while I was reading, with—'That's the darling book—the good book—that's the book entirely, so it is, God bless it! Well for them that can read it!' Her bursts of feeling on this subject were generally in Irish, for she wanted words to convey her sensations in English.

One day, after I had finished a chapter in the Revelations, she said, while every feature in her face was quivering with agitation, 'To hear of that, opens all the veins in a body's heart. Yes, while I am listening, every drop of blood in my heart changes;—it goes to and fro within me.' Sometimes when I went to visit her, I found her so busily employed, that I used to say, 'Though I am come to read, yet if you are busy'—she invariably interrupted me with, 'the best business is to be hearkening to that book;' and threw away every thing about which she was engaged.

The Sermon on the mount greatly delighted her, particularly the passage, "Ask, and ye shall receive," &c. She laid her hands impressively on me, to arrest my attention, and then rising, took up her cloak from the dresser, and holding it out by the corners, said slowly, and with the greatest feeling, 'See now, I'm a poor woman; God has given me enough, but still I'm poor, and I'd rather than the full up of this cloak of solid gold—aye, or the full up of it twice over, to be able to read that book. Indeed, indeed, I would.'

I thought of David's expression, in the 119th Psalm, "The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver," and secretly blessed God for having bestowed a portion of the same spirit on this poor creature. 'Yes,' she continued, with that graceful action which often confers such an air of natural dignity on the Irish peasant, 'Yes, I'd rather be listening to *that* (meaning 'Ask, and ye shall receive," &c.) than if you were to give me the best golden guinea that ever was made. If I could read it myself, I'd be at it ever an' always, I'd be reading the livelong day—I'd never stop, so I wouldn't.'

Alas! how often is the bible left lying neglected on its dusty shelf, or read as a task coldly and unwillingly. How languidly do our sluggish souls desire the sincere milk of the word, instead of longing for it as ardently as the hungry infant seeks the nourishment that instinct teaches is needful for its growth. This poor peasant, with her warm and heartfelt enthusiasm, might have brought many an enlightened Christian to shame. She was certainly a pattern in some respects, shining

brightly through the mists of error and ignorance.

It often struck me as extraordinary, the great faith the widow L—— attached to the bible, a book she had never heard of till within a few months. She was always ready to give a preference to what was read in it, even over any traditions she had heard in her childhood, from her mother, of whose sanctity as a devotee to the Virgin she had the highest opinion. Once, when we were reading the denial of Christ by Peter, she interrupted me to tell how she had heard that the first time the cock crew, the soldiers in the hall were displeased with the noise, and killed it; they threw the body into a pot of boiling water, where it lay until Peter denied the Lord the third time, when the dead cock instantly sprang out of the water, and flew away, crowing loudly.

'Now is that in the book?' she earnestly inquired, when she had related the tradition. I simply replied, 'No: there is nothing more than what I have read to you.' Upon which she gave up her version of the story at once, saying, with a toss of her head, 'Oh then I suppose that about the pot of boiling water was not true; only stories of the old people that they used just to be telling in Irish to one another.'

Another time a chapter in the Bible was the cause of making her renounce a practice held sacred by the lower orders from time immemorial, that of going to weep over the graves of their departed friends, whenever a funeral occurs in the church-yard where they lie.

One day I found the poor woman unusually depressed, and on inquiring the cause, heard that a death had occurred in the neighbourhood, and that

she was going to attend the funeral, and cry over the grave of her son. On these occasions it often happens that a woman, even in the case of a friend long since dead, will abandon herself to such immoderate grief as to be removed from the grave in a state of complete exhaustion. Such a trial for the poor bereaved mother, while her sorrow was so fresh and poignant, was much to be dreaded: but to think of arguing against such an invariable and deep-rooted custom seemed quite hopeless. Nothing was said, therefore, to her on the subject. I turned to the 11th of St. John, and the beautiful narrative of the raising of Lazarus soon engrossed her attention, and yielded that comfort which this touching chapter never fails to afford to every mourner. When I had finished, I read over again the 31st and 32nd verses, and laying down the book, added,

'You see Mary did not go to the grave as was supposed—she went to throw herself at her Saviour's feet. Here is a lesson for us when we lose a friend; not to go weeping and wailing over the poor lifeless body, which can do it no good, and does ourselves great harm; but like Mary to go to the Lord Jesus Christ, who can comfort our afflicted hearts, and save our immortal souls.'

She kept her head buried in her apron for a moment, as if revolving something in her mind, and then exclaimed, with her usual energy, 'No, I'll not go to the grave—I'll never go there again. No, Tom agra, your poor mother will never go nor cry a tear over your cold grave, where you're lying; she'll go to Himself, the Saviour of the world.'

M. F. D.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS CHARITY?

WITHOUT the teaching of the Holy Spirit, the plainest scriptural truths are hidden from our understanding: simple as the word charity is, and simple as its meaning is, there is but one class of people who can comprehend it aright; and these are they whom God hath taught, and for whom the blessed Jesus gave thanks—"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Charity is "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." We may perform many charitable acts, and yet be devoid of this true principle of love; but all such acts are nothing worth, and may be compared to the alms-giving of the pharisees, or hypocrites, who sounded a trumpet before them, that men might see and admire them. They wanted the praise of men, and they had it; this was the reward they sought for, and they found it: but the praise which depends upon the breath of man is as valueless as the acts which flow not from the love of God; both must come to nought. True charity is not so; it abideth for ever, the very bond of peace and of all virtues. It is the more excellent way which St. Paul spoke of in comparison of the gifts of healing, of teaching, of

working miracles, of tongues, of interpreting; though these are also to be desired. By the power of the Spirit the tongue of the stammerer is unloosed, and he is enabled to declare the wonderful works of God.

"Covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way." Which excellent way is that beautiful definition of charity contained in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. Though we may covet the gift of tongues, and though we be enabled to speak with all the wisdom, learning and eloquence which men and angels can attain to, yet without charity all our words must fall to the ground, and be no more worthy to be remembered than sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

A prophetic spirit, a quick perception, a penetrating genius; deep and extensive knowledge, and even such faith as could remove mountains, will avail nothing if love be wanting. We may have the semblance of this charity; we may "bestow *all* our goods to feed the poor," from very different motives than that of love; it may be from selfish motives; from a natural feeling of commiseration in the unregenerated man; it may be done from ostentation; it may be done to gain applause; but for none of these things shall we have the approbation of God. We may evince even such zeal for religion as to give our body to be burned—the heathen do this—but this is not love. If I do all these, "and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

We are next led to consider what charity is, or rather what effects that divine principle produces in the conduct of those who have received it. The first fruit of the Spirit is love—"Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that

loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." 1 John iv. 7. "God is love;" He is all love, and if we have drank at that inexhaustible Fountain, it must flow from our hearts in acts of kindness and brotherly love. Our constant aim will be to imitate our benefactor; God is long-suffering and very merciful towards us; and we shall be the same to our fellow-creatures.

We beseech the Holy Spirit to pour into our hearts this most excellent gift without measure, flowing over. If our petition be granted, then will the streams issue forth to all around us. Hatred can find no place from whence such little rills are flowing; even those who hate us, our enemies, shall reap the benefit—"God so loved the world, (and that not a friendly world) that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God; but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." 1 John iv. 9—11.

This love is the bond of peace. It forgives all, bears with all, and tries to benefit all. The heart which is purified by love, gives no admittance to envy, strife, or evil surmising. While lowly itself, it judges favourably of others, "In lowliness of mind, let each esteem other better than themselves." Phil. ii. 3. Rom. xii. 10.

Love throws a veil over the defects of others, as St. Peter expresses it, "Above all things, have fervent charity among yourselves; for charity shall cover a multitude of sins." How different is the spirit of the world, which instead of hiding, takes pleasure in displaying the faults of others; yet no possible

benefit can arise from such a display, either to themselves or those of whom they are talking. The love of Christ constrains us rather to talk to our brother of his faults, than to talk of them to others. Our Lord himself exhorts us to tell our brother in secret of his faults, which may be a means of winning him over to repentance and newness of life.

"Love covereth all things." Prov. x. 12. The love of Jesus provided a covering for the sins of all believers. He has put on them a spotless robe; in his righteousness they may appear before Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. "Being found in Christ, they are free from spot, or blemish, or any such thing." Eph. v. 27. Jude 24.

All that is past is remitted; not only fully pardoned, but put away, blotted out, cancelled for ever. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?" Rom. viii. 33, 34.

"Whom God acquits, none can condemn." "Owe no man anything, but to love one another, for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law." Rom. xiii. 8. Gal. v. 14. Christ fulfilled the law for us. Love for souls brought Jesus from the throne of his glory, to work effectually our salvation, by fulfilling the law, and by his suffering in our stead, he satisfied the justice of God. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," whose righteousness being imputed to us we are accepted in the Beloved, "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." 2 Cor. v. 21.

In like manner as Christ was made sin for us, we are made the righteousness of God in him, that is, by

reciprocal imputation. We have no righteousness of our own whereby we may claim the reward of merit. This is a most important truth, clearly developed throughout the scriptures, from the first fall of Adam and Eve, and it cannot be too strongly impressed upon our minds. Not in, or for our own righteousness are we accepted; but in and for the righteousness of God, yet being imputed and given, it becomes ours, even more assuredly ours than if it had originally belonged to us. And when we are made righteous in him, he causes us to drink into his Spirit. "God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." 1 John iv. 12, 13.

Love is the bond of peace; it harbours no resentment; if reviled, it reviles not again. It gives that soft answer which turneth away wrath, and it finds that "yielding pacifieth great offences." Eccles. x. 4.

"Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." Prov. xv. 8.

We hear the worshippers of the idol at Juggernaut compared to the sand of the sea in numbers; self-devoted victims, in wild enthusiasm casting themselves down under the heavy rolling wheels which strew the ground with their mangled remains.

Where, in comparison, is there to be found any zeal for the Lord of Hosts? How cold, how heartless, is the worship of professing Christians! How poorly attended are the temples of the living God! And yet, "Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? (or mighty ones.) Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" Exod. xv. 11.

These dumb idols can do nothing; they are formed by the hand of man, and where they are placed they must remain, for they cannot move themselves.

What deadness there is in the hearts of many who call themselves the worshippers of Jesus! Yet he requires no sacrifice of life but his own. Love is all which he requires of us—"My son, give me thine heart." David knowing this, said, "Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt-offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Psalm li. 16, 17.

Christians are united together in a bond of peace. The love of Christ constrains them to love one another, and to bear each other's burthens. If called to a state of suffering, they bend in meekness to the will of God. Seeing the hand of God in all things, they see the love of God, and they suffer all things gladly for his name's sake, not counting their lives dear unto them, so as that God may be glorified.

"Charity endureth all things" in patience, possessing the soul when all outward means of consolation fail.

Faith, hope, and charity are linked in one beautiful chain of Christian graces; they are precious gifts, each necessary, each valuable. "These three, but the greatest of these is charity." Why? Because this last will continue, when the two first shall be swallowed up. In heaven, when we see Jesus face to face, we shall have no need of faith to convince us that he is God over all, blessed for ever; nor of what he has done for us sinners and our salvation, for then we shall feel that we are certainly saved. Neither shall hope then be the anchor of the soul,

sure and stedfast; for the soul will need no anchor when it is safely landed on that blessed shore, where there shall be neither sin, nor sorrow, nor death, nor weeping, nor separation. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Rev. xxi. 4. "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." Isaiah xxv. 8. Upon their heads shall be "everlasting joy:" they shall obtain "joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isaiah xxxv. 10. This is the provision which a God of love has provided for his people. In that glorious futurity we shall have nothing to believe in, which has not been already accomplished. We shall have nothing in prospect to hope for, better than that which is realized. Faith and hope shall then vanish, but love shall remain, for "God is love," and all heaven is filled with that love. Therefore "the greatest of these is charity."

I have known this principle acted upon by some of the poorest of the Irish peasantry. They will divide their scanty portion, even to the last handful of meal, with those who ask 'for God's sake.'

In the part of the country where I passed my youth, the benevolent landlord visited his tenantry from cottage to cottage, and literally was to them a father, friend, and physician. One cold, snowy day, in the *black north*, as that part of Ireland was frequently denominated, he called to see a poor man who was suffering severely from a diseased leg. On opening the lowly door, he found the invalid seated on the floor with his family, while the blazing turf

fire was surrounded by a ragged beggar-woman and her children. 'Why is this?' the gentleman enquired; 'why are you so imprudent, in your state of health, as to choose for yourself this cold seat?' 'Why, then, please your honour, how can I help it? There is no room for us *all* about the fire, and how could we refuse the poor famished crathurs what they asked for the love of God?'

The landlord found that the petition of these *crathurs* was not simply to warm themselves, but to remain while they boiled their pot of potatoes and eat their dinner. Be it remembered, that the floor of the Irish cottages is neither made of boards, bricks, nor flags, but mere clay, frequently very damp, and without the covering of carpet or mat; so that a more uncomfortable seat can hardly be imagined than that which the father and his family occupied with contented looks, because their more destitute neighbours enjoyed the warmth of their fire.

O that England could break the yoke which she forced upon Ireland; that the shackles of Popery were rent asunder; then would these liberated people be brought under the sound of the pure gospel, and become a loving, holy, happy nation, having the Lord for their God and Saviour.

S. M.

SCENES FROM HOME.

No. III.

THE THREE BURIAL-GROUNDS.

DURING my brief but interesting tour, I visited three island burial-grounds; and the sites of these solemn spots were so passing beautiful, and, of two out of the three, so singular, that I cannot forbear dilating a little upon them. They resembled each other in two or three respects; they were all situated upon small islands, within sight of the ocean, and detached from their parish churches; but here the likeness ended, for the first was in a really civilized district, and was a new, neat, and even elegant cemetery, apparently overhanging the smooth blue bay below;—the second was a rude, but quiet and humble resting-place, on the central table-land of a rocky islet, yet commanding, from its elevated position, a fine sea view; and the third was a wild, grassy shelf, on the side of a pyramidal rock, rising amid the ocean; it was reached by a rugged path, half steps, half bare granite, and seemed to be suspended over the waves, at the very edge of a craggy precipice. They were the burial-grounds of St. Pierre, Guernsey; of Sercq, (or Sark) and of Mont St. Michel.

Of the former one I have already spoken, when describing my happy Sabbath in the peaceful Protes-

tant isle of Guernsey; but I shall perhaps be excused if I say a little more about so beautiful a spot.

It is a large enclosure, situated rather beyond the town, upon the summit of a high and projecting headland. The tombs here are chiefly new, and are arranged in rows, branching off from the main path, which leads from the entrance to the brink of the cliff. The principal part of the inscriptions are in French; and of these, nearly all have this simple notice, "*décédé au Seigneur*," I know not whether this be only a phrase of course on French gravestones, but it struck me as very pious and touching. Beneath a row of lofty trees, near the wall, is a long range of monuments, all sacred to the victims of Asiatic Cholera; they lie altogether, separate from the other tombs, and present a sad and interesting appearance.

There is a quiet beauty of arrangement and order, in this retired spot, which adds to the charm of its situation. It commands perhaps the finest sea-view in Guernsey, embracing the adjacent islets of Herm and Jethou, with the rosy coloured cliffs of Sercq beyond them, and a stretch of open sea on either hand. The water around the island is almost every where of the deepest Levant blue, and rolls in upon the granite beach like a tide of sapphires.

Such a prospect, from such a spot, is calculated to make a deep impression on the mind; and so I find it, for among all the bold and beautiful, but somewhat barren scenes of that noble island, there are few indeed which I recal with more distinctness than that well-ordered, silent, romantic cemetery.

The next burying place I saw was upon the rosy isle itself. Sercq is a splendid, table-like mass of

rock, three miles in length by about one in breadth; and its height is nearly the same throughout, three hundred feet above the level of the sea. Yet it is far from being a barren flat; it is well diversified, and very well cultivated, and the winding coves which lead towards the sea are woody, and extremely beautiful. Only one of these, however, affords a landing for anything but the light, firm foot of the native fisherman, and that one leads down to the only slip of beach, through a long tunnel cut in the rock; so that all heavy things and persons must enter the island by one road, and that none of the smoothest.

In the centre of Sercq, upon very high ground, lies the detached churchyard, where, under low, grassy hillocks, 'the rude forefathers of the island sleep,' and where will probably repose many of their still unmodernized, but benevolent and virtuous descendants. These admirable people are a fine sample of island honesty and independence; the state of morals among them may be guessed from the size of their uninhabited prison, which could scarcely accommodate two persons, and looks very much like a large sentry-box. 'It does very well to frighten the boys,' said one of the inhabitants, as we passed by it.

Such is the state of crime among five or six hundred people, governed by their own *seigneur*, (the lord of the manor,) with a senate of forty heads of families. These senators are simple farmers and fishermen; but they, and all the natives, behave with an air of polite but independent dignity, as though each felt himself to be what he calls his neighbour, '*un monsieur*.'

Dear simple people! how different are they from

the dwellers of similar-sized islands on the shores of Ireland! They are, indeed, what many might contemptuously call uncivilized; for every man builds, tills, and fishes for his own family, and trades and villages are as unknown as crime or poverty. But they are industrious, moral, and hospitable; they duly attend at their little church, which holds them all, without any being excluded for lack of room; they live in peace with each other, love their *seigneur*, and are kind and courteous to strangers. To sum them up in one word, they are all PROTESTANTS.

My third island cemetery was very different. It was, as I have said, on that extraordinary granite pyramid which shoots up from the flat sands of Cancale Bay, and is equally famed for St. Michael's miracles, in former times, and for French and English sieges in days more recent. This unique place contains, within its sea-washed ramparts, a town of four hundred people, with narrow, filthy streets, numerous public-houses, a governor, a mayor, &c., a garrison of a hundred and fifty soldiers, and a prison (formerly a monastery), which receives all the miscreants of Normandy, moral and political, tried and untried; there were no less than seven hundred prisoners when I visited it. The topmost pinnacle of the rock is occupied by a rich-looking Gothic cathedral, built by the Benedictines, and forming part of their ancient monastery; its light and elegant tabernacle-work seems to hover in the air, above the massy towers, crags, and walls of the fortress.

On a little slab of the rock, lightly covered with mould, and slanting, blank and undefended, to the edge of the precipice, are buried the dead of this strange place. Here the peaceful ignorant peasant,

the civic functionary, the convicted—perhaps the executed—felon, the learned and insidious priest, and the rough heedless soldier, all repose together, on this rude platform, with the wild billowy sea breaking below them, the open sky above, and all around them the steep cliffs, bare and desolate, save where a few wild bushes grow among their crevices. Such is the burial-ground of Mont St. Michel. Adjoining it is a chapel, where all the usual paraphernalia of images, flowers, candles, and crosses is duly exhibited.

If we are hence to guess at the nature of that teaching which the occupants of this cemetery received from their spiritual guides, what shall we say of it? Ignorance, superstition, and idolatry (the trinity of Rome), have exerted their deadly sway over the minds of these poor people, and one must view their lowly graves with a sadly different feeling from that which we look upon the tombs of the pious Protestant '*décédés au Seigneur*,' of Guernsey; or even those of the simple people of Sercq, of whom, though we cannot affirm that "these all died in faith," yet we know that they lived under the sound of "the everlasting gospel," which they always received from the reading desk, and often, if not constantly, from the pulpit also.

Such were my three island burial grounds. I saw many churchyards, in many places, and some of them as interesting as they were romantic; but these three stand together in my memory, and form a peculiar picture, which I would fain impress on the minds of my readers as distinctly as it is imprinted on my own.

A. F.

OLD MAIDS.

Is there in the nomenclature of contumely any epithet more universally opprobrious than that of 'Old maid?' The apparition which is conjured up by the utterance of these magic words, is half phantom, half reality; but, whether the object of terror to the timid, who are afraid of it, or of derision to the light and trifling, who find scope for their mirth in its semi-comic garb, it is equally undefined and exaggerated: caricatured into hideousness by witty draftsmen on the one hand, or flattered into comeliness on the other by the few who, from motives of interest or compassion, have sought to delineate a more acceptable likeness. Those indefinable spectres of infancy, the mention of which has tamed into submission many a little rebellious inhabitant of the nursery, or scared slumber from its nightly couch, have not been more effective in moulding the manners, and making pliant the will, than this scarecrow of a more mature age, this terrifier of youth and womanhood! Should any deem this an over-statement, let them only look round their own circle of acquaintance, and see the imprudent marriages which are formed in youth, (aye, and in declining years too,) in direct contradiction to the wishes and remonstrances of friends and relatives, and without any of those incitements to vanity and the love of display with which wealth so successfully allures, or eminence of station proposes

to bestow. A few, a very few of these instances, may be ascribed to the force of an impetuous affection overmastering a mind which has neither been purified by piety, nor disciplined by principle; but the far greater number have, in their wilfulness, something so inexplicable, that we are constrained either to call in question the free agency of the actors, (which not many, it is presumed, will be disposed to do,) or to admit that these victims to matrimony must have been goaded on by unknown terrors to an altar, whither, if they go wreathed about with garlands, it is to receive the death-blow to every hope of peace and happiness in this world. When we see that neither perspective poverty, nor disgrace, nor abandonment, has power to move from their purpose those who have aforetime lived in prosperity, in honour, and in united affection, then we behold the preposterous infatuation, which, after youth and bloom have long since fled,

> 'Makes the dim eye condescend to look down
> On some ape of a fool, or some owl of a clown.'

And, above all, when the last and most painful spectacle presents itself, superiority of mind stooping to allay itself with meanness, ignorance or profligacy, it is impossible not to conclude that these are the unwilling victims of a hard necessity, which, leading them to shun the rude inclemencies of Scylla on the one hand, has involved them in all the perplexities of Charybdis on the other.

'The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage.' It is the estate ordained of God, and his word proclaims it 'honourable.' It is the birth-spot of all the kindly affections, the home of the

social virtues, the school of piety, the sphere of usefulness, the acquisition of dignity. It is the lot to which the great majority of the daughters of men are born, the responsibilities of which they should be taught to estimate, and the duties of which they should be trained to fulfil. But since another alternative awaits them, since they may never be called to occupy that stewardship of trust and accountability, would it not be well for them to explore thoroughly that other road which leads through time into eternity, on which they must travel singly and alone, without a guide, companion and friend to direct or control their movements, in order that with chart in hand they may be prepared to pass cheerfully through 'the solitary places of the wilderness,' and be at the same time delivered from that indefinite dread, which ignorance of an unknown and suspected district always inspires? Shall we then summon up that phantom of many a lively imagination, 'old maidism;' and having heard all the accusations preferred against it, that are sufficiently tangible and definite for us to lay hold of, endeavour to separate the truth from the falsehood of the case, the real causes of complaint or censure from those which are suppositious only.

The first and most general charge against 'old maidism,' and one which appears to be the best grounded, as well as the best defined, is its selfishness. Let not those too hastily exult who desire to see a charge substantiated against the object of their antipathy. It is the primeval sin, and belongs to the whole species generally, though particular orders have been more especially accused of it. From the day when the parents of the human race sought, in

the spirit of self-aggrandizement, to 'be as gods, knowing good and evil,' selfishness has ruled or struggled in the heart of every one of their descendants, His only excepted, who, when he took upon him the nature, inherited not the taint of sin. Celibacy and old age are the two modifications of human life which have been pre-eminently charged with selfishness, though there is great reason to believe, that if one period is more assignable than another for the growth and full luxuriance of this 'root of bitterness,' it would rather be during the years which intervene between childhood and maturity.

It is a base parasite plant, clinging to the earth from which it draws its nutriment; and if in the bleak region of old age it shews more conspicuously, it is only because the sunny garden of youth has many a towering short-lived shoot, many a fair but fugitive blossom, which, in their commingled and graceful union, serve either to screen it from view, or to soften, by the brightness of their verdure, the contrast with its dark and sombre tints. The restraints to which youth is subject, and which in after years are thrown off, serve to check the indulgence, as well as the effects of selfishness; but the universal rebellion of the will against the restrictions of authority, the 'murmurings and disputings' heard in every home of luxury, sufficiently indicate that it is of necessity, and not of choice, that the young are induced to prefer the general interest to their own fancied peculiar good; and could we lay bare that most singular compound of generosity and selfishness, of fiction and verity—a cultivated youthful mind—we should behold a temple, in which the same idol was worshipped under a great variety of forms;

and service, the loftiness of whose conceptions, and the splendour of whose adornments, may well serve to hide from the eye of the fond votary the real degradation of that enchanting servitude. When the will is freed from that constraint which authority imposes in youth upon its external actions, selfishness, if dominant, will then make itself to be felt, and heard, and seen, in a manner which may perhaps astonish those who, from never having analyzed its elements, so as to become acquainted with them in their latent state, were all unconscious of the lurking evil. Circumstances will in this case modify the development; but it is vain to suppose that any change of place or duties will extirpate the principle, or that anything short "of the grace of God, which bringeth salvation," will teach us to deny ourselves. If the married wife become less apparently selfish than the old maid (their relative proportions of selfishness being equal), it is only, as in an arithmetical rule, a given quantity may become, by distribution into parts, less than the aggregate number. That amount of selfishness, which, in the old maid, will exact the services and try the forbearance of others, will, in the case of the married wife, be divided between her own claims and those of her husband and children, for each of whom she will require as much as for herself. There are, however, it must be allowed, many advantages on the side of the married wife—many natural helps to the suppression of this evil principle. That enlargement of the affections, which the conjugal and maternal ties produce; the demand which they make upon indolence and apathy, and the stimulus which they afford to useful and honourable exertion,—call into play many a powerful

antagonist principle, and even that modification of selfishness which is exhibited in shewing undue preference to the interests of a husband or a child, becomes less earthly, from having once passed through the crucible of human affection.

The wife has also another, though more questionable advantage over the unmarried woman, and one which may perhaps account for the manifestations of selfishness being generally more apparent in the latter than in the former. The first occupies a definite and honourable place in society, and has attached to her class and situation a certain degree of respect and attention, whatever may be her title to *them* individually; while the latter, invested with no extrinsic claim, has only the force of her own individual character, to rescue her from that neglect or contempt with which the world usually regards the unknown and unhonoured amongst its retinue; and which the thoughtless and ungenerous (making up, alas! by far the greater proportion of every community) take little pains to conceal. The very consciousness of having no consideration to expect, no preference to look for, from society, makes the fretted jealous mind eager to stretch to the utmost its limited prerogative, and to guard against every the slightest infringement upon its few remaining privileges. And thus the overt acts of selfishness are not in this case always to be regarded as proofs of the strength of the governing principle, any more than the efforts of a falling power to prop the last remains of its feeble authority, are proofs of tyranny or despotism.

There is, however, after every allowance has been made, great danger that the narrowing of the heart and affections, consequent upon a state of isolation,

will shut up eventually all their unoccupied energies in the cell of self-love; and few spectacles can be more melancholy, than that which sometimes presents itself, of old age stooping under the weight of years and infirmity, without one arm of affection on which it can lean; soured by disappointed hopes, and querulous through long-continued contests, living unhonoured and unloved, and dying unmourned and unmissed. But this, though sometimes the lot of celibacy, is not a necessary portion in its cup. In every state of life it is the ingredients we throw into the portion which God has prepared, that constitutes its bitterness.

But to pass on to the next objection urged against 'old maidism'—its loneliness. "Woe unto him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up." Woe to the feeble and friendless, when they have to walk the crowded way without a helper. Many a rude shock, many a trying hindrance must they expect to meet with, and prepare to endure. Even wealth, that golden prop, which has power to keep ignorance and vice from sinking to their natural level, will not altogether serve to shield its possessor from the disadvantages of maintaining the ground singly and alone. To behold the ties which have bound the heart in childhood and youth, severed by death and by that alienation which diversity of pursuits, or the formation of other alliances, usually produces; and as link after link is removed from the past, to see no lengthening of the chain in the dreary future; to be unoccupied in the busy mart of life, and have no sympathy with the eager anxious throng to whom life appears replete with rest and animation; to feel within the con-

sciousness of desolation; to have 'none to bless us, none whom we can bless;'—this is, indeed, 'to be alone; this, this, is solitude.'

This, too, is that state which the Creator pronounced to be "not good" for man. If it be asked, therefore, is not this sufficient to decide the question against a life of celibacy? the answer is, that neither is loneliness, any more than selfishness, a necessary ingredient in the lot of celibacy. How many widowed mourners do we meet with, whose lonely hearts echo the sounds with which sad memory invokes the names of the departed, and whose homes are doubly desolate, from having been once crowded with a little world of affection and delight! How many a one to whom solitude and bereavement is doubly bitter, from the contrast with the past; who once floated buoyant on the waves of time, like a stately vessel laden with a precious freight, and proudly walking upon the still waters, or breasting the stormy waves in her majestic course; but which is now shattered and broken, deserted by her company, and bereft of her costly stores, and left alone in the wide ocean, at the mercy of the winds and waves, to drift—no matter whither! Such a one has an experience of loneliness, which they who have never known the nearer ties of affection cannot enter into. On the other hand, the absence of the conjugal and maternal affections, does not incapacitate for the love of friends and of kindred, or for that more enlarged charity which gathers into its wide embrace the whole human fold. And as 'love is born of love,' so it is, that real heartfelt disinterested affection will never fail to ensure to itself a due return for the expenditure it lavishes; and they who are

the beloved of many grateful hearts, can never be the lonely.

But "to the law and to the testimony." Can we glean anything from the divine oracles which may serve to direct our judgment in this matter, and enable us to form a true estimate of the advantages and disadvantages of a life of celibacy? There is a voice replying to the inquirer who is desirous to choose that freedom of purpose and action, which belongs only to this state, and to her also who, compelled by providential circumstances to adopt that mode of life, wishes to know what are the alleviations to be found in it, or the promises (if any) peculiar to the faithful discharge of its duties. Hear, then, the judgment which an inspired apostle pronounced upon the relative position of the married and unmarried professor of the gospel of Jesus Christ—"There is this difference between a wife and a virgin; the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be be holy, both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." It is marvellous after such a testimony, that they, whose real aim it is, "to run with patience the race that is set before them," should not *willingly* avail themselves of this permission to cast aside every weight, that they may win the prize and "finish the short course of human life with honour and applause?" And can we wonder that they who trod closest on the step of inspired teachers, caught up the echoes of this unworldly strain, and obeyed the precept which instructed them in what state of life they could yield themselves most unreservedly to the Lord? Can we wonder that, in the first ages of the church, celibacy was coveted by the

ardent and enthusiastic as an adjunct to piety, and a means to attain to the measure of Christian perfection. When the church wandered from the truth, and fell into error, the passion for celibacy, which had not diminished, was made to serve the purposes of the needy and avaricious amongst its members, and whole communities of isolated beings were shut up together, in companionship unsought by choice or affection, to endure all the evils of social life, without its blessings, and all the isolation of heart which springs from the severance of earthly ties, without that freedom of thought and action, which might have led the devotee, disentangled from the cares of earth, to rise on seraph wing, above the dull service of the cloister; or have permitted her to carry to the homesteads of ignorance and poverty, that balm which the good Physician bequeathed for the wounds of the world.

The desire of celibacy, which, in the birth-day of the church, had the authority of apostolic sanction, fled from her bosom when the corruptions which had tainted a source, originally pure and praise-worthy, became abundantly evident. Together with the errors of Romanism, she threw off her monastic institutions, and, by divesting the estate of celibacy of all adventitious and delusive attractions, and by leaving the will throughout life, unfettered by human pledges, she again placed the professor of the gospel on the same footing as when the great apostle of the Gentiles, spake by "the Spirit of the Lord" to the female believers of Corinth. A reaction had, however, taken place, and the Christian community, by an infirmity common to human nature, now regarded with dislike and abhorrence, that which had first excited their

admiration and approval, so that celibacy became as much an object of reproach and dis-esteem, as it had once been of honour and regard. But though the current of feeling on this subject has been driven from its original channel by the breaking up of those barriers with which superstition had encompassed it; the word of God remains unchanged, and whoever will take that word, not only for her rule of duty, but for the standard whereby she measures whatsoever things are accounted "honest and of good report," must be prepared to find it varying in many respects, from those floating opinions which the great mass of Christian professors are contented to let pass as axioms of divine truth; albeit, as unlike the illuminations of the Spirit, as is the livid phosphorescence of the ocean's surface, from the lustrous light of those precious pearls which lie hidden in its pure and tranquil depths. If then the word of God represents the unmarried woman to be in that situation in which she can most unreservedly "care for the things of the Lord,"—if the single eye, the single aim, the unburdened walk, be the constant topics of scripture exhortation,—where is the Christian professing to follow Jesus, who may lawfully shrink from a path, in which if she lose somewhat of the innocent delights which earth has to offer, affords, nevertheless, a divine assurance that this less pleasant way is one which leads more direct to "the city which hath foundations:" for the same word which pre-supposes high attainments in holiness to be most compatible with a life of celibacy, declares that "without holiness none shall see the Lord." It is not meant that the married wife, "caring for the things of the world, how she may please her husband," is in danger of losing that

celestial vision, reserved for "the pure in heart" alone;" (Matt. v.) but the words of inspiration do imply that the pilgrim, tied and bound with many a silken band of earthly love, will journey at a slow and feeble pace through the desert, while one whose movements are more free and unfettered, will spring onward with elastic bound, over the sandy waste, will linger less frequently beside the green and balmy spots that bedeck the wild, and will gather fewer wreaths of fair fading flowers by the way; but will more easily obtain that garland of immortal amaranth which encircles the brows of the redeemed throughout eternity. Fear not then, ye who are called to walk in this way, to enter cheerfully upon it. Fear not, ye who desire to choose this path, that in so doing you are opposed to the mind of Christ. Fear not that the idol-self will prove too powerful to be dislodged from that heart, which, by the grace of God, is become the temple of the Holy Ghost. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." When the believer, constrained by the mercies of God, presents herself a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable; it will not be to dream away her earthly existence in a round of contemplative abstraction, or ascetic separation from the sympathies and cares of human life. In "caring for the things of the Lord," she will be careful to practise those duties which he has represented as especial tests of love to himself. According as she has ability, she will "feed the hungry; clothe the naked, and remember the poor." Above all, she will lay to heart that affecting charge of the risen Saviour —"feed my lambs"—and will seek among the folds which are wandering in darkness and error, to bring

some to Jesus, that he may "take them in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and bless them." With her will abide faith, hope and charity. Faith, the sustainer, bearing up the faltering footsteps where an arm of flesh would fail to support; hope, the purifier, casting her anchor where her bow of promise is, within the veil; and Charity, divine, ennobling charity, enlarging as it fills the heart, and kindling within a light to shine as the brightness of the firmament, when prophecies shall fail, when tongues shall cease, and when knowledge shall vanish away.

Shall the believer in Christ, called by his name and devoted to his service, be lonely? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." This was spoken of the *present* enjoyments to which a Christian is admitted, and not exclusively of the future happiness of the saints, and in conformity with this is the assertion of Christ, that none are called to make sacrifices for his sake, who will not receive an hundred-fold more in this life, besides the recompense of the eternal inheritance, and it would be a very erroneous mode of judging, to estimate the happiness of life from its external circumstances.

'Gales from heaven, if so He will,
  Sweeter melodies can wake,
On the lonely mountain rill,
  Than the meeting waters make:
Who hath the Father and the Son
  May be left, but not alone.'

One more consideration may serve to reconcile the solitary traveller on the road to Zion, to the path appointed for her. There is a valley in that way so

strait and narrow, that it admits not of companionship. It is dark and terrible, and fearful are the conflicts which are sometimes sustained on its entrance. The arm of affection may accompany the shrinking soul to the very confines of this valley, but it can go no further. Alone, alone the traveller must proceed. The hour of greatest need is the hour when her main aid is hopeless.

> 'Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so heaven has willed, we die.'

Why should we in life cling to any other hope than that which, in death, alone can save us? One with Christ, and Christ with us, what shall separate us from his love? "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

ABSENCE.

THE waters bear thy ship
  Far, far away!
I see her bowsprit's dip,
  Scattering the spray:
Thine eyes are on these hills,
  Their summits fade,
The mist the valley fills,
  Deepening in shade!

A happy home thou'st left:
  In its lone hall,
Now of thy voice bereft,
  No echoes fall;
Sadness is on each cheek,
  And falling tears
Most eloquently speak
  What grief is theirs!

But yet one little day
  Will change the scene,
And all will be as they
  Have ever been:
The harp, when day is hid,
  Will wake the air,
Gaily as erst it did
  When thou wert there!

This world hath many a home
  And lov'd fireside,
Where kindly thoughts may come
  And long abide:
But, oh! 'tis not our rest,
  Where'er we range
We find, on earth at best,
  Change—nought but change!

M. A. S. BARBER.

EDUCATION.

THE activity and perseverance of the Romish party in Parliament have given them another step in advance. The motion of Mr. Wyse the Romish member for Waterford, which was lost in a Committee of the House of Commons last year, and lost also in the House itself, has this year been adopted by the Government, and a Board of National Education formed; 'for the consideration of all matters affecting the education of the people.'

The first result of this is, to stop the annual grants made for the last five years, for the purposes of education, or rather, to stop the distribution of them, as heretofore, by the Treasury. Not being able to devise any other plan of distribution, the Lords of the Treasury have adopted the plan of dispensing the grant through the medium of the two established Societies, the National, and the British and Foreign School. In this mode, no partiality was shewn, but just so much money was given to each Society, as the members or clients of that Society raised to meet the grant. If the dissenters had raised the most, the dissenters would have received the most. But it happened otherwise. The Church Societies have raised, during the last five years, about £75,000 for building schools, and have consequently received three-fourths of the parliamentary grant. With this, however, though the disproportion was entirely

owing to their own inferiority of exertion, the dissenters were dissatisfied, and, working with Mr. Wyse and the Central School, they have succeeded in obtaining an entire change.

Some new principle of distribution is now to be adopted. Whatever funds are voted, are to be distributed by the new board. The chairman of that board is the Marquis of Lansdowne; who, on his estates in Ireland, has subscribed largely to Popish schools, and refused to subscribe to Protestant ones. With this prospect Mr. Wyse naturally declares himself to be entirely satisfied. Doubtless he has every reason to be so. It will be strange indeed if a good proposition of the national grant is not now devoted to establish Popish seminaries in Protestant England.

"And he took again the twelve and began to tell them what things should happen unto him."—MARK x. 32.

ALAS what words are these! we vainly thought
When Israel's redemption should be wrought,
And David's ancient dynasty restored,
That we, the first disciples of the Lord,
Whom his own wise and understanding heart
Had chosen for himself, and classed apart
From the promiscuous giddy multitude,
The gazing empty crowd fickle and rude,
Taught in his secret hours to feel the force
And unsuspected depth of his discourse,
On whose behalf, vouchsafing to perform
His mightiest miracle, he rebuked the storm—
On the lone waves, and at the midnight hour
That wondrous act of Elemental Power
Was wrought; and the presumptuous challenge given,
(The challenge to produce a sign from heaven)
Was answered,—for our comfort and behoof!
To fix our faith, affording us a proof
Of his assured divinity, denied
To the demand of pharisaic pride!

Ordain'd in pairs, on his own errand sent,
For works of love and mercy forth we went;
When, as our faith availed us, the distrest
Were healed, and evil spirits dispossest,
And our kind Lord, unus'd to shew concern,
Rejoic'd in spirit at our glad return.

Thus, therefore, as distinguish'd and preferred
To the proud learned and the vulgar herd,
We deem'd that his disciples and his friends
Might look in cheerful hope to loftier ends;
That when the promis'd kingdom was his own,
With a deputed power, each on his throne,
We might preside, sitting in humble state
With our great chief, gravely subordinate.
And must it end in this? must we behold
The sad result so fatally foretold?
Our promis'd Saviour, our expected King,
Reduc'd to a rejected, abject thing!
Must we behold him baffled and defied,
Insulted and tormented—crucified?
Far other thoughts were ours, of happy days,
Of peaceful empire, glory, power, and praise;
Of all the nations of the world combined
Beneath the rule of an harmonious mind,
A divine spirit affable and kind.

Must we behold him thus? We that have seen
His tender and compassionating mein,
When witnessing in others the distress
Of griefs in daily life lighter and less!

All vanishes at once! The long delusion
Of our mistaken hopes—fears and confusion
Must haunt our future years! where shall we find
The firm support of his celestial mind,
For exhortation, comfort, or reproof,

Dispersed, pursued, and scattered wide aloof;
Without a master, and without a friend,
Sinking in shame for his opprobrious end;
Outcasts of every synagogue,—the scorn
Of Jews and heathen,—hated and forlorn.
Such were the thoughts the poor apostles had
Communing in their hearts, cheerless and sad,
Weakness and faith united! Grief and love!
Till strengthened by the Spirit from above.

Review of Books.

THE EXILE FROM EDEN: *Meditations on the third chapter of Genesis. With Exegetical Developments. By L. Bonnet, author of 'The Family of Bethany.' Translated from the French, by the Rev. W. Hare.* Nisbet and Co.

THOSE who have seen that beautiful work, 'The Family of Bethany,' will naturally be disposed to look with interest on another production of the same pen. They will not be disappointed: this volume is worthy of the author. The lectures, or 'Meditations,' are alike striking, interesting and profitable. There is much of the French declamatory style, which does not read so well as it sounds; but with this exception they are suited to all tastes, provided such tastes be spiritual, and fraught with awakening calls to such as are not.

The 'exigetical developments,' which occupy

one-third of the book, we wish had been like the preceding lectures. We have no fault to find, excepting that it seems to us needless to advert to the sundry fanciful theories of German idealists and French philosophers: and we vehemently question the fact of Adam's acquaintance with that incomprehensible vagary of science called animal magnetism, which Mr. Bonnet conceives to be the medium whereby he received his impressions, and acted out his ideas. We are sceptical on this point: neither do we think that in the seed of the woman, which should bruise the serpent's head, is comprehended the family of believers, in addition to the Redeemer himself. These, however, are the only clauses on which we ground a shade of dissent from the author, who has added another delightful volume to the devotional department of our library.

HINTS ON READING: *addressed to a Young Lady. By M. A. Stodart.* Seeley and Burnside.

THESE 'Hints' originally owe their publication to the kind desire of our valued friend Miss Stodart, to contribute her welcome aid in filling the pages of the Christian Lady's Magazine. Six of the letters, being just one half of the entire work, have been before our readers; and now, with the addition of some judicious remarks on foreign literature, lists of French and Italian books, and directions as to the manner of reading, they form a very pleasing, very useful volume. In this day of many books and many con-

flicting judgments, it is well to have some rules, judiciously laid out, as a guide in that momentous duty—the directing of the youthful female mind in its quest after information and natural craving for excitement. Young ladies must read; and to decide what, and how they shall read, is an embarrassing office. Miss Stodart is no mere theorist: she has experimentally proved the excellence of her plan in its successful application to more than one or two cases: and we can add this testimony, to strengthen our hearty recommendation of the work.

SORROWING, YET REJOICING: *or, a narrative of recent successive bereavements in a minister's family.* Johnstone, Edinb: Whittaker, London.

A MOST touching story of the loss, in six weeks, of four out of seven children. The narrative is given by the bereaved father, and no one, we think, can peruse it without sorrowing in his grief, and rejoicing in his consolations. The latter were very rich, particularly in two cases, the first and the last of these departed children. The reflections are admirable, occasionally reminding us of that precious little volume entitled "The infant Brothers," a book unrivalled in our estimation. This memoir is brief; and will amply repay a perusal.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE ROBERT CATHCART, Esq., *East India Company's Civil Service, Madras. Second Edition.* Oliphants.

THIS is one of the few spectacles on which the mind can rest with unalloyed satisfaction. A young man who, seeking God early, found him; and, having entered into the path of holiness, swerved not from it. He was a shining instance of that peace, piety, zeal and love which can only result from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Guided here by the Lord's counsel, and received into glory before he had completed his twenty-eighth year, Robert Cathcart has left behind him a sweet testimony to the faithfulness of Him who called him.

CONSCIENCE *considered chiefly in reference to moral and religious obligation. By the Rev. John King, M.A. Incumbent of Christ's Church, Sculcoates, Hull.* Seeley and Burnside.

MR. KING has entered fully, and we may add philosophically into a most important subject, too much overlooked in these days, when moral training is well nigh set aside, as though it tended to derogate from the praise of the glory of God's grace in awakening, converting and sanctifying the chief of sinners by the spiritual operation that He only can achieve. Such a work as this will be appreciated in proportion as the subject is fairly considered by those

who would not reduce man to a mere passive machine, but regard him in his extensive accountability before God. It requires, and deserves, a leisurely, attentive perusal; and we consider the author entitled to the thanks of the Christian public for his labour in the cause of sober scriptural truth.

SPIRITUAL PLEADINGS *and Expostulations with God in Prayer. Interspersed with Helps to Meditation, and Hints for Faith, Comfort, and Holiness. By Thomas Harrison, D.D. A New Edition, carefully revised and corrected by the Rev. Peter Hall, M.A.* Davis and Porter.

A VERY quaint little book, characteristic of the times in which it was written, those of Cromwell. Dr. Harrison was chaplain to his son, Henry, then lord deputy of Ireland. The present edition is an improvement on what preceded it; and the work is pregnant with instruction, conveyed in most striking language: it is full of Christ, and of God's gracious purposes towards his own people: and is altogether one of those little volumes that may be taken from the pocket, dipped into, and put back, leaving the mind as much to ruminate on, from the view of one small page, as may often be found in many chapters of modern divinity.

THE PROTESTANT.

THE comparative stagnation of the last few months having given place to an unusual degree of public bustle and excitement, on subjects in which my uncle takes especial interest, our discussions, or rather his lectures on passing events, have become more frequent, and more varied. Ireland and Canada have ceased to divide public attention in the almost exclusive degree that they appeared to do; and England, since the re-assembling of her Parliament, has become the arena of combats, to the event of which we look with no slight measure of anxious interest.

'We are retrograding,' said my uncle, 'to the days of other times, when the "national convention" mania, imported from revolutionary France, gave a stimulus to the lower classes among us, and produced a state of ferment that menaced bloodshed ere it should be allayed. The present manifestations, however, will end, I trust, in the smoke of our nocturnal legislators' torches, and the echo of Feargus O'Connor's mellifluous brogue, as he endeavours to cheer on his mobocracy to emulate the deeds of their compeers within the walls where his renowned countryman holds sway supreme, by means of his floating majority, over her majesty's ministers, and by consequence over the whole realm.'

'Will not the settlement of the corn law question

effect their dispersion, and so put an end to the display?'

'The corn law question was a mere *ruse de guerre* in the hands of those who, unseen and generally unsuspected, work the whole machinery. The men to whom we allude, and those who deputed them, were perfectly in earnest: but I trace the whole movement to that wide-spread conspiracy which seeks as its sole object to direct public attention from the rapid advances of our old enemy, Popery. Recently, events have assumed too startling a character to fail of drawing men's eyes upon the approaches of that inveterate foe; the movement both abroad and at home, in the Tyrol, in Prussia, and in France, no less than in Canada, Newfoundland, and Ireland, has been so obvious, so much in advance, that it was absolutely necessary to provide a diversion for the excited attention of Englishmen. You may remember that, during the troublous days of our unhappy Charles, it has been clearly proved a vast number of Jesuits, deputed for that purpose from the continent, mixed themselves up with the army, as the strictest of puritans, the sternest of republicans; and thus, undiscovered because unsuspected, they succeeded in giving that fearful turn to the enthusiasm of the whole body, which produced anarchy, bloodshed, and finally regicide.'

'Of all this I am well aware. Baxter gave sufficient evidence of it to satisfy the most incredulous. But how do you consider these wily plotters to be now engaged among us?'

'In every way and in every place. It is not attempted to be concealed that the re-conversion (so called) of England to the Popish faith, is the object

nearest the heart of our loving father the pope. Cardinal Spencer has proclaimed himself the devoted missionary, the legate elect, I presume, whose efforts are to hasten the accomplishment of this event. A day has been set apart for special prayer, among the devotees of Rome, for its attainment. Gold has never been wanting, when the Man of Sin required it for the prosecution of his iniquitous projects: zeal will never be lacking, while Satan and his angels retain the power of stimulating men to the great battle against our God and against his Christ. Do you think that with all these motives at work, all these agents within their grasp, the mighty enterprize is allowed to stand still for want of suitable emissaries to carry it forward? And how do you suppose such a party would work. By an open attack on our national faith—a direct attempt to tear the bible from our grasp? No: the plan is, by exciting some classes to turbulence on points which may easily be exalted into vast importance in their eyes, to find employment for the attention and the energies of another class, while, step by step, the invasion proceeds, of which one main point, to them of incalculable moment, is to wrest the education of the young, among the lower and middle classes, from the hands of their legitimate instructors, and to vest it in those of men who may be as little liable to suspicion as were their armed brethren, who waged unsparing war against prelacy, *because* it too nearly resembled popery, while their own commission was from the Vatican, and the sworn object of their efforts was to fix once more and for ever, on the neck of this deluded nation, the accursed fetter of the proud bishop of Rome.'

'If we take that view of the matter, uncle, it cer-

tainly furnishes a clue to many things that may otherwise appear as striking coincidences, but which in this case are the result of well-organized design.'

'Many will smile at it, as a mere flight of imagination, who themselves may at the moment be harbouring under their roof, or admitting to the fullest confidence of unreserved confiding friendship, one of these accredited agents of the common enemy. The history of the intrigues carried on for many centuries past, in the various countries where apostate Rome has either established, or desired to establish, her sway, is but a narrative of similar operations carried on by the same means, to the attainment of that end. Do you suppose, for instance, that the daring game so perseveringly played by O'Connell, is sustained with no other purpose than that of replenishing his own purse, and earning the honours which his advanced years leave him short prospect of enjoying; or that he is not in constant communication with the head-quarters of all spiritual and political evil? Is it merely a remarkable coincidence, that while the Romish demagogue O'Connor stirs up the working classes of England to revolt, an O'Connell, also a Papist, and nearly connected with the arch-agitator, goes out to assume the government of a most flourishing and important colony: and in that which ought to be the sanctuary of unwavering Protestantism, the palace, the domestic home of our youthful queen, such offices as that of treasurer to the royal household, and others including the privilege of close attendance on the sovereign's person, are held by Romanists, male and female, while the vice-regal court in Dublin has been made the resort of the most

prominent disturbers of our religion and government —yea, almost exclusively of them?'

'And now their great patron, after being well tutored for four years, according to their most approved systems, is promoted to a place of high and important trust in the cabinet at home.'

'Ay, and his department is that which particularly superintends the colonies, where Popery has unfurled her standard more vauntingly than among us. But let him take the seals, and do his worst: poor Ireland is rid of him; and she is struggling into light while some other lands, seemingly far more prosperous, are rapidly sinking into ebon darkness: she is resisting, in every practicable way, the power to which they are succumbing; and even the educational curse, laid on her by arbitrary authority, she is throwing off, through the determined opposition of men who have arisen from the attempt to crush them, and who now unite their unimpaired energies in carrying forward the good work that was hoped had been not only arrested but annihilated—the work of giving the Bible to the children of the land.'

'Surely uncle, it will never be that in Protestant England any party should prevail to arrest the progress of education based on the word of truth—that word which she professes to receive, not only as the rule of her faith, but as the ground-work of her statute-book.'

'The Protestantism of England does not consist in her Bible, although from that it is drawn, and by that word it is proved. No form of sound words, however scriptural and orthodox, can supply a barrier against the incursions of error, even of the most

deadly description, and with us the multitude of Bibles and of teachers is no guarantee that we shall continue in the faith. He who is of that faith both the Author and the Finisher must alike begin, sustain, and perfect the work, whether in an individual or a nation: and Protestantism apart from the divine influence which is its vital principle is no more than a dead body; it may be a comely body, but liable to immediate corruption. When we see men eager to contend for mere creeds, neglectful of that bond of union which ought to hold all together as one, we can trace the latent disease, that tends to a fatal termination. It is, therefore, that I hail with peculiar gladness every symptom of growing unanimity among those who hold Protestantism in its high and holy character, as opposed not merely to Popery, but to every other God-denying system: and as I listen now to a conscientious minister of the ancient and orthodox church of Scotland, like Chalmers, giving forth the stores of his gifted mind in welcome instruction to the royalty, the episcopacy, the aristocracy, the gentry of England, as he not long since did, day by day, in our metropolis—again to an equally conscientious and uncompromising minister of the church of England, like Hugh M'Neile, summoned from the scene of his Protestant achievements to throw light on this momentous subject of education, before such an assembly as was collected in Freemasons' Hall still more recently—and turn once more to Cooke, the bright star of Protestant Ulster, appearing among us to rekindle the embers already lighted, and to add the fire of his own unquenchable zeal in the same sacred cause, and to thunder forth his eloquent protest against the demon of anti-scrip-

tural innovation, long ravaging his own country, and now meditating a descent upon ours,—when I contemplate this co-operation of men who can merge all minor differences in the one great work to which God has called them, on behalf of our threatened Christianity, I can but thank him, and take courage, and firmly believe that the events daily passing before us, however cloudy they may appear to our comprehension, are all working together for good, to the glory of God, and the ultimate prosperity of his cause and of his people.'

PORTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8. Jeremiah xvii.	FRIDAY, MARCH 22. Jeremiah xviii.

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1839.

BY-GONE DAYS.

A PARENTHETICAL CHAPTER.

THIS paper is likely to furnish a practical illustration of the homely saying, that 'Thought is free.' Nova Scotia claims additional notice, and the subjects still to be touched on, are of livelier interest to the Christian mind than any that have preceded them. But there are seasons when thought will assert its independence of the will, and roving through unbidden tracks, will loiter on scenes, whether prospective or retrospective, totally unconnected with our purposed meditation.

The breaking forth of all that is bright and beauteous in our variable clime—the outspreading of verdure upon our fields and hills, the unfolding of infant leaves, the unveiling of delicate tints, and the appearance of another generation of sportive animals,

as yet unconscious of what the cruelty of selfish man will inflict, to embitter their short lives—all these, with the many accompaniments of early spring, furnish a species of memento at which the mind has been accustomed to pause, and where it cannot now pass by without again resting to ponder on another year's experience of these shifting vanities which we call mortal life; another year's approximation to the world of unchangeable realities.

Few, perhaps, can look back on the lapse of twelve months without feeling that, in some respect, a change has come over themselves by the removal of some cherished object, the acquisition of some new tie, the fading into insignificance of somewhat that seemed important in their eyes, on the adoption of views and feelings formerly unknown. Fewer yet can look on the circle of their companions, and fail to point out any who have been openly subjected to such change. We cannot send forth an inquiring thought among our friends without pausing on some house of mourning, where the tender parent no longer sheds the light of her love over a household that rejoiced in her smiles; where the mother weeps for her child, because it gladdens her sight no more; where the bereaved one goes heavily, lamenting the partner who shared every joy and lightened every grief.

Change—change is the order of all things here. The boy starts into youth, and adds many a tremor to the mother's secret fears, lest the feet she has so long striven to guide into the paths of peace, be now allured into ways of destruction. The youth looks back on his boyish anticipations of untried enjoyment, his fairy dreams of ease and independence, and finding the shadow still eluding his grasp, gives

chace to some imaginary prize of ambition, to end in disappointment more acute than the former. And so he proceeds,

> Till every year has added proofs
> That man was made to mourn.

This is a gloomy picture; but, comparing the actual possession of any desired earthly good with the anticipations that pictured it while yet in the distance, disappointment is the general result: and there are sorrowful experiences buried in the bosoms that know their own bitterness, with which we cannot intermeddle. Hopes blighted, labours frustrated, confidence misplaced, and perhaps so many of the friendly smitings of the righteous given in the dark, that though the excellent oil will not break the head, it well nigh smothers the recipient. How often is the sensitive mind needlessly wounded, where a little tenderness would avert the pang! How many an Eliphaz, and Bildad, and Zophar, mistaking the sufferer's case, administer rebuke where consolation is required! Let spring put on the loveliest garb she can wear, and earth look bright as though sorrow were banished from its surface, and the heart bound under the impulse of responsive joyousness, still it is a spectacle of sadness, and "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

Nor is man alone the sufferer: imagination cannot embrace the wide sphere of misery extended by his cruelty over the innocent brutes. Any attempt to open that subject would harrow the feelings in a way I would not wish to do; but the conviction forces itself upon every mind that turns thitherward. It was but the other day, when obliged to pass through

the streets of the metropolis, from which I would that my dwelling were as far removed as are my feelings, I beheld a poor ox, his flanks and knees lacerated by the goad of the merciless drover, his eyes distended with agony, his breath gasping and hide steaming, lying on the pavement in a state of such exhaustion as defied all the savage inflictions of his tormentors to bring him to his feet again; while among the crowd that had gathered to look on, I could not trace in any one countenance an expression of pity for the tortured animal, or of indignation against his wanton tyrant. This one spectacle served as a starting point whence my thought took a long excursion through the brute creation in its state of subjection to man; and with shuddering disgust I took refuge from the appalling scene, in that sure promise of a better day, even in time, when Satan and satanic men being divinely restrained, none shall hurt nor destroy, none oppress or molest, but the glory of the Lord filling the earth, and the love of Christ governing all hearts, a sabbath shall be enjoyed —a perfect sabbath of REST.

It is surely allowable, when the mind is wearied, and the spirits depressed through a multitude of thoughts like the preceding, to enter upon ground comparatively speculative, because dimly revealed, whence the Lord could not mean that man should be repelled as from the first Eden. No flaming sword guards the way; no commissioned cherubim menace the wanderer's approaching step; but ever and anon the veil is lifted by prophetic hand, and the sweetest melodies of the prophetic harp find their echo in its mysterious recesses. Throughout the whole Bible that golden thread may be traced; and ever where

darkness seems thickest to gather, its pure gleam shines brightest. Does the Most High proclaim, "the day of vengeance is in mine heart"? He closes the awful sentence by announcing, "the year of my redeemed is come." Is rebellious Israel menaced with sevenfold chastisement at the hand of their insulted God, provoked to walk, in rage and in fury, contrary to them? The promise of future restoration to their own land, and a full flow of blessing is given, to kindle their repentings towards him from whom they have deeply revolted. Is Jerusalem shewn sitting in the dust, defiled and trodden down, filled with the dregs of the cup of trembling? The call follows to arise, to put on her beautiful garments, and to listen while she declares that her troubles are for ever ended. It is when such tribulation as never before was known shall come upon the church, that God's people are encouraged to lift up their heads and look up, for their redemption draweth nigh. It is when the great day of the Lamb's wrath arrives, and the mighty ones of earth cry to the rocks to fall on them, that the angels go forth to seal his servants in their foreheads, and a spectacle of unalloyed blessedness is revealed to the eye of faith. In all these things there is a harmony, an evident grouping that connects them with the promised period of Satan's temporary imprisonment, and the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon earth; and to me it appears nothing short of arraigning the divine wisdom which has revealed these glimpses of millennial glory, to forbid or to discourage us when seeking comfort in the anticipation.

Yes, there will unquestionably be a spring-time upon earth, when all that now looks so sweet shall

shine forth in tenfold loveliness, while all that pains the eye and grieves the heart of man shall be either done away with, or so alleviated by the consolations abounding on every side, as merely to operate in keeping the creature humble before his Creator. A season of repose in the sunshine of God's favour, when the tempter being removed, and the influences of the Holy Spirit pervading all things, man's inbred corruption will be found ineffectual to resist the gentle rule of his Saviour King. Earth, purged from her many pollutions, and basking in her Maker's smile, will rest, and rejoice; will glow with beauty and team with fertility. The animal creation, delivered from 'the fear' and 'the dread' of man, will yield willing service to his wants, and dwell with him and with each other, unharming and unharmed. The storm of guilty passion will be hushed, the sting of malice extracted, the gnawings of envy will be felt no more. Charity will then occupy the seat too often usurped by arrogant censoriousness: and disappointment will find no entrance where the justly-regulated wishes point not to what is either unfit or unattainable. No inferior object will engross the mind, where each mortal body has become indeed the temple of the Holy Ghost, and the love of God shed abroad in the heart reveals in Christ all that is desirable to his creature. From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, from east to west, and from west to east again, a cloud of incense shall arise, of unceasing prayer and praise—and a pure offering of willing obedience, accepted in the Beloved. Man, in a measure restored to the divine image, shall stand forth in the majesty with which God originally clothed him, and find his

highest faculties ennobled by a perpetual dedication of himself to the service of his Lord. The intercourse between our world and that which is to us invisible will become more frequent, more intimate, than we can now conceive; and all that is comprised in the name EMMANUEL shall indeed be the believer's portion.

But when is all this to be? We know not: the day that ushers it in will come as a thief in the night, when men, the men of the world, are saying, "Peace and safety." We are, however, premonished of signs that will herald its approach, sufficiently intelligible to set the Christian on his watch-tower in anxious waiting for the dawn. These signs are now upon the earth: there is a restlessness among men, whether we regard them individually, or in communities, or as divided into nations: instability seems written on thrones, mutation on all that the wisdom of centuries has instituted; and the fearful character pourtrayed by the apostle as belonging to men in the perilous times of the last days may be read wheresoever we turn. Great Babylon is rapidly gathering in the souls that shall perish in her delusions, and God is daily calling his own people out of her accursed communion ere the final visitation of his wrath overtakes her. There is a noise and a shaking among the dry, scattered bones of Israel, multitudes of whom have already received breath, and are preparing to march Zionward, both spiritually and literally. This is but a very small part of what an hour's calm observation will display to any candid enquirer, who takes the word of prophecy into his hand, and looks abroad upon the world for confirmation of the fact. The inference is, that we may shortly expect an outburst

of terrible character, overturning all that we have been accustomed to look on as most stable, reversing the relative position of different classes, and bringing home to each one, in such way as God may appoint, his allotted share in the general tribulation. Who will say that, with such a prospect before us, it is not allowable to lay hold on the promise which secures to our earth a glorious sunshine after the storm? Who will deny that a steady view of what is now progressing around us is well fitted to stir up the spirit of prayer for a speedy advent of deliverance—or rather of the Deliverer, who shall tread all enemies under his feet, and bestow on his chosen the rest they long to obtain.

Impatience under the daily spectacle of an insulting people, defying the Lord their God, is no where denounced as sinful. To me the groans of creation, travailing in pain beneath the rule of Satan, and longing for redemption from the bondage, seem to call for a much louder response than is generally given. How can Christians nightly lay their heads on a quiet pillow, contented with a state of things so hatefully evil in the sight of God? Is it nothing to us that the murderer marks out his victim, the seducer his prey, the robber his plunder, almost at our very doors, if not beneath our roof? Is it nothing that the human sacrifice reeks before some hideous idol, in other climes; the man-stealer springs upon his captive; the slave writhes under the lash; and throughout the world, man's barbarity tortures at will every tribe of animal existence? Is it nothing that the worship of Christ is polluted by the abominable idolatries of Popery, and his holy name blasphemed through the open crimes of such as pro-

fess a pure scriptural form of doctrine? Imagine but for one moment the possibility of being raised from that quiet pillow, to take in a bird's-eye view of all that is transacting even within the limits of our own metropolis, and what portion of rest would await the remaining hours of such a night! If we mentally looked upon these things as we know them to exist, the earth would appear in our sight so polluted a thing that we should indeed be looking for and hasting unto the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, taking to him his great power, and reigning where now he is disowned, denied, or mocked. The reason we love not to explore that coming time is not that we are reluctant to speculate: for that it is our daily custom to do with regard to every silly trifle that comes across our path; but that we are content to have it as it is, provided our own repose be not interrupted, or our selfish enjoyments intruded on. We lack Catholicity; we have not arms to embrace the church of Christ, nor a heart to throb in our Master's cause, nor tenderness to compassionate the perishing millions who daily sink to perdition. Therefore it is that we do not pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the appointed means of accomplishing the number of God's elect, and of hastening his kingdom.

O that every bursting bud of spring may be to us a powerful incentive to prayer for the dawning of a brighter season than our earth has ever known, since Adam's transgression clouded her with the curse!

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom:
A new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

The leaves and flowers of spring are beautiful in themselves, but their typical character is the charm that captivates when the care-worn spirit can find no satisfying pleasure in contemplating tints and forms. A rugged soil clothed with verdure, a black unsightly stick adorned with gems; light emerging from darkness, beauty from deformity, fragrance issuing from corruption, and life, rich, glowing life enveloping the region of dull inanimate matter, all these are expressive of what we should long to witness on the grand scale of universal renovation. It is marvellous that we bestow so few and fleeting thoughts on what the Lord has vouchsafed to set before us in his word by every variety of diction, and in his works by every striking performance that omniscience could devise and omnipotence execute!

C. E.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. XXI.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the encouragements I have described, it was, however, sometimes very slow work indeed endeavouring to make my poor friend, the widow L——, understand what was read to her. I had to interrupt myself constantly, to explain not only things, but words—the simplest were often wholly unintelligible. Many were the homely illustrations and familiar similes that were pressed into the service, in the attempt to 'make her sinsible,' as she said herself, of the meaning; but often after a marvellous expenditure of time and breath, her eager countenance looked as embarrassed and as far from comprehension as ever.

One morning, after we had done reading, I proposed that we should kneel down and pray to God for a blessing upon his word; she instantly assented with joyful alacrity, and pushing away the chair on which she was sitting, flung herself down on her knees. I paused for a moment, revolving in my mind the simplest and plainest words I could think of, to suit her comprehension; and had just begun, when, to my dismay, I heard her gabbling away in Irish as fast and as vehemently as possible, beating her breast and rocking herself backwards and forwards at the same time. I was quite puzzled what

to do, but did not interrupt her. When I rose she did so likewise, and said, 'I didn't get more than five Aves done, but I suppose you said more, as they're said quicker may-be in English.'

The next day I asked her to oblige me by just putting her beads in her pocket for a few moments and listening to me while we knelt down. She did so, and joined in prayer with great devotion, exclaiming every now and then, with deep feeling, 'Amen! Amen to that!' The beads and the aves were never returned to afterwards.

How many happy hours I passed in that poor cabin! It was a small place—the whole house consisting of a single little room, about fourteen feet by twelve. One end was almost entirely occupied by the wide open fire-place, and opposite it, on the other, was a bedstead with a large wooden top. This article of furniture had been long an object of ambition with the widow L——; she had been laying by money for many months, and at last bought it while her son was in the hospital. The day it was put up we happened to call in to inquire for the young man; she shewed us her new treasure with the utmost pride, and was looking forward with delight to the pleasure of 'surprising Tom with it when he came home.' Poor thing! she little thought then that his lifeless body would be all that was brought back to lay on that bed. The dresser, a chest, a little deal table, and two rush-bottomed chairs composed the rest of the simple furniture of the cabin.

In one corner, next the chimney, was a bundle of straw, where the pig—always a personage of much respect in an Irish cabin—enjoyed his nightly repose; and over this was a rude wooden shelf for the

hens to roost upon. The opposite corner to that belonging to the pig was occupied by a goose which was, at the time I began my visits, sitting on a large clutch of eggs. Many a time and oft did the said goose sorely try my temper. Sometimes, when I was exerting all my energies in endeavouring to explain some unusually abstruse word, the poor bird would take it into it's wise head to get fidgetty on the nest, and after much rustling and sundry vocal demonstrations of its wishes, would suddenly effect its heavy descent therefrom. As it waddled to the door it was generally attended by two cur dogs, who always lay so close into the fire that they were covered with the turf-ashes, so as to make them look like small heaps of the same. We were hardly re-seated after this interruption of letting out the goose and her companions, and I fairly embarked again in my explanations, when the provoking bird was heard outside the door, clamouring for re-admittance. Though she interrupted us so often thus unseasonably, I could not help being touched by the untiring and unwearied patience of the poor creature, sitting there day after day and week after week on a hot nest in that dark corner.

There were many interruptions to contend with besides that caused by the poor goose: and none can imagine how trying these were, who do not know the difficulty of making one like my humble hearer, with her imperfect knowledge of English, understand what was read. The slightest thing would confuse her and interrupt all. Several of the neighbouring women wished to join our readings, and the increase of numbers made quiet more difficult to attain. Their children would often come on messages to them,

and every knock at the door was sure to be answered by the sharp simultaneous barking of the two curs in the ashes; much kicking and beating were required before these could be persuaded into silence. There was one of the little dogs, however, which I remarked the widow L— never struck. When it was troublesome she would take it up in her lap, and put her apron over its head to keep it quiet, and I often saw her look at it with sorrowful tenderness, and then kiss it, with a heavy sigh. It was her poor son's dog.

The anxiety of the good woman that others should be sharers of the benefit of hearing the Bible she prized so much herself, was very great. One day a girl was going out of the house when I went in. She stopped her, and laying her hands on the girl's shoulder, looked her earnestly in the face and said, 'Biddy, wouldn't you like to hear *the word of God?*' The young woman pleaded her untidyness, saying, 'I'd be ashamed to go before the lady in such clothes as these.' 'Ah! never waste a thought about your rags,' exclaimed the other, with a gesture of impatience; 'sure 'tis little matter about the poor body: 'tis the soul that book will do the good to.'

Another day it began to rain after I arrived at the cabin, which caused several people to come crowding in for shelter. When she saw them she gave me a look of the most triumphant exultation, and instantly busied herself in getting all the chairs she could borrow, and setting tubs, sods of turf, and whatever else she could lay hold of for them to sit on. Perceiving that I hesitated to begin, for I felt rather confused before so many strangers, she said, in the most imploring tone, 'Ah thin, Miss M——,

dear, sure now you won't give us any delay—the rain will be over in no time.'

I immediately opened the book, and read two chapters in St. John, and her favourite passages in the Revelation, while she was seated crouching at my feet on the mud floor; her figure half raised up, her eyes rivetted on me as usual, and her whole attitude one of wrapt attention. After some time I said, 'I fear you will be tired in that uncomfortable position.' 'Tired!' she exclaimed, 'I could stay kneeling upon the cold stones from morning till night, down on my two bare knees, and not be tired listeneing to *that!*'

The selections from the Revelation used to excite her to an extraordinary degree: her face was actually lit up—it glowed with animation as she listened. She would begin an exclamation in English, and then, unable to express the overflowing of her feelings, would launch out into a long and passionate burst of Irish. How often I wished I could understand these fervent ejaculations in the language of her heart! She said to me once, 'You're young, and well in the world, and there's riches and grandeur on your father's floor; but the best thing you have is to be able to read that book, about the goodness of God and the kingdom of heaven.' Another time she exclaimed, after I had been reading the account of the crucifixion, 'God bless your two eyes that read that book. I think the light of heaven shines out of them while they're looking down upon the blessed letters that's in it.'

Her love to the Saviour was great: it was evidently increasing, and often caused me to glorify God, who had vouchsafed to shed it abroad in her heart by his divine Spirit.

A heavy shower came down one morning as I was on my way to her, so that when I arrived I was very wet, and out of breath from running. She began to wipe my dress, and held it to the fire to dry with many lamentations. 'You get great trouble by coming to us,' she said: 'may the Lord reward you for leaving the great house and bringing that book here to read, in the rain.'

'Our divine Master,' I replied, 'left the joys of heaven, and the glories of his Father's house, to go through this world of sorrow teaching and instructing the ignorant: he was always going about doing good. He suffered thirst and weariness—he knew not where to lay his head, and often had not time so much as to eat bread. He gave himself up to shame and spitting, and at last ended his life of toil in dreadful agonies. Ah! I fear we are all too much inclined to forget what He did for us. We are very grateful for the little kind offices rendered to us by our fellow-creatures; and particularly if the person be rich, or great, or above us in rank, we think we can never be thankful enough for any condescension or favour. If we were only to consider what the King of kings and Lord of lords has done for us, how we should love and serve him!'

She made no reply, but wiping away the tears which had flowed while I was speaking, darted over to the head of her bed, and took down a small brass crucifix, bright and shining from careful rubbing. She gazed at it with intense devotion for a moment, and then holding it up to me exclaimed, 'There he is ma'am, there he is!'

'Our Lord and Saviour is in heaven,' said I; 'he has ascended up on high; he stands on the right

hand of God to make intercession for us. This is only a lifeless image of brass,—you surely do not pray to this?'

'Oh no,' she exclaimed, 'God forbid! I always *pray up*. We only have this to remind us of him, to keep us in mind of all he did for us. You have your book—this is ours, that can't read, God help us!'

On one occasion, when we were reading, in the eighth of Matthew, the account of the tempest at sea, when our Lord fell asleep in the ship, I stopped at the 26th verse, to apply it to ourselves under affliction:—our want of faith, like that of the disciples, our thinking, as they did, that our divine friend has forgotten us; my poor hearer made such an instant and beautiful application of the story to her own case, that I was delighted and surprised.

'Ah,' she said, 'now that was just like me, the very, very same—just like the men in the ship. When I went into the hospital, and saw my child stretched there before me, I said to myself, 'Sure an' sure, God did'nt know that I was trusting to this only boy, or he never would have taken him away from me, and left me all alone in the wide world.' That was the very word I said about God, an' I looking at my poor Tom, stretched and stiff before me.' She paused for a moment, and then lifting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed in the most fervent way, 'God forgive me—'twas very wrong. God forgive me for misdoubting him!' The tone of her voice was very touching. In a moment more she added, 'I would'nt say that now: I *hope* he'll forgive me. 'Twas forced from me in spite of myself, when my heart was so bitter.'

The afflicted mother, in speaking of her son, often made use of what struck me as a very affecting ex-

pression of resignation; 'I make my child,' she said, 'a present to God every night.'

It is almost time to put an end to these protracted and, I fear, egotistical reminiscences of my conversations with the poor widow L——: they must doubtless seem tedious to those who have not the association of her ardent enthusiasm to give them an interest. I shall make only one more extract from my notes.

We were speaking of her favourite subject—a future state, and the blessed hopes of salvation through Christ. 'It is delightful to have such a sure hope to rest upon as this,' I observed, 'for we know we must die; and if we had no idea what was to become of us, and whom we were to look to, we should be miserable indeed.'

'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'we know, as sure as we're sitting here, that we must part this world; and,' she added with a shudder, 'we know there's the terrible fire before us that we must all pass through. But I hope when that's over, the Lord will take us to where you were reading about.'

'What fire is that?' I asked.

'The fire of purgatory, sure,' she said; uttering the words very quickly through her closed teeth, and turning away her head with a gesture of fear.

'Now,' I said, 'you have been listening to this book—the word of God, a long time; you have heard a great deal of it: Did you ever hear anything about purgatory in it?'

'No,' she replied; and I often wondered, though I was shy to say anything about it—I often wondered it wasn't there. Maybe,' she continued, looking very earnestly at me, while an expression of hope lit up the poor creature's countenance, 'maybe there isn't

such a place at all, as the word of God says nothing about it.'

It may well be imagined what music this was to my ears, and how thankful I felt that the Holy Spirit's teaching had enabled her to come to this conclusion, without my forcing it upon her unwilling belief. It was an important opening: how I longed that the subject were in the hands of one more skilful to make use of it, than such an incompetent person as myself! How ardently at that moment I prayed for assistance to enable me to do so! I turned to the story of the penitent thief, and our Saviour's dying expression, "It is finished." The latter seemed especially to strike my poor friend. 'Indeed, I remember well your explaining and laying that out to me once before,' she said, 'about every thing being finished, and nothing left to the poor sinner to undergo at all. That very word struck me greatly at the time.'

She remained silent for some moments, with her eyes cast down. I watched the working of her features, and listened anxiously for the first word.

'Well,' she said, at length raising her head, 'Well now, I'm sure, the whole of it is this—Them that will throw themselves entirely up upon *Him* he'll surely and certainly save.'

The accompanying gesture of the hands with which the expressive and, I thought, beautiful phrase—'Throw themselves entirely up upon him,' was uttered, is indescribable: so is the thrill of heartfelt joy with which I heard it. At that moment all my hopes and wishes for my humble friend seemed realized.

M. F. D.

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD OF HIS FLOCK.

"O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel down before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand." Psalm xcv. 6, 7.

THE hand of the Shepherd holds, feeds, and guides his flock; he calls them all by name; they hear his voice, and they follow him. He knows their number, he reckons them, and if one be missing, he goes after the stray sheep, searches it out, and, finding it, he lays it upon his shoulder, and rejoicing carries it back to the fold.

The assurance that Jesus is such a Shepherd to his flock, builds up believers in the faith once delivered to the saints. They have found a firm foundation on which they may securely rest. On such a dependance hangs no contingency: the events of to-day or to-morrow affect it not any farther than has been previously ordered and arranged for that purpose; for all is beforehand fore-known, determined, and appointed. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." John x. 27.

His sheep hear his voice, and they follow him, they

listen and obey. The eyes see, the ears hear, the heart loves the Shepherd, and keeping his bright example in view, they follow him, walking, as far as in them lies, in the same steps. He has put his Spirit within them, and turning them from their own corrupt will and way, he gives them a new will, way, and power (which they never had before) to keep his commandments.

The sheep know their Shepherd, and in this knowledge is strong confidence. Jesus says, "I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." John x. 14. They fear no evil under such a guardianship; his whole flock are before him, they are always under his eye, he sees them, he calls them, he gathers them in, he clothes them, he leads them beside the still waters, and feeds them in green pastures, always fresh, never dry, always safe. There is a roaring lion going about seeking whom he *may* devour, but it *may* not be one of these whom Jesus protects—for whom he gave his own life. "I lay down my life for my sheep," John x. 15. How dear are the sheep to him for whom he paid such a precious ransom! He is God over all, he is almighty to redeem and to save; not one shall be lost. "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Luke xii. 32.

How much more strongly guarded are these ransomed sheep than we can be, from the wild beasts which we calmly behold in their enclosure! Vain are all their efforts to burst through the iron barrier, ravening and raging for the prey which seems within their grasp. We can easily judge what our fate must be if they could prevail; but we fear them not, being confident that, through the care of the keeper, they

are well secured. Shall we not, then, much more entirely rely on the Keeper of Israel?

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul; the Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore." Psalm cxxi.

Jesus is in every way the keeper of his sheep. He is the shepherd of their souls, training them for their heavenly inheritance. They are taught and disciplined, as well as kept in safety. By needful salutary discipline they are taught to know that they are sinners in thought, word, and deed. They feel the rod, and who hath appointed it, and in deep humility and contrition of heart they seek the remedy. "Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." 1 Pet. ii. 25.

This does not mean that only some have gone astray: for all have;—"all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Isaiah liii. 6. The great Shepherd not only purchased his sheep at the tremendous price of his own blood, having borne their iniquity in his own body on the tree, but he still watches over each one individually, in calling them out of darkness into marvellous light, and guiding their steps to walk in that light; they shall no longer stray over the dark mountains of unbelief, sin, and death; new paths are opened to them, paths of peace and holiness, into which they now turn with gladness; with the Psalmist they say, "I delight to

do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." Psalm xl. 8. It is not possible for any who are renewed in the spirit of their mind to choose the way of sin; none can call Jesus, Saviour, who continue in sin, for he saves his people from sin; even here he gives them the victory; "sin shall not have dominion" over any who are taken into the covenant of grace. Rom. vi. 14. "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid." This is the way which they now hate much more than they ever loved it, therefore they will not walk in the way they hate. Having entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God, sin's iron fetters are broken; Jesus has purchased their freedom. They are no longer sold under sin, Jesus having "ascended up on high, led captivity captive." Eph. iv. 8. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John viii. 36. They may enjoy their liberty so far as to use this world without abusing it; they may receive with thankfulness the temporal mercies which are bountifully provided, yet it will be as travellers on a journey, with their faces, their thoughts, and desires homewards, where alone they may expect rest—"We have no abiding city here."

Then let us live as pilgrims do,
Let not the world our rest appear.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Col. iii. 1—3. An old writer[1] compares the Christian in the world

[1] Richard Steele.

to the bee which extracts sweets from every flower, yet never finds itself at home until it returns to its hive. This world cannot be the Christian's home; as often as he inclines to make it his home, he is brought to feel that it is not. All his earthly enjoyments are passing away, they are hardly tasted when they are gone; yet he is not forbidden to taste them: "God giveth us richly all things to enjoy." 1 Tim. vi. 17. "The earth is full of his riches." Psalm civ. 24.

We may follow the example of the industrious bee, in collecting and extracting such riches and sweetness as our necessities may require; for that purpose they are given. The bee, in its roamings, extracts a nauseous as well as a sweet substance; both are needful: the bee carefully deposits both in its cells, not mixed, but contiguous to each other. In one is the honey, in the next the bee-bread. The latter, though heavy to carry, and unpleasant to taste, is the nutriment without which the bee could not exist: sweetness unmixed would be prejudicial. It bears no useless burden to its hive—by its instinct it is directed what to take and what to leave. The same almighty Creator who has provided the bee with its instinct, has endowed man with a reasonable soul and faculties. We are the nobler creatures of the same great Author, and are more nobly gifted. We are rational beings: we have intellectual powers, whereby we speak, think, reason and act. We calculate, devise, plan and execute. We are placed in a world of varieties, and are at liberty to roam over the wide field of space, in exploring the mysterious works of nature, to find out causes and effects. We may thus enlarge our ideas, and improve our minds,

provided we keep within the bounds of divine revelation. So far we may go: farther we cannot, without involving our minds in darkness and error. Like the bee, we may carry home the useful and agreeable, the bitter and the sweet; and like the bee carrying on our labours abroad, as a preparation for our rest at home.

If changes were not requisite for the welfare of the soul, our life would be one even course of ease.

Our heavenly Father does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted." Isaiah lxiii. 9. He would not offer us a bitter cup if the soul's disease could be cured by a sweet one; all his corrections are loving corrections; the medicine which he administers comes from the hand of a skilful Physician, to heal our corruptions, before we can enter into his courts with thanksgiving.

Jesus is our Physician, our Friend, our Advocate, our High Priest, our all. He is the bread of life and the haven of rest. All that is sweet, all that is holy, all that is lovely and of good report, is centered in the Almighty name, which is above every name—the name of Jesus, God over all, blessed for ever.

A. N.

THE TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

No. III.

THE TRINITY IN UNITY.

THE existence and creative power of God, which formed our last subject of consideration, are broadly supported, *primâ facies*, by all Pagan mythology; but some of my readers will perhaps imagine that the all-important doctrine which stands at the head of this page can receive little or no testimony from the same source. I hope to prove this idea a mistaken one: for I cannot but think that the Trinity is as amply supported by heathen as by Christian theology; though of course the Pagan evidence is, comparatively, of very slight value.

Perhaps no doctrine of Christianity is more clearly revealed in scripture than this. It is implied in various parts of the Old Testament, and everywhere throughout the New, while in several passages of the latter it is expressly revealed to us. Nor is it spoken of as being an incomprehensible mystery, farther than as everything connected with an infinite Deity must be more or less incomprehensible to our finite capacity. By man, however, it is generally treated in one or other of two opposite ways. It is

either denied any explanation at all, or it is encumbered with too much; by the first method, it is considered as a mystery too deep even to be looked at; a description which might be equally applied to any or every divine truth, but which seems not to be the scriptural view of this: by the second method, grave divines have heaped learned explanations upon abstruse definitions, and "darkened counsel by words without knowledge." By mystifying that which God has made plain, they have helped to confuse the Christian, and have given an excuse to the Arian or Socinian, although neither this nor anything else can be his exculpation; for whatever be the darkness which man may have contrived to throw around this evident and glorious truth of scripture, (which we may call the head of the Christian system, while the Saviour's atonement is its heart,) it affords no real apology to the Socinian. He is indeed left quite defenceless and without excuse. The Greek scholar has shewn the fallacy of his new translations, by which he has endeavoured to exclude the Trinity from the Bible; and we will now see whether all Paganism will not turn against him too, and declare, in varied languages, but with one consent, that this doctrine against which he so strenuously contends, is the first and real revelation of the divine nature; that it is man's original idea of God.

I must premise, however, that although we find among the gods of mythology generally, a Trinity of deities, superior to the rest, and united in some close family union, I do not wish to adduce all of these as traditions of the eternal Three in One; for wherever we find these heathen divinities to be three brothers, like Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, sons of

one common father, we must rather view them as historical legends of Noah's three sons; though I cannot agree with the learned Faber, in his 'Dissertation on the Cabiri,' that every Pagan triad, and indeed every heathen god, is a tradition from the diluvian source.

I shall therefore omit all mention of these fraternal trinities, as foreign to our present research, and confine the attention of my readers to such as consist of a creating Father, a divine Wisdom, and a Son, or divine redeeming Hero.

It is singular, but not inexplicable, that such should be the construction of heathen Trinities, by which the Holy Spirit, the third of the divine Three in one, is wholly omitted; but we must not expect perfect conformity to the original in these barbarous and defaced copies. We must also remember that the nature and offices of the divine Spirit were little known, even to the Jews; while those who were "baptized with the baptism of John," had "not so much as heard whether there were any Holy Ghost."

The promised redemption of man, by the deity on earth, seems to have so far engrossed the Pagan mythologists, that they divided the Messiah into two divinities, to supply the place of the Holy Spirit, whom they had omitted; much as the Papists have split the tenth commandment into two, to fill up the number, whence they have subtracted the truth.

I hope to prove satisfactorily that Pagan mythology supports the doctrine of the Trinity, clearly and irresistibly, in the three following points:—

I. That God is a plurality in unity;

II. That the one Supreme Creator is identically the same with one of this plurality; and

III. That the others are one with Him, but sustain certain distinct offices and characters.

We will commence, as before, with Egypt, because her antiquity rests on other testimony besides her own; and here, the earliest tradition being the purest, we find the clearest traces of a Trinity in Unity. It has been the custom of some writers on Egyptian antiquities, to speak of 'the four great gods of Egypt, Osiris, Isis, Horus and Typhon;' but as Typhon is confessedly a personification of the evil principle, he can properly have no place among the primary deities. We have then remaining; 1st. Osiris, who is only another name for Ammon, or Knouph, the one supreme God; 2dly. Isis, the Divine Wisdom, and the foundation of all knowledge, the same with Neith, whom Spineto describes as an emanation from the great Creator, presiding over the moral attributes, over wisdom and philosophy; and 3rdly. Horus, who is the son of Osiris and Isis, and is, by some, said to be a resurrection of his father, or, in other words, a God raised from the dead. Here we see the Messiah divided into two deities, a Divine Wisdom or Logos, and a Son of God, who is also a resurrection from death. These Three are One with the great Creator: for Osiris is only another name for Ammon, as before mentioned; Isis is only his wisdom personified as a female, according to oriental allegory, (compare 8th Proverbs,) however she may have been feigned to be his wife and sister; and Horus is his son, or else a revival of himself.

The construction of several other eastern trinities is the same with this. That of Persia consisted of Oromasdes, Mythra and Mythras; the Thracian, of Uranus, Uranu and Eros; the Tyrian, of Belus,

Venus and Thammuz. The Grecian triad corresponding to these is Jupiter, Minerva and Apollo; Jove is, by the Orphic remains, called the first cause, and the Creator, and as they are more ancient than most other Greek authorities, they have a very fair claim to be received; Minerva is the exact personification of heavenly wisdom, springing direct from the head of Jove; and Apollo is his son, who *conquered* the *dragon* Python, and who was, for a time, *banished* to the *earth*.

The Trinity in Unity, expressly believed by Plato, is more of a Christian than a Pagan complexion; for he calls them 'Agathos, Logos, and Psyche,' or the Good, the Wisdom, and the Soul, or we may render it, the Spirit.

In India, we find Sir W. Jones and other great authorities, naming Vishnou, Brahma, Siva and Krishna, as the four great gods of the Hindoo system; but as Siva is the destroyer, in fact the evil principle, or Typhon under another name, we must dismiss him from the number, as being quite misplaced. We have then, 1st. Vishnou, who is the supreme creator of all things; 2dly. Brahma, who is a direct emanation from him, and assisted him in creating the world; (compare 8th Proverbs 29, 30.) and 3rdly, Krishna, the destroyer of the *serpent*.

In the Scandinavian mythology, we again find a trinity, similar to the former ones. I have already quoted the form of the ancient Icelandic oath, 'So help me Freya, and Thor, and the omnipotent God.' This last we have already seen to be Odin, the supreme deity; Freya, originally the same with Friga, is identified with Isis by many particulars, and especially by her wanderings to seek her lost husband,

and Thor is the son of Odin, and the destroyer of the *serpent* of Midgard.

This victory over a dragon or serpent, the frequent characteristic of a son of God, is a very remarkable tradition; and might be well urged against that Popish perversion of scripture which makes 'the mother of God' crush the serpent's head. The heathen idolator of old knew better than the *soi-disant* Christian one does now; he always made the Son of God destroy the dragon, and never gave that honour to his Isis or his Juno.

Thus far, then, for the 'Trinities of the Gentiles;' it is a subject on which one might write a volume, instead of an article; and which embraces, when fully carried out, some of the deepest researches into Pagan antiquities and mysteries. I think, however, we have pursued the topic far enough to shew that the very heathens believed in a divine plurality or Trinity, who were in nature and essence but One: for we see that their great Creator was identically the same with one of these three Deities, and the other two, however they might be, individually, the celestial wisdom, and the dragon-conquering hero, were only emanations from him.

With what face then, can the Arian attempt to disprove the scriptural doctrine of the Trinity, by calling it a modern invention; when all antiquity unites to shew that such a doctrine had been, not only revealed to, but received by mankind, previously to their dispersion at Babel? for subsequently to that period we cannot imagine a general convocation of the nations, in order to receive a new point of belief; and they must all have been acquainted with it at one common period, or it could not possibly have

been so universally and so similarly prevalent throughout their mythologies.

Let then our modern Socinian blush with shame, for his nefarious, nay blasphemous attempt to set aside a divine revelation, which even the idolatrious Egyptian, the bloody and barbarous Scandinavian, the polluted Hindoo, and the half-infidel Greek unite, as with one voice, in declaring to be the original manifestation of God to man.

X. Q.

'BUT let us attend to the wonderful miracle which the Lord wrought on this occasion, in order to lead the apostle to feel that his faith was much less than he imagined it to be, in proportioning the buoyancy of his body to the strength of his faith. How often it is necessary that we should be convinced, by some practical test, of our infirmities! We are the very worst judges of our own attainments. No one, in short, can tell what the power of his faith is, until it is tried. Were we to judge from first appearances, we should have thought that no faith could have been stronger than that of Peter, yet how soon was it necessary for the Lord to say, "O thou of little faith!" Let us ask ourselves, is our faith even as strong as his? Would it be found, when tried, unto praise, and honour, and glory? Alas! if the sword of persecution were again unsheathed, or the fires of martyrdom rekindled in our land, God only knows how many or how few of his professing people would stand the test of such a fearful inquisition!'—*From 'The Disciples in the Storm,' by the Rev. Daniel Bagot, of Edinburgh.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

CHRISTIAN parents have, I believe, not unfrequently found it difficult, while carrying forward the education of their children, to afford them the means of acquiring an easy and graceful carriage, without engaging them in the pursuit of the accomplishment of dancing, which, however useful for that object, tends, perhaps more than any other, to foster the love of personal display, and to introduce young people into the dissipating amusements of the world.

I have thought that parents so situated would read with interest the following extract, as it brings before them a system of instruction, in Mr. Jenkins' exercises, which would, I am sure, meet all their wishes in this respect.

These exercises are the result of a scientific acquaintance with anatomy, combined with great practical experience; and being arranged in harmony with the natural laws that govern the movements of the human frame, they are quite free from the objections so justly made to the ordinary systems of gymnastics, calisthenics, &c. They have indeed received a high sanction from the most eminent medical men of the age, by their recommendation of them in cases of incipient deformity, and constitutional weakness.

From my own observation, I may add, that every

advantage to be derived from dancing lessons, as promotive of health and good carriage, is more efficiently afforded by these exercises; and that they form a most pleasing and exhilarating recreation—an object of no inconsiderable importance, where young persons are required to devote much time to sedentary occupation and mental exertion.

I believe, indeed, that it is not too much to say with the extract, that the rising generation owes a large debt of gratitude to the gentleman who has invented and introduced them.

I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours with much respect,

M. B.

Kensington, March 13, 1839.

Extract from a Volume entitled 'Educational Reminiscences,' published by Hatchard.

'I cannot forbear remarking, that the rising generation owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Jenkins for his admirable Exercises, which embrace all the advantages, without any of the defects, of the common gymnastics. They increase the capacity, and improve the form, of every part of the human figure, every muscle and ligament being brought into action, and judiciously exercised. The slow movements are accompanied with extensions of the muscles, which tend to improve their form and increase their strength; while the quick exercises promote active circulation and celerity of movement. They also assist in forming an easy carriage and graceful deportment. They afford the most effectual means of removing contractions, and of assisting growth.

They expand the chest, strengthen the spine, and in some cases of apparent deformity they have effected the development of the entire figure in its symmetrical perfection. They contribute also, in a considerable degree, towards establishing a sound and improving a delicate constitution.

'From experience of these happy results, it may with truth be affirmed, that Mr. Jenkins is one of the best friends to health and longevity that England can boast of; and decidedly the best physician, morally as well as physically, that any lady can introduce into her establishment.'

THE native Irishman wears a kindliness of disposition, a depth of feeling, a disdain of petty considerations, and a devotedness of heart, which covers every defect. There is a true and rare generosity, which neither calculates nor hesitates when a kind or noble deed is to be performed; a gem which is seldom to be met with upon the smooth and crowded highways of the world, but we have sometimes marked it glittering amongst the sharp flints which strew the dark and stormy paths trodden by the children of poverty. —*O'Driscoll.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

'Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.'
HOR. Lib. iii. c. 2:

MADAM,

TRUE greatness is a thing so rare, that when it appears in the world it attracts the attention of all, like the full-orbed moon on a luminous eve. Many and various are men's notions of true greatness, and as erroneous almost as various. Some imagine that it consisteth in noble blood and high birth; others in riches and power in the world: some attribute it to learning and its effects; others to genius and talent, and some to the peculiar gifts of God. Now it will appear from this diversity of sentiment on the subject, that what is true greatness with one will not appear so to another; and among the many I beg leave humbly to state my opinion of what it consists in: I should say, then, that in order to constitute a mind truly great, these requisites are indispensably necessary:—1st. It is needful that nature do her part; 2dly. That art also lend her aid; and, 3dly. That grace be imparted. The first of these qualities is generally termed genius, the second learning, and the third the gift of God. Now I would not be mis-

understood by well-meaning readers, nor misinterpreted by such as take delight in finding fault with everything not proceeding from themselves; and therefore in the very entrance of this paper I would beg of both to understand, that because I call the first of these the gift of nature, it is not my desire to form some imaginary deity of that name, nor thereby to overlook the bountiful goodness of God in the gift of genius, for I do believe it as really proceeding from Him as that of grace, or any other gift, though in a different way. But for distinction sake, and in order to be understood of all, I prefer calling the first-requisite genius the gift of nature, and the third (grace) the gift of God; and I would further observe, that I do not place genius before grace, because I consider it a greater requisite to constitute a noble mind, but also for order's sake, for we are accustomed to treat subjects in the most natural order in which they occur, rather than put the noblest qualities first, which might be their wrong position. In the instance before us, genius is reckoned first in order, because it comes into the world with its possessor, and is as truly a part of the newly-born babe, though as yet undeveloped, as is the lily or the rose in the tender stem just making its appearance above the earth, and whose leaf is hardly yet painted green. Genius can no more be acquired by human exertion, than an ugly face can be rendered beautiful by 'puffs, powders, patches,' and paints. Being a mental quality, and a term very abstract, it does not admit of definition properly so called, (for simple ideas, if it be a term expressive of one, admit not of such definitions,) and must therefore be imperfectly defined by description and accidents. And thus,

though we are unable to explain what genius is, we can tell what it doth, and the handmaids that accompany it as it appeareth in the world.

First, then, I would remark, that I never yet have met with a true genius, that the countenance of the possessor did not indicate in some way the hidden jewel of the mind; nor have I at any time seen that mind brought into operation in conversation, that the genius was not as apparent in the speaker as is the sparkle of the diamond when the light is suffered to play upon its surface; and as different from affected genius too, as is that sparkle from the glitter of a piece of cut glass. But this can seldom or ever take place without the aid of the second requisite mentioned above, namely, education, for if a man knoweth little or nothing of the subject on which he speaks, it matters not what be the quantity or quality of the mind he possesses, he will soon betray either ignorance or folly, if he have the hardihood to attempt a game so hopeless; but as one grand characteristic of a fine mind is good sense, genius will rarely fall into such an error, and the sense of their deficiency in such matters is the grand stimulus to goad them on to study; and if poverty, circumstances in life, &c., debar them this desire of their souls, they pass from the world unheeded, and only meet with that hypothetic title to fame in history, so beautifully expressed by the poet Gray when he saith—

'Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre;
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.'

Greatness of mind in childhood indicates itself by qualities such as these—fineness and gentleness of temper and disposition; for a coarse and unfeeling nature in infancy never yet indicated greatness of soul that was to be. Take two children of the same family, and nearly of the same ages, and in every other particular in life let them be similarly circumstanced, and that child that is most loving and affectionate to its nurse, its parents, and that causes least trouble, is the most happy and contented, and at the same time most easily feels some supposed injury it has done to another, and of course is most anxious for a reconciliation, and if there be any greatness of soul between the children, you may look for it in him, though in many other respects the other child may appear to have the advantage, namely, such as inquisitiveness, quickness of thought and readiness of action, aptness in letters, and anxiety about every matter that offers itself to his notice. Inquisitiveness in their children is by the parents generally considered a great indication of genius, and of consequence highly prized in the child. I believe, however, that it indicates no such thing, but very much the reverse; and very frequently does it occur, that the brightest flower of a flock of young persons is by most observers supposed to be either a dunce or a fool; while the glitter that is admired in the others soon dies away, and leaves nought behind worthy of any admiration. I believe, however, that talent of an high order may exist without the genius I here allude to, which is inbred greatness of soul; but the latter can never exist without the former, for it is itself talent of the highest kind. And although the youth possessed of

genius is often abounding in high spirit, even to the overflowing, yet is his very sport and action free from viciousness, and his fellow-child will never receive from him any unkind treatment; and although he may be reluctant to espouse his own quarrel when injured by his fellow-child, he is generally the readiest of all to espouse the cause of another who may have received undeserved wrong. When put to a public school, he is generally the butt of all the vicious boys around him, for the very reason that his disposition is generous and harmless; and though he may often be complained of, he never complains of another; nor does he divulge the transgressions of his fellow-lads, unless imperatively called on by his instructors to relate the truths of the matter, and then he conceals nothing that ought to be told. He will sometimes have his lessons less perfectly prepared than many of his class-fellows, who in point of mind are greatly his inferiors, and yet at the termination of the year, or when quitting school, he will perhaps know much more, and to much greater advantage, than these same lads; and if rightly managed by his instructors, he will love both themselves and the authors they point out for his studies; and he can sooner discern a beauty, and more sensibly feel its charm in an author, than any lad in his class. He loves to excel and give satisfaction to his tutors, but never by deceitful or cunning means; and thus, when his fine intellect begins to develope its rich resources, and when some congenial or correspondent cause elicits the hidden spark, a flash of wit or brilliant thought is produced, that is only the harbinger of greater things yet to be. While his class-fellows' minds are relaxed after their exercises are over, his

is still on the stretch, pondering what he has been doing in his mind; and many an effort will that mind make, either while other boys are at their sports, or after retiring to bed, to compose something original, or imitate some beauty he has met with in his author in which he is engaged. And perhaps genius could not be better defined than '*a proneness of the mind to composition.*'

Should it be inquired, How is it possible that such matters as these can be ascertained, seeing they are private and personal mental actions? I answer, Because they are to be met with in the diaries and posthumous writings of many men, who thought the workings of their own youthful minds, and the minds of those who unreservedly communicated their thoughts to them on such subjects worthy of being recorded; and personal observation will testify the truth of all that falls within its reach on such matters.

Now there is in such youthful minds as natural a tendency towards similar spirits in their seniors in years and experience, as there is in the iron to approach the magnet; and hence it happens that they become acquainted with men of letters and fine minds, with taste and discernment enough soon to perceive the master-spirit in miniature; these become to such their patrons and Mæcenases, and cherish the young blossom till it becomes a rare and brilliant flower.

And now do these writings begin to make their appearance in the world, and as years advance, and the mind arrives at a more manly and matured state, it becomes fitted to produce some of these immortal pieces, that 'become the glory, boast, and wonder of

the world.' And let this but once be accomplished, and no power on earth is strong enough to destroy the effect produced so as to annihilate it. It is true, unless the third grand requisite of a great and noble soul be not wanting, the author of such a piece may turn out one of the most abandoned of the human race (although this rarely can occur), yet his claim to genius stands unshaken and almost undiminished.

And thus have we seen the source of that great gift of native genius accompanied by her able auxiliary education; it now remaineth briefly to add a word on the noblest requisite by far, of the three in the formation of a great mind, namely, the grace of God in Christ Jesus. Genius hath produced her Homers, her Demostheneses, her Virgils, and her Cæsars, in classic days of Greece and Rome; and on these noble souls, learning cast her most graceful mantle, but what was the subjects and ends of their immortal works? what but blood and battle, intrigue and oppression, in this poor passing scene. 'Tis true that they all refer to a future state of being, to that whence they flourished, but their deities are many, and had once been wicked and lewd men and women; and indeed the poets seem more to have introduced the mention of a future state to embellish their poems, by the imaginary pictures they drew of bliss and woe, than from any belief they had in the state itself, for their descriptions seem to be written in the most chastely historical vein imaginable, in which sarcasm is added to satire. 'Tis true that in more modern days, and nearer home, we find the efforts and powers of genius and learning, in a pre-eminent degree, in our Pitts, and Foxs, and Cannings—our Byrons and Scotts; but, alas! their bright geniuses

and learned and entertaining books, and their soul-stirring orations only aimed at passing, fading events, and fell back again to earth from whence they had their origin, long ere they reached the clouds; and many of their productions are only calculated to render the world even worse than they found it. And some too could be pointed out among the generation in which we live, whom learning and genius conspire to render great in the world's eyes, but who have not yet exhibited many symptoms of the other requisite of greatness. Such spirits as that of B——m, whom a lapidary would be inclined to compare to a diamond of more than ordinary size, but badly cut and worse set; as L——t, who, though not perhaps so large a gem originally, yet shines with a brighter lustre and steadier blaze. And P——l likewise, who is a brilliant of the clearest water, polished by the surest hand but not skilfully set. And then again I might instance the B—— of E——r, not much, if anything, inferior in point of genius and learning to the rest; and it is to be hoped he is in the Artificer's hands, who alone can set him to the best advantage: but where, it may be asked, can an instance among political men be found in which are exemplified the power of the three requisites of nobility of mind? Among those of by-gone days, I would name Wilberforce, of whom Pitt declared 'that even religion sat well on Wilberforce.' How poor is genius and learning without God's grace, is manifested in these few words, of that wonderful statesman Pitt. It was a silly, childish saying; for as well might he have said that even virtue, and modesty, and gentleness sat well on an exquisitely beautiful woman, or that even the evening star sits well upon the face of night; so

much folly in so great a man only proves the truth of that paradox of St. Paul, "that the wisdom of God is foolishness to every carnal heart;" and the converse of the proposition too that the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men. And most true it is that a haughty mind, all things considered, cannot exist without free unmerited grace, for genius and learning only hold their dominion over the carnal senses and affections of man, while God's grace spreads a bright halo around every faculty of the mind and energy of the body; and not only so, but also fits the possessor for a sphere of existence and state of society as far above this paltry earth and its transitory enjoyments as the brightness of the sun in his meridian splendour is above the flicker of a dim and dull lamp; free grace has its source from the fountain of all light and truth, and its ends are not the accomplishment of some momentary supposed good, but the imperishing glories of an endless life of joy and peace with God, the Author of men's beings, and Christ the giver of grace; by which men are saved through faith, which has enabled them to subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain God's promises, stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of fire, escape the edge of the sword, out of weakness made men strong, and wax valiant in fight, and turn to flight the armies of aliens, which enabled women to receive their dead restored to life again; which enabled others to endure torture, mockings, scourgings, bonds, imprisonments, stonings, sawings asunder, temptations, slaughters, wanderings, destitution, affliction, torments, &c. *Sic itur ad astra.*

I remain, madam, very faithfully yours,

A LOVER OF SINGULARITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

MAY I, without incurring the charge of presumption, venture to offer a few remarks on an article entitled 'Old Maids,' which appeared in your Christian Lady's Magazine for March, leaving them of course to your judgment to insert them or otherwise in a future number.

Admiring, as all must do, the motives from which it appears to have been penned, as well as the beautiful language in which its sentiments are conveyed; and thanking the author of it for the kind and benevolent spirit which pervades it throughout, and the truly Christian, and, I would add, affectionate advice with which it closes, I yet venture to dissent from a part of it, inasmuch as I conceive one of the reasons on which it is based to be a false one. Unlike those whom your correspondent has but too rightly described, as running headlong into almost any misfortune to avoid the despised title of an 'old maid,' I, from personal observation, have been led much to admire this sisterhood, and many wishes have I already formed to become one day one of their respected number; very anxious am I therefore to be quite sure that the charge of *selfishness* does not belong to them more than others.

Your correspondent says: 'The first and most

general charge against old maidenism, and one which appears to be the *best grounded*, as well as the best defined, is *its selfishness.'* Now it is evident, from the wording of the sentence, as well as the sentiments which follow, that the writer *herself* (?) believes the accusation to be a just one, although she has proved it not to be a 'necessary ingredient in the lot of celibacy.' Yet is it so? I think and hope not. Nay, I venture to assert, from all I have seen of this class, I have almost invariably found them even less tinctured with this sin than the 'married wife.' True, the latter has a husband and family; but does not this very circumstance prove sometimes almost favourable to selfishness? I allow it is of a modified character; but it still partakes in a great degree of the leading features of the primitive evil. Do we not find, indeed is it not to be expected, that she cares much less for the interests of all save her own family than the 'old maid?' Yes, she must do so, for she has ties which limit and confine her affections to one circle; while, on the contrary, the unmarried woman is unfettered, and a more extended and much larger number demand her attention.

Does not memory even now give back to many of us the loved form of some maiden aunt, one who has seemed the centre of two or three families of nephews and nieces, and has ever been looked up to by them as the being of all others the most devoid of *selfiskness?* Thinking not of herself, but of them, how has she felt for their childish cares and troubles, even with the affection of a parent, and been the first to plead for forgiveness for their youthful offences. Has she not been the very person to whom they have applied when they wanted a favour granted, a 'les-

son excused' to run out to play on a bright sunny morning, or 'a half-holiday to go and gather flowers for little brother on his birth-day?' I can only answer from experience, that with myself this has been the case, and I am still privileged in possessing a dear revered relative such as I have described. The sympathies of such an one are certainly of a more enlarged, and consequently of a less selfish, character, than the 'married wife.' They must be so, since she regards every one of her youthful relatives with an equal eye of affection, and has no particular ties which bind her to one family, to the partial exclusion of the rest.

And surely mine is not a *solitary* example, an *exception* only to a general rule; and the picture which I have so long treasured in my mind, as connected with the 'old maid,' is not one which owes the brightest tints of its colouring to the vagaries of fancy, and will not therefore bear an exposure to the light; but others will remember with me the gratitude they also owe to some such disinterested relative, and thus prove it to be founded in sober reason and truth.

I acknowledge, with your talented correspondent, the frequency of the charge urged against spinsters; but, as their advocate, I own frankly that I consider it to be generally false. That there are examples to be found of isolated individuals, of whom moroseness and selfishness are the chief characteristics, I do not deny; but would it be fair to take such beings as representatives of a certain class, because we have here and there discovered one such, when their very situation in life seems the *consequence* of their disposition, and not the disposition *produced by* the situation.

Your correspondent allows the 'old maid' to possess an advantage over the 'married wife,' in a Christian point of view, attributing it to her freedom from earthly ties, and quotes, in support of her assertion, a decisive passage from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. "There is this difference between a wife and a virgin: the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." Now what are these "things of the world" which are a hindrance to the wife and mother, and are in danger of drawing her affections to earth? They are those in which *selfishness* proves one of the most powerful of her spiritual antagonists, and which too often succeeds in hindering her in her heavenward race, when, instead of "escaping for her life" from the city of corruption, and keeping her eye stedfastly fixed on the end of her race, she is tempted yet to *linger* in the plain, to *look back* yet again on her way. Oh, much need has she of earnest prayer for grace, so to *deny herself* that she may never love 'son or daughter' more than her Saviour, lest at last she be found not 'worthy' of him.

Numerous are the bright examples which might be produced illustrative of the enlarged sympathies of the Christian 'old maid.' Let us look but to the talented Hannah More and her sisters, who seemed so entirely devoted to the cause of their Redeemer, and the advancement of his glory. How many schools are now existing which they founded! How changed, by the blessing of God working with them, is the neighbourhood they inhabited! How many comforts they relinquished, and how much *self-denial*

they practised, and that not for their own but others' good! How much Christian benevolence and faith too is apparent in those simple and impressive tracts which they wrote, and cast among their poor and ignorant neighbours, like "bread upon the waters," and which will indeed "be found after many days!"

It may be advanced, that I have selected in favour of my side of the argument, those whose Christian career shone with an *unusual* lustre; and I acknowledge, that very seldom do we find so much talent and piety united in the female character. But when this union does occur, where, I would ask, does it appear to the greatest advantage, the least tainted with selfishness, as the 'old maid,' or as the 'married wife?' Is it probable that Hannah More and her sisters would have carried the same designs into execution if they had been fettered with the ties of husbands and families? Their time would have been otherwise occupied, their duties would have led them in a different path, their purposes would have been less disinterested. In a word, their sympathies with all save their own circle would have found less room for expansion, and *therefore* selfishness would have taken firmer root. I might allude to many other well-known instances; but I am aware, madam, that as a stranger I have already occupied quite enough, if not too much, of your time and attention; if so, my interest in the subject must plead an excuse for one who, though feebly advocating the cause, wishes still to subscribe herself

A WOULD-BE SPINSTER.

VISIT TO A CONVENT IN LANGUEDOC, IN 1830.

Miss H——, a young lady from Ireland, being in the south of France, was induced to spend a few days at the convent of L'Avoult. A situation of more incomparable beauty is rarely to be found. The convent is placed on the top of a ridge of rocks, underneath which the waters of the Rhone glide with smoothness and rapidity. This enchanting scene is backed by the Cevennes, cultivated nearly to their summit. Around these picturesque mountains, the olive, fig-tree and vine throw their luxuriant branches.

Miss H—— having had an introduction to the abbess, was received in the most courteous manner, but she was concerned to find that this truly respectable lady was deeply indisposed, and that an incurable malady threatened speedy dissolution. Apparently under much suffering, Madame Louise rather looked than expressed her kindly feelings. With a gentle pressure of the hand she excused herself to Miss H——, because of her inability in person to observe the rules of hospitality; but she sent for the sisters Eudoxie and Sidonie to be her substitutes. Slight as was the exertion, it was evidently overpowering, and the abbess sunk back on her couch with closed eyes and pallid cheeks. Miss H—— perceiving her ex-

treme exhaustion, withdrew immediately, and saw her no more for the remainder of the evening.

The two sisters who were deputed to attend upon her, were in appearance truly prepossessing. They were nuns of the order la Sainte Trinité. Eudoxie was all that can be imagined of a dignified and high-minded young woman, whose pride, if not wholly eradicated, was at least subdued by religious feeling. Her figure, tall and majestic, with dark penetrating eyes and rather stern expression of countenance, commanded a degree of respect at the early age of nineteen. She had been what is considered well educated. She was at least deeply read in the works of the fathers.

Sidonie formed a great contrast to her cloistered sister: her bright blue eye and dimpled smiles depicted a heart at ease, full of joy and of love to all around her. They escorted Miss H—— through the convent, giving her such information as they thought would interest her, until the hour arrived when supper was announced, Scarcely were the ladies seated round the table, when the friend who had introduced Miss H—— into this agreeable society made some observation on her being a Protestant. 'A Protestant!' exclaimed Eudoxie, with a look of great surprise and regret. 'A Protestant!' re-echoed Sidonie also, with an expression of surprise mingled with pity the most benevolent; and taking the hand of Miss H—— (who sat between the two sisters), she said, 'Peu chere,' God has surely sent you to us that you might be converted.'

But this flattering expectation was soon damped by the answer of Miss H——, who perceiving that every eye was fixed upon her, felt herself called on

to give a reason for the hope that was in her; this she was enabled to do fully and clearly. In explaining the Protestant faith, she brought forward the written record of God, and Christ as the rock, the chief corner-stone on which her hope of salvation depended, and on which her religion was founded. From the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke, and no doubt, in that trying moment she felt the presence of Him who can loose the tongue of the stammerer, and by whose Holy Spirit the simple ones are taught.

One of the ladies, a visitor, cried out in much amazement at hearing, from the lips of so young a female, subjects discussed which, to her, were abstruse beyond all comprehension, 'How and where have you learned all this?'

'From the bible,' replied Miss H——.

'From the bible!' the lady repeated with animation and quickness, 'What is the bible? where is the bible? Let me have it, that I also may know these things.'

The next morning Miss H—— was invited to attend mass with the nuns: but this she declined candidly telling them that not being able conscientiously to worship as they worshipped, she would not wound their feelings by being a mere spectatress at their religious rites. This declaration led to another discussion, which was interrupted by the appearance of the officiating priest, on seeing whom one of the nuns exclaimed, 'Tenez, voici Monsieur le vicaire; he will soon explain these things.' The whole party went out to meet him: he was a young man, in age about 24, of a mild interesting countenance, in manner and address very superior to that which is gen-

erally seen here, in persons of his vocation. After some communication from the nuns respecting Miss H——, she was introduced to the vicaire, who placed his back against a tree, and folding his arms, with his left foot advanced, he assumed the self-confident air of one who has already gained the victory, being firmly persuaded that a few brief sentences would for ever silence the weak arguments of the deluded heretic.

Let us figure to ourselves the group which they formed. The tall figure of the vicaire, in flowing black robes and small canonical hat, such as is peculiar to that part of the country, encircled by the nuns, who stood in mute attention with clasped hands and downcast eyes while this strange colloquy lasted. Miss H —— being brought forward, was requested to repeat what she had said on the previous evening, as the sisters present wished for farther explanation on those subjects. Miss H—— unhesitatingly obeyed: according to her day strength was given her, to declare the whole counsel of God; such things as none professing Christianity could gainsay or contradict. The vicaire heard with evident astonishment; it was plain that he expected no such thing, and that he was totally unprepared with an answer which could disprove what had been said. From the unadulterated word of God he attempted no argument, but spoke of the fathers and of the authority of the church. Miss H—— answered, that with the writings of the fathers she was unacquainted, having no desire to seek after any doctrine which she could not draw from the pure milk of the word, and the authority of the church of Rome she could not acknowledge. She farther told him that the book of God was her

authority, and the Holy Spirit of God her guide in throwing light on its pages. She arrogated to herself no wisdom or knowledge in these matters, above that which the most simple might learn, even such teachable little ones as those for whom the Lord himself returned thanks, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Miss H—— brought forward many passages from the scripture in confirmation of all that she had stated, and she was agreeably surprised to see the vicaire take from his bosom a small French Testament, the cover and leaves of which bore testimony to its being frequently used. In opening it, he confessed his inability to find any arguments to confute those which she had advanced. He could give but one decided answer to her objections to the Roman Catholic church; it must be the true church, being the earliest, being that pure church which was derived from the apostles themselves, and was founded on the word of God, and consequently, every sect and party which differed from this church must needs be in error. Miss H—— agreed to the truth of his religion being founded on the word of God; but, she added, your church has widely strayed from that source; as a flowing stream issues from a rock, pure and undefiled, until it meets on its way with much extraneous matter, with which becoming impregnated, all its original clearness is gone; and being impossible to decompose it, the whole must be rejected, and we must return to the source, to draw from thence the unmingled stream.

The vicaire looked thoughtful, as if some new impression had been made, and on taking leave he told Miss H—— that he hoped to see her again on the following day. He came accordingly, but not until a late hour in the evening, having, as he said, spent the entire day in searching the scriptures; and now he could quote fluently passage for passage, the nuns being present, as on the preceding day. In their minds the most lively interest had been awakened, and they often exclaimed, 'What knowledge! what courage thus to speak to M. le Vicaire!'

Before we proceed we would make one observation on the field of usefulness open to the Christian continental tourist. By a thorough acquaintance with the scriptures in French, these people, unused to such exercises, will listen with alacrity and without prejudice, therefore the advantage ground is greater, much greater than in our own country, where religious discussions are too often carried on in bitterness of spirit; under that excitement which is caused by a desire to prove one party wrong and the other right. If this be so, it must engender strife. Now we are told, that knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth. If the constraining love of Christ be the principle of acting, far different will be the result; the message of God delivered in love will accomplish that for which it is sent.

In such a teachable spirit did the nuns hear all that Miss H—— had to say, and the vicaire also; far from being wearied, he returned the following morning, at five o'clock, to renew this subject; more, perhaps, from the hope of converting than being converted. For this purpose he brought with him a book, and in presenting it to Miss H—— told her

that he had far more reliance on the arguments therein contained, in bringing conviction to her mind, than anything he could urge. She took the book, on condition that he would accept one from her in return, which was the whole book of God—the unadulterated Protestant Bible. In receiving each other's presents they mutually promised attentively to study the contents.

The dying abbess did not lose the benefit of these conversations, for though she could not be present at them, much was repeated to her, and she herself received many visits from Miss H——, who lost no opportunity of setting before her the truth as it is in Jesus. We may well believe also, that the Holy Spirit took of the things of Jesus, and shewed them unto her, for as she drew near the closing scene, she seemed to cast off all but Jesus, in whom she found an anchor for her soul, both sure and stedfast. At seventeen, this venerable lady, Madame Louise, narrowly escaped the guillotine because of her having persisted in being faithful to her vows; and from that period her life had been one continued tenor of self-denial and devotion, and so great was the respect and attachment of the nuns, that they gave her the fond appellation of saint, which, speaking after the manner of men, she might seem to have merited, but certainly not in her own estimation, as her confession to Miss H—— gave her reason to believe. Having asked her if the recollection of her past life gave her any hope of being accepted before God. Miss H—— said that she never could forget her answer, nor the expression of her glassy eyes, as she stedfastly fixed them upon her, while repeating the parable, "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a pha-

risee, and the other a publican. 'The pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican; I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." At the conclusion of this beautifully-touching parable, she exclaimed, 'I am the publican, I can only say, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" I have no hope but in Christ; he is all my joy.'

'A few weeks afterwards,' Miss H—— added, 'I trust she saw him as he is.'

It is to be wished she had added some farther particulars of the convent of L'Avoult, but her account closes here.

We have, however, another interesting little detail of a visit which she paid to the extensive iron mines of L'Avoult, where she says there are many other places well worth seeing; but this one was rendered peculiarly interesting by a circumstance which attended her visit. As she never before had seen the process of melting and purifying this metal, she examined the machinery and all connected with it, and was much pleased, though one horrific idea intruded itself—she said she was reminded of the imaginative descriptions she had read of the infernal regions. She drew a vivid picture of what she saw. A number of figures, passing and repassing, as it were, through the flames, whose half-naked, blackened forms gave them more the appearance of demons than of living men. In the centre of the mine were hollowed out two grooves, from five to eight feet wide, which were

instantaneously filled with red liquid ore, which poured in like liquid streams of fire. From these curious objects, Miss H.'s attention was diverted by a very unexpected and also a very welcome intrusion. Who would expect in such a place to meet a country-woman?—And not only a country-woman, but a fellow pilgrim also!

Those who have never wandered from their beloved country and home, and all those whom memory holds most dear, and been long without seeing any face, save that of strangers, can conceive the heartfelt pleasure of recognizing, in some unlooked-for spot, the countenance of a compatriot!

The distinctions of age and rank are forgotten, and we think of nothing but the joy of hearing our own language spoken, and meeting the eyes of one who, like ourselves, first opened them on that country ever cherished in our thoughts above all other places in this habitable globe.

The poor Irishwoman, whose countenance beamed with pleasure as she accosted Miss H., was the wife of one of the engineers. She had been two years in France without having acquired the least knowledge of the French language; not being able to comprehend anything of what was spoken around her. She was indeed an isolated being in the midst of a crowd.

Having heard of the arrival of an English lady, she hastily left her cottage, and came to meet Miss H. with open arms, and all the enthusiastic warmth of an Irish heart, without expecting to find in that lady *literally* a country-woman. When she did make the interesting discovery, she clasped her hand in hers, and poured out her long pent up sorrows. Miss H.

listened with deep attention, and took the first opportunity of pointing out the Friend of the friendless; even that friend who sticketh closer than a brother.

The poor woman immediately answered that she knew that Friend. In all her trials she had experienced His protecting care, In time past, her God had never deserted her, and in time to come she was sure He never, never would. But for this joyful assurance, she added, she would feel wretched.

She acknowledged that she had no just cause for wretchedness, as the Lord had given her a pious husband, who came in every night after his laborious day's work to read, and pray, and sing the songs of Zion with her. The day, to be sure, she said, appeared tedious, as she did not know how to read, and could not beguile the hours in holding Christian communication with any neighbour. Those around her made a mock of her kind of worship, "but we must not," she said, "be ashamed of our way of worshipping our God."

She farther told Miss H. of a good Protestant pastor, who lived at Pape, a little village near the mines, who came sometimes to see her and her husband, yet on account of the difference of language, they could get little benefit, but when she was ill, and saw the good man on his knees by the bedside, and heard his voice in prayer, the sight and sound were very sweet and comforting to her soul, for she knew he was calling upon God in her behalf. She then, in a pressing manner, invited Miss H. to go with her, and spend the evening at her cottage. But this young lady had, to her great regret, other engagements, as she would greatly have preferred the society of that simple child

of God to the worldly conversation to which she was obliged to return.

Early the next morning she went to her new friend, who was anxiously watching for her, and no sooner was she seated than the poor woman brought forth her books, and she read to her, and they knelt in prayer together. Then Miss H. opened her hymn book upon that beautiful hymn, "Come ye that love the Lord." They attempted to sing, but being overcome, they burst into tears from the reciprocal recollection of their native land, where they had so often heard it resound from voice to voice in the multitude which kept the same holiday, and they both felt that they could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

The Cevennes are inhabited by a simple race of Protestants, much more simple in doctrine, and more exemplary in life than those of the vallies in Dauphiny, but there has been in these latter times a great revival of religion in different parts of the south, particularly in Dróme, where the preaching of M. Charles has been attended with a blessing from the Lord.

The Cevennes are rendered peculiarly interesting to the Protestant traveller from the recollection of the shelter which these mountains afforded, in former times, to the meetings of Protestants, presented by tyrannical governors. When even an English fleet in the Mediterranean, during the reign of Queen Anne, could afford them no protection, all the passes being blocked up by their inveterate enemies.

What a religion is that which would persecute, even unto death, the true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ! Can they be Christians who would destroy those, because of their religion, whose sole dependance is on Christ? Roman Catholics have done this,

and would do so still if they had the means and the power; yet the Roman Catholics are called Christians;—can they be called true Christians who seek to other means of salvation than that which flowed from the veins of the Son of God, who is God himself—God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself? Was that great sacrifice so insufficient, that such means must be added as our penances, purgatory, and expiations such as we can offer? We who are altogether corrupt, can we make any acceptable offering to a God of purity and holiness? Are our prayers, our tears, our best sacrifices free from the pollution of the flesh? Must not the iniquity of our most holy things be purified by the blood of cleansing, or they alone, if we had no other guilt to cover, would condemn us before the bar of eternal truth and justice?

It is not the intercession of angels, or good men, or glorified saints which can avail us before that dread tribunal. The intercession of Jesus alone will be listened to there, no other sacrifice can be pure in the sight of a holy God than that which he has offered. How lamentably erroneous then must that church be which points out so many ways of salvation to cooperate with that which our great Redeemer himself declared to be finished, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." John xvii. 4.

Can Roman Catholics then be saved? Not *in* their errors, but *from* their errors they may; for when the heart shall turn to the Lord the veil shall be taken away, the wood, the hay, the stubble shall be burned up. There have been too many among them called out of darkness into marvellous light, to make this a doubtful point. But many see, who dare not say they

see; many, like Nicodemus, from fear, come by night to be taught; many are kept down by the thraldom of the priests, and dare not let their light shine before men; it is the policy of the priests to keep their deluded flock in error; they denounce the word of God, because such light flashes upon each page of that sacred book, as would at once put an end to their gain. It is not there found that silver and gold can purchase absolution, or redeem a guilty soul from the plagues of purgatory; no, the bible says we must let that alone for ever.

The bible tells of free pardon, without money or without price, of our own; the bible drives the sinner from every refuge of lies, while it holds up Christ crucified for sin from the foundation of the world, and it tells of the operation of the Holy Spirit, in taking of the things of Jesus, and shewing them unto us, that we may have done with our pharisaical observances. When the Holy Spirit gives light, what can bring darkness? Before this great luminary Satan's delusions must vanish, as the clouds when the day breaketh.

While under the Papal yoke, the mind is kept in bondage; it is blinded, the veil is upon the heart; but when the day dawns the shadows flee away—"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." 2 Cor. iii. 16. The light of the gospel brings conviction to the mind, and then the influence of the priest ceases—their "craft is in danger," "the hope of their gains is gone;" therefore the reading of the scriptures is prohibited to the ignorant laity, from many of those of whom the Saviour rejoicingly says, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the

wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so Father, for so it seemed good in thine eyes." Matt. ii. 25.

The priests profess to work a miracle in administering the sacrament. In passing the bread and wine through their hands, they persuade the people that it is converted into the real body and blood of our blessed Lord. Wishing them to believe this, no wonder they keep back the revelation of the truth: and if the same question occurs which was asked by the Jews, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" the explanation of the mystery, given by the Lord himself, is withheld—"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." Our earthly body does not need the earthly body of Christ to sustain it; but the soul that does not feed on Christ must die—"That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. If we are not spiritually born again, we cannot see the kingdom of God." The priests may as well say that they can bring about this new birth in a natural way, as that they can change the bread and wine into the real presence. Yet the Lord is always, in a spiritual sense, really present with his people. Nicodemus received the Saviour's words in the literal sense, and said, "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?" Both these questions and that which was asked by the Jews, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" our Saviour answers in the same way, by pointing to the operation of the Holy Spirit in first changing the heart, and afterwards feeding the soul, nou-

rishing it in all goodness, by which it grows daily, and is strengthened with strength in the inward man, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." Whenever we are truly brought to believe in Jesus the eyes of our understanding will be enlightened to know these things, for He says, "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness." John xii. 46. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

S. M.

HYMN.

When clouds on clouds portentous rise,
And gath'ring gloom involves the sky,
Gladly the way-worn trav'ller hies
To some lone cot that opens nigh.

Then safely lodged, though storms may beat,
And torrents deluge all the plain,
Within his close and warm retreat
He heeds nor wind nor driving rain.

Our life is like a stormy day,
Its brightest hours are but the gleams
That glance across the traveller's way,
Then flit as splendid forms in dreams.

Life's calms are few, its tempests rude,
Its sweetest pleasures swiftest flee.
Lord, 'mid life's wintry solitude,
Our only refuge is in Thee.

To all thy servants, Thou art near,
Though dangers hourly round them rise—
Thy presence Thou vouchsaf'st them here,
And hence Thou lead'st them to the skies.

There on thy bosom they repose,
From toil, and fear, and danger free—
On earth alone the rude wind blows—
In heav'n there is tranquillity.

S. W. H.

London, Feb. 26, 1839.

HOME EDUCATION.

No. V.

Our author's suggestions, in his chapter on the 'training of the sense of resemblance and relation, and of the perception of analogy,' should, we think, be adopted with caution. If acted upon in their length and breadth, without any contemporaneous training of a more orderly and systematic kind, they would probably foster desultory habits of mind, and tend to incapacitate it, or give at least a distaste for continuous application.

'The very characteristic,' he says, 'of that sort of culture which should be addressed to the intuitive faculties is, that it abounds in sudden transitions and extreme contrasts, as well in its subjects as in the mode of presenting them' (p. 324); and 'the methods of exercise which I have to suggest are proper, some to the fifth year, some to the fifteenth' (p. 305.) During this period, however, he assumes 'that a moderate proficiency in the mathematics has been made' (p. 317): and, as he holds that when the reason and the other 'active powers come to be elicited, a well digested consecutive system must be adhered to' (p. 324), we infer, that the 'changeful, desultory, rambling style' (p. 325) of instruction, which he advocates for the culture of the intuitive faculties, is not in his view, to be the only, or even

the predominant, style, till the age of fifteen, but is to be counterbalanced and modified, by the orderly and well digested culture of the active faculties. But as he reserves for a future volume his suggestions for this 'well-digested consecutive' culture, we have thought it well to give this caution, lest any of our readers should adopt his suggestions respecting the training of the sense of resemblance and relation, and of the perception of analogy, without that counterbalance and modification which the orderly culture of the reason and other active faculties—not forgetting the memory—provides. Without such counterbalance and modification, desultory habits, we fear, will be formed before the end of the fifteenth year, which it will be very difficult to correct: nor, at that late period, will the teacher find it easier to introduce and enforce that 'well-digested system,' which *then* at least 'must be adhered to.'

Our readers will perhaps be curious to see an illustration of the 'rambling style.' We will give one from our author, which will also afford us an opportunity of pointing out another danger, against which a teacher adopting the system will have to guard—the danger of connecting together facts, which have no proper connection, by an incidental, possibly an imperfect, resemblance or analogy.

He supposes a soap-bubble to be blown from the end of a tube adapted to the purpose, in the presence of a family circle, including 'some who have made a fair proficiency in the mathematics, while others have only, as yet, laughed and chatted with philosophy:' and suggests that 'such questions as the following may be put to the group,' 'with the bubble *suspended*, and the tube adroitly twirled, it is asked,

What is now the figure of this bubble? it is a flattened sphere;' (this, *en passant*, is an ambiguous expression, for want of the addition, *at the poles*) 'called?—an oblate spheroid. What oblate spheroid can you think of, which owes its flattened figure to the very same cause that has changed this bubble from a prolate to an oblong form? The earth. And what *is* that cause? The twirling it. Then this earth of ours is an oblate spheroid; or we may call it a bubble, blown in molten granite, and spinning on its axis, while yet soft; but now the bubble is motionless, and the superfluous fluid, which had encircled its equatorial region, subsides, and forms a big drop, pendant at the southern pole. But do the two poles form arcs of the same sort? No, the upper arc is a mere open ellipsis; the lower tends to a point: like?—a chain suspended, with a weight at the middle; but the upper arc is nearly like?—the extremity or *turn* of the orbit of a comet.' (p. 320, 321.) Here we have some fanciful and erroneous analogies. The 'molten granite,' of which our author supposes the earth to consist, has no resemblance to a soap-bubble, consisting of a portion of *elastic air* enclosed in film. Nor is there any proper connection between the figure assumed by the bubble when it has become *stationary*, and the orbit of a comet *revolving* round the sun. The physical principles applicable to the two cases are wholly distinct.

There is one passage in this chapter which we cannot pass by without observation. 'Far better is it to allow young people to laugh at the uproarious humour of Mr. Quickly's guests, than to let them sip Circe's cup from the hand of certain of our modern poets,' (p. 334.) This is true; but we see no reason

why they should be allowed either the one or the other. We would not have them 'make a mock at sin.'

Though our author postpones to another volume what he has to suggest on the culture of the faculties, which he denominates active or operative, he discusses, in the last chapter of the present volume, 'the principle of transition....from the culture of the intuitive to the exercise of the operative faculties.' (p. 350.) Our author's doctrine is, that in exercising the sense of resemblance and the perception of analogy, we are making 'the true preparative for sound reasoning' and sound philosophy. (p. 354.) This position should be received with some qualification. A habit of hunting after resemblances and analogies, unless accompanied and checked by a habit of noticing differences, tends, we think, to form a powerful but sophistical debater, rather than an accurate reasoner or a sound philosopher. How common is the sophistry which depends on a false analogy, and how many are unable to detect it! 'Every man should choose and pay his own religious teacher, as every man chooses and pays his own physician.' How often is this fallacy repeated; and how few unravel it, simple as is the answer, that the sick man knows and feels his malady, and desires and is willing to purchase relief; while man, in his natural state, neither knows nor feels his spiritual malady, or his need of religious instruction. We have been led into a longer review of this volume than we anticipated, by finding, as we more carefully examined the system proposed in it, that, while it suggests many important improvements in education, and lays down some important principles applicable

to the culture of the intellectual faculties, we could not recommend its adoption without many qualifications and exceptions.

We have also, as we promised, interwoven with our review many suggestions on a point which, in our opinion, is essential to all sound education, but which is excluded from the plan of the work—moral and religious culture. Our author, however, sometimes extends to moral culture propositions which he has occasion to enunciate respecting intellectual education.

'It is,' he says, 'a principle of sovereign importance and wide application in the culture as well of the moral sentiments as of the intellect. That education is not a negative process, anxiously devised for shutting out the knowledge and contact of evil, but a positive process, in every instance, providing for the exclusion of evil, by pre-occupying the mind and heart with the best materials and the best habits.' (p. 234.)

This principle, *properly qualified*, is indeed of 'sovereign importance.' We cannot shut out the knowledge of evil. The child bears within his own breast the seeds of evil; and the first two chapters of his Bible both bring him to the knowledge of evil, and exhibit to him the origin and the consequences of evil, together with that remedy for evil which is more fully explained in the gospels—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" *This* knowledge of evil not only should not be 'shut out,' but should be taught with its cure. But we would, as far as practicable, *shut out* from the child the *contact of evil.* We would especially banish those books, which exhibit sin under seductive forms; and

we would be the more rigorous in their exclusion, if addressed to the imagination and clothed in the charms of poetry. We would also shield the child from the influence of evil example; especially when connected with talent and evil principle. In a sense, therefore, education should be a negative process, but not *merely* negative, it must be also a positive process. If we banish books of immoral tendency, we should supply their place by others calculated to foster right principles and feelings; if we exclude evil example, we should be careful, parents and teachers, to set a good example ourselves, and to hold up to imitation the only perfect example—that of our Lord Christ Jesus. We should endeavour to pre-occupy the mind and the heart with the best *materials* and the best *habits;* this we may do, though we cannot *pre-occupy* it with a right *disposition.* But we may pray that a right disposition be given to the child: and faithful is He who has promised to answer prayer. If we ask in faith, nothing doubting; if we ask as if we could do nothing ourselves, and yet diligently use the means of culture which God has placed in our hands, as though nothing could be done without them, He will assuredly perform. This duty of earnest, persevering, *undoubting* prayer for a blessing on the methods used in education, whether religious, moral or intellectual, cannot be too strongly impressed on all, whether parents or teachers, who are engaged in that work; and the child should be taught to pray, "Give me a clean heart, O God, and put a right spirit within me." The Psalms of David will furnish him with numberless short and appropriate petitions; and therefore, at an early age, the

mind should be furnished from this rich treasury of devotion.

We would not, however, advise, in childhood, formal lectures on religion. Enough instruction of this sort the child will receive while joining in the worship of the congregation or of the family. But the principles of religion may be instilled by short and pointed, and familiar remarks, arising out of the occurrences of every day; by kind and affectionate admonitions when the child has swerved from duty; by the silent influence of example; by constant reference to the holy law of God, as the only and all sufficient rule of duty; by *practically* exhibiting the gospel of Christ as the law of love, as "love, joy and peace in believing."

If this course be pursued, we fear not the result of that which our author deems 'the point of trial for our domestic system;' the forming of the habit of STRENUOUS CONTINUED LABOUR, impelled by motives that are seen and felt to be IRRESISTIBLE.' (p. 164.) This remark refers, of course, only to the later period of education, till which time *strenuous continued labour* is not required, nor ought to be exacted. By that time, under a right, moral and religious culture, and the blessing of God vouchsafed thereto in answer to prayer, the motives inculcated by the gospel of Christ will (we may reasonably—aye, confidently hope) be 'seen and felt to be *irresistible.*' The love of Christ is a *constraining* motive; and if the youth has read his Bible under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, he will have learnt "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again:' he will have bethought himself, and perhaps have inquired of his parents,

how he may best serve his Lord and Saviour and benefit his fellow-creatures. A youth, in whose heart the love of Christ has been shed abroad by the Holy Ghost, need only be told, if indeed he does not himself discover, that diligence in the pursuit of his studies is essential as a preparation for future usefulness, either in the promotion of his Saviour's glory, or in forwarding the temporal or spiritual welfare of others; and he will feel the love of Christ, who died for him, to be indeed an *irresistible* motive to *strenuous continued labour*. Shall the schoolboy feel the terror of the rod, or the desire of being first in his class, or some vague ambition of rivalling the patriots or legislators, the poets or the orators, of Greece and Rome—to be an irresistible motive?—and shall not the young disciple of Christ be constrained to diligent and steady effort, by far higher and nobler and more generous motives—the love of such a Saviour—the hope of a "crown of glory," of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away"—the ambition to *overcome* whatever tempts him away from present duty—the promise of our Lord, "to him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my father on his throne?"

We expressed a doubt whether our author is right in conceding, that 'if children are to be removed from our care, and are to abandon the means of improvement as they enter their teens, no choice is left us but to develope the mind as quickly and as fully as we can;' and we postponed this question, with the consideration of which we must now conclude our observations.

Our author refers principally to the infant-school system. 'The rule,' he says, 'of the infant-school system is, to effect the greatest possible good in the shortest possible time, and at the cheapest possible rate; and carrying out this rule, it is necessary to employ every device that may be suggested by a parsimonious ingenuity, and such as shall spread a shining atom of knowledge over a surface astonishingly large. It is but justice, therefore, to applaud those wonders of charity that are daily performed in well-managed infant-schools; nor perhaps should we be very nice in our inquiries as to the ultimate consequences, when we see the intelligence of ten or twelve years developed at four or five. But assuredly the amazement felt in witnessing these exploits should not induce us, in returning home, where every circumstance, present and future, is totally different, to attempt a nursery imitation of the infant-school machinery.'—(pp. 86, 87.)

In the caution which the closing sentence dictates we entirely concur; but we think it a question deserving of careful inquiry, what (as regards the children of the poor) are the '*ultimate* consequences' to be expected from premature developement of the faculties in the infant-school system; and this is the more necessary, because the rule itself, as laid down by our author, appears to us right or wrong, according as we interpret the words, 'the greatest possible good.' If by this is understood, the communication of scriptural truth, the inculcation of religious principle, the forming of moral habits—whatever belongs to moral and religious training—the rule is clearly right. Trusting to the blessing of God on an effort thus to pour a flood (if it be possible) of scriptural

light into the 'abyss of ignorance and destitution' prevalent in great towns, we should not fear any pernicious effects as likely to result from 'a hurried and stimulating system of culture;' nor should we anticipate, that infants so educated would 'soon relapse into apathy and ignorance.' Rather should we hope, that the passages of scripture with which their memories had been stored, the holy precepts and precious promises of the word of God which had been inculcated in the infant-school, would be their solace 'under the toils of the factory or the field'—"a lamp unto" their "feet, and a light unto" their "path." To this end (and that they may, in the little leisure allowed by those toils—at least on the Lord's Day—improve their acquaintance with the word of God) we would have them taught to read at an earlier age than may be advisable, where education is to be carried on to the usual period; and we would also introduce so much of other instruction as would enliven, and amuse, and interest, by variety and novelty. But if by 'the greatest possible good' is meant, the communication of the greatest possible amount of knowledge, *secular* as well as religious, and the utmost possible exercise (however premature) of all the faculties of the mind, then we must be allowed to question the soundness of the rule. If (as our author assures us) children 'under the toils of the factory or the field too soon relapse into apathy and ignorance,' what benefit do they derive from the system? If they do not so relapse—if the powers prematurely called forth by the 'hurried and stimulating system' still seek for employment, which is denied to them amidst 'the toils of the factory or the field,' the very possession of such powers will,

under such circumstances, aggravate their misery by making them feel more acutely the hardships to which they are subjected, and *may* also originate a spirit of discontent and murmuring, which is too often not only sinful in itself, but the fruitful parent of sin and crime. We fear lest a 'shining atom of knowledge,' spread 'over a surface astonishingly large,' should dazzle the possessor, and make him fancy that the gaudy tinsel is real gold: and we know there is danger in that 'knowledge which puffeth up"—none in that "wisdom which is from above." We question whether, even as regards those whose 'schooling is to be completed at ten or twelve,' there is likely to result, from 'a hurried and stimulating system of' *intellectual* 'culture,' any advantage to countervail the 'mental or bodily injury which (our author concedes) the child *may* thence sustain; nor do we see on what ground it is to be anticipated, that 'under the toils of the factory,' and the lengthened confinement in an impure atmosphere, connected with those toils,' 'every trace' of such injury will be lost. Next in importance after the moral and religious culture to be carried on in the infant-school, we would place the healthful amusements of its play-ground; nor would we abridge one minute of play for the purpose of mere intellectual excitement, or of communicating any merely secular knowledge.

Review of Books.

THE CALL UPON THE GREAT. Seeley and Burnside.

To place before the people of England the duties that particularly press on them at this juncture, as patriots, and to enforce their obligations on grounds alike scriptural and rational, is as important a work as any writer can well be engaged in. To the higher orders especially is such a warning note requisite: and in the volume now before us we have all that can be desired as conducive to the object. The work commences with a reference to the character of the men of Issachar and of Zebulon, as described in the book of Chronicles, proceeding to apply the principle to the leading classes of society among us. Then follows a sketch of the political aspect of our day, especially as affected by the work-

ing of two great measures—the anti-Protestant concession of 1829, and the reform bill. The remarks on these points, with others arising out of them, are most forcible, just, and striking. We particularly admire the high ground taken, and ably maintained, by the author, while pointing out the grand defect of modern legislation and modern legislators—the absence of that living principle of godliness which alone can direct into, or sustain them upon, a right path. Under the head of 'Conservative Principles and Duties,' we find these energetic representations dwelt upon with admirable judgment. 'The Letter to the Queen' is then discussed, and the peculiar difficulties encompassing our beloved young sovereign very feelingly set forth. National education occupies, as it ought to do, a considerable space in this thin volume: the press is shewn in its mighty powers for good and for evil; the means now within our reach for stemming the tide of infidelity and licentiousness are descanted upon; and a few strong representations on the subject of female influence conclude this truly spirited, spiritual, and well-timed treatise.

Let none of our readers imagine that the work is of too political a cast, or too dry in its details to be suitable for them. It is far otherwise; and regarding, as we do, the immense importance of placing every individual at his or her post in these troublous times, we are most anxious to facilitate the sounding of this eloquent 'Call' in every corner of the land. We know not who is the author: but we consider the people of England as being greatly indebted to him.

THE MINIATURE COMMENTARY; *being short Comments on every Chapter of the Holy Bible.* Religious Tract Society.

THE 'Short Comments,' published by the Religious Tract Society, are well known. They are printed in large type, and run through several octavo volumes. We have here the same work re-published, in three small and elegant volumes adapted for the pocket. Henry, Scott, and other commentators holding their views, are the sources whence these expository remarks are derived. Of course they are all that can be wished in that line.

REAL SCENES IN IRISH LIFE. Tims, Dublin.

WE have reason to bless God for the extensive spread of Christian sympathy, on behalf of our Irish-speaking fellow subjects. That sure and SOLE remedy for all the evils under which poor Ireland groans—the Bible—is now circulated by thousands among the people, in the language so dear to their hearts. We think a perusal of this small sixpenny book will prove highly gratifying to those who have lent a helping hand in the work of mercy, and convince all who read its simple detail, that the word of God does run and is glorified, among the poor peasantry of that interesting land; shedding its pure beams on many a dark habitation, and causing the fetters of ignorance and superstition to melt away.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY PASTOR. Burns.

THESE 'Recollections' have already appeared in the Church of England Magazine; they are written in a pleasing style, apparently recording real occurrences, and calculated to be useful, no less than interesting. The author is, of course, a staunch churchman.

TWO SERMONS ON THE OFFICES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. *By the Rev. Hugh White, A. M. Curate of St. Mary's, Dublin.* Hamilton and Co.

MR. WHITE is always scriptural, eloquent, and practical: these are valuable discourses, and their being published in a small neat pocket volume, is an additional recommendation to such as may love the companionship of an impressive teacher.

KELSO. *The Sermons and Services at the opening of the North Parish Church, and the Ordination and Introduction of the Rev. Horatio Bonner, the first Minister. With an Introductory Notice, by the Rev. J. M'Culloch, A. M.* Johnstone, Edinburgh; Nisbet and Co.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unjust, unchristian reception, or rather rejection, with which the claims of our Scottish brethren were meet, when pleading the cause of church extension in their own country, the work

is carried on by the liberality of individuals whom God employs as the dispensers of his bounty. It is an awful spectacle that the English government now exhibits, with one hand lavishing money, power, patronage and every description of favor on the apostate abomination; with the other putting back the just demand of a pure, Protestant church, by law established, in an integral portion of our own territory, and eager for means to gather into her fold the many thousands of her own allotted flock, who wander abroad for lack of space to contain them. It seems as though the decree had gone forth from the high places of the land, to recognize as an elder sister the Romish harlot, and to cast out as an alien the kirk of Scotland, which has been owned of God through many a generation, among the main pillars of his truth. This we know to be the peculiar fancy of a singular sect, at Oxford; but surely the Protestantism of England is not yet at so low an ebb as to acquiesce in a proposition so unscriptural, so unnatural and so monstrous. Episcopalian, as we are, we hail the church of Scotland with a reverential affection scarcely inferior to that with which her own attached children regard her: and we look back with painful interest on those days when Archbishop Usher, and Bishop Bedell, acknowledged by the Irish branch of the kirk, as chief Presbyters, presided at the ordination of her ministers, in the spirit of a brotherhood that could not be broken. The return of those days would be to the Protestant church of Christ in these lands as life from the dead.

The very handsome volume before us; with its picturesque view of the church of Kelso, and interesting relation of its origin, contains also five sermons,

preached respectively at the opening of the church, at the ordination, and at the introduction of its new pastor, by several ministers, and his own first discourse. Pure doctrine, with close application, will be found to characterize them; and the perusal of such a book is well calculated to stimulate the brethren in a work which was never so much needed as now—that of striving together to build up the house of the Lord, in its original extent, harmony and beauty, as an impregnable barrier against the tide of hostile innovation, which so strongly sets in, to assail and to overthrow it.

THE SACRED DIARY; *or select meditations for every part of the day, and the employments thereof. By William Gearing, Rector of Christ Church, Southwark, in Surrey.* A.D. 1688. Religious Tract Society.

THIS book was published in a memorable year—that of the deliverance of these realms from Popery, by the arrival of king William, and it is pleasant to see the performance of a good man, quietly seated in his study, and helping by prayer, while monarchs and armies were struggling in a contest on the issue of which depended the replenishment of the lamp of divine truth in this land, or its utter extinction. There is, however, nothing political in the little volume before us: nor anything controversial. It is all close, personal work, purely spiritual in its tone, and in its tendency highly practical. The accept-

ance with which these re-publications are welcomed, at once proves and promotes the revival of true godliness among us.

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST; *or, the Sacerdotal Character of Christ contemplated. By John Cox, Minister of the Gospel, Woolwich.* Nisbet and Co.

MR. COX has published many little books, in all of which we trace the workings of a mind truly spiritual, devotional, and delighting in God. He has here taken up a most important subject, and treated it as might be anticipated from the general tenor of his writings. He is a very decided Calvinist, and a very determined millennarian; nor do we see why he should be ashamed to avow himself either the one or the other. The spirit of love animates him in no ordinary degree, even the Spirit of his divine Master; and we often find refreshment in perusing his pages. This is a wide and important field, entered on in the present volume, and we consider that he has well performed the task.

IMMANUEL; *or, the Incarnation of the Son of God. By the late Archbishop Usher. Revised and Edited by John Norman Pearson, M.A.* Forbes and Jackson.

A BRIEF memoir of that great luminary of the Irish church, Archbishop Usher, from the pen of Mr.

Pearson, adds value to this treatise, which, like all the writings of that truly great and good man is exceedingly rich in divine instruction. Such reprints, in small pocket volumes, moderately priced (this is only one shilling) do more towards correcting the prevailing tendency to dangerous novelties and unsound conceits than any thing except the word of truth itself, which few are content to make their exclusive study. We recommend this elegant little volume, with a hearty desire that it may be extensively read.

THE PROTESTANT.

THERE is an old adage, frequently quoted by Lord Roden, as being well understood and acted upon in Queen Elizabeth's days, a reference to which might serve to allay the importance with which some good people regard the constant recurrence to a subject that wearies them. Thus runs the distich :—

> 'He that would our England win
> Must with Ireland first begin.'

The little green island which stands out so boldly upon the broad Atlantic actually is what its position seems to indicate—the advanced guard of our empire. There have the battles of England's Protestantism been fought these centuries past; and there will the heat of the combat still be found to rage, while the larger proportion of our domestic territory looks on, enquiring—'How goes the fight?'

At present, after the capture of some, and utter dismantling of others, among our best fortifications, a vigorous assault is being conducted by the enemy against a stronghold of such importance that the successful issue of the attempt would leave us little to contend for. The war would then be brought within our own borders; and no guns would be found so destructively effective against England's citadel as those that would be turned against us from our abandoned Irish redoubt.

'All this my uncle laboured to make clear to me, while descanting upon the momentous character of a question still undecided in Parliament—that of the Irish Municipal Corporation bill.

'I wish, my dear,' said he, 'that you could win your fair readers to bestow a few minutes of serious, sober, earnest attention upon this subject. There is something in its very title that seems to sanction their disregard of the matter; for what, it may be fairly asked, have Christian ladies to do with legislating for municipal corporations? A slight sketch of the business would convince them that it is a question in which they, as Protestants, are deeply interested: and since it only remains now to the menaced parties that they throw themselves on the sympathy of English feeling, I think it is your duty, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, to devote a few pages to this important topic; securing to yourself the approving consciousness that you have done what you could.'

'Most gladly, uncle. Give me your view of the question, and of the duties it imposes upon us, and I will not be backward to use it.'

'In the first place, you are aware that in settling Ireland down, after the several distracting ebullitions of popular violence against the English government, man's wisdom has been tasked to the uttermost to furnish salutary restraints, and to eradicate the evil principle of revolt. It has, however, always proved an abortive endeavour, and the cause of this failure you can easily supply.'

'Too surely, uncle. Men have legislated on systems based on worldly wisdom, political expediency, and the common usages of nations, without having

regard to the unerring guidance of the revealed world. Thus, when the front of actual rebellion had been turned, and the arms wrested from those who wielded them against us, every project formed had in view the bodily subjection of an intractable race, crippling their power, diminishing their resources—in short, disabling the enemy, but leaving the enmity in full force.'

'Yes: Popery was plainly seen to be the fountain-head of all this bloodshed and misery; therefore Popery was proscribed, the exercise of its rites made highly penal, and Protestantism invested with all possible authority to maintain an ascendancy whereon must rest the security of the empire.'

'And then, uncle, appeared the absence of all true wisdom in our legislators, of all Christian zeal among the pastors of the church, in that the souls of the people were left to perish under the despotism that pressed the more closely upon them in a spiritual sense, because it bore on its front the aspect of a persecuted faith, commending itself to the warm hearts of a most generous, most enthusiastic people.'

'It did so: and Popery in that state may be illustrated by a fact in physiology, when it is observable that the withdrawal of even a large portion of blood from the human frame may fail to effect its object—the abatement of inflammatory disease—through a process of re-action whereby the arteries, naturally elastic, contract; accommodating themselves to the decreased bulk of the circulating stream, so that although carried on within a narrower compass, and less obviously perceptible; the throb is as frequent, the feverish excitement as high in those ungovernable pulses as when the swelling veins distended the

surface, with open menace of the evil consequences they are calculated to produce. Popery, thus, drained of many resources, and forced into a narrower sphere, wrought with as malignant an influence as ever, waiting the period when a full-fed stream should once again distend its channels, and stand out in its wonted vigor.

'So, when those penal statutes were repeated, the evil burst forth with unabated energy.'

'Ay, but not in a form so much dreaded as before the firm establishment of Protestant dominion; or at least, what our Solons considered so. These were the statutes backed by the bayonet, and the gibbet; while a Protestant aristocracy, a Protestant gentry, and a Protestant church, by law established, gave to the cause of true religion and good government, an apparent stability which lacked only one thing to render it real—the gospel freely preached to the deluded people. This they never had: it was deemed alike cruel to hold their church in bodily peril, or to deliver their soul from spiritual bondage. The priesthood, who had bowed before the storm, but still clenched fast the fetters of darkness in which they held their victims were then authorized to exercise in public their baneful influence; and the golden opportunity for dealing a death-blow at the apostacy having been allowed to slip by, matters commenced a retrograde movement, hardly perceptible, but steadily progressive on the part of those who were bent on re-assuming their ancient sway, even to the utter extirpation of all who rejected it.'

'This is clear enough, uncle; and we need not now to dwell on that master-stroke of successful policy, which drove England into an act of political apostacy

before God, allying her with the papal abomination. What a spectacle was that in 1829, when the parties who, not many years before, could not have assembled to perform their idolatrous worship but under the heaviest penal infliction, were recognized as a Christian church, and admitted into a co-partnership with the legislators of this Protestant empire!'

'That point being gained, and a party received into our senate sufficiently numerous to influence any ministry not carrying with them the full confidence of the nation, the work has proceeded at a tremendous rate. The Protestant church in Ireland gave little trouble to the enemy, so long as its ministers remained in the character of dumb dogs that could not bark, lying down, loving to slumber; but when God poured out the Spirit upon them, and opened their mouths to speak the tidings of salvation in a land where gross darkness had so long covered both classes of the people, then Satan became alarmed for his empire, and his choice vicegerent, Popery, began to apply the powers lately acquired to accomplish the downfal of that church, and to hasten the doom of general destruction, long secretly denounced against Protestant dominion and Protestant existence.'

'They commenced the attack by reducing the number of bishopricks, did they not?'

'That was one of the first blows and discouragements aimed at Ireland by those who resolved to lay her low beneath the papal footstool. What has yet been done may be briefly recapitulated: the aid of government withdrawn from schools, where the holy scriptures were recognized as the basis of right learning, and a system of education lavishly endowed, the object of which was to place the whole mass of

the youth of Ireland under the control of the enemy: all possible assistance, pecuniary and otherwise, is lavished on Maynooth, an institution the avowed and sole purpose of which is to train up a race of Popish priests, with every advantage for extending and perpetuating the great curse of their religion throughout the land: the church has been left exposed to a most furious persecution, in which her ministers would literally, with their wives and children, have been *starved to death at their posts*, had not the individual sympathy of English Protestants ministered to their craving necessities, until the Lord saw fit to take his church out of that furnace: the franchise has been so extended, that a class of persons who are known to be pledged to the destruction of the Protestant faith can now send men of like minds and like purposes to the British senate: a compulsory provision for the poor having been obtained (which in itself was a most desirable thing) care has been taken to place the patronage and emolument in such hands as shall wield them for the subversion of the same hated Protestantism, in every possible way that they can be made to farther it: and, by way of a boon to the deeply injured church of Ireland, a bill has been passed that secures to the clergy a portion indeed of their lawful dues, but at the same time wrests from them a fourth part of the scanty provision left by the hand of the spoiler!'

'A specimen of what Popery can do, when she gets ground to stand upon; and an earnest of what she will yet do, when permitted to throw her arms about in unrestricted action.'

'Now mark, niece. One of the most powerful bulwarks of political Protestantism was built up in the

form of municipal corporations, which were granted to the various towns of Ireland at different periods. These bodies possess vast influence, large revenues, great local authority, and being by their charters so constituted, that although individuals of a very opposite description may obtain admission, and partake in their privileges, still the body must be essentially Protestant in its character and actings, it is one of the most annoying, most insurmountable obstacles in the way of the Popish aspirants to sole dominion that Ireland now presents. Of course, the whole strength and energy of that party are brought to bear upon it; and a project is submitted to parliament, for what they term municipal reform, the effect of which will be to place the electing power in the hands of the lower order of Romanists, so that in every town we shall shortly see the revenues, the influence, and authority before mentioned, lodged in the safe keeping of men who receive their orders at the confessional, and who for their very souls' sake dare not for one instant act, speak, or even think, in opposition to the one great object of their hopes—the entire supremacy of Popery throughout the land, with its inevitable consequence, the extirpation of Protestants.'

'But, uncle, we see men of whom we think most highly, yea, whom we esteem as pillars of the Protestant cause, giving their support to this project. How do you reconcile their conduct with the picture you have just drawn?'

'Why, I can't reconcile contradictions, my dear. These gentlemen have taken into their heads as mischievous a chimera as ever misled mortal man. Proceeding on the paltry system of bargaining for permission to keep a part of what was their

own, when they should boldly demand it all as a just right, they first conceded the principle of a muncipal reform for Ireland on grounds that must necessarily advance the Popish interests, where the reform required was an elevation of the tone of firm Protestantism, and a strengthening of these remaining bulwarks. They knew the proposed change must be for evil; but considering it as inevitable, they merely insisted on such an amount of qualification on the part of the intended electors as should lodge the franchise with a class suffiiently respectable to insure a few Protestant voters also. When the bill was brought out by the ministry last session, the conservatives divided on this clause, and would not sanction it except on the condition of such security. With several amendments, the bill went up to the House of Lords; and they, being far less contaminated than the Commons with the contact of Popery and infidelity into which the latter have of late years been brought, gave the bill such rough handling, and altered so effectually its provisions, that it was sent back to its framers with little of its original identity save the bare title. The Commons refused to recognise their altered progeny: the Lords stood firm: and the bill was dropped.'

'Why should not the same process await the one now in hand, uncle?'

'I hope it does; but how disgraceful it is to the men calling themselves conservative and Protestant in the Lower House, to tamper thus with what they know to be most evil, throwing on the peers all the odium that such repeated collisions must expose them to! However, a new feature has appeared, in the defection of some of the most strenuous advo-

cates of the Protestant corporation system from the cause. This is owing to a compact, by which they consider themselves bound; and truly it exhibits, in a very strong light, the spirit of bargaining for what they should demand. Last year the conservatives were so anxious to obtain a poor law for Ireland, and a settlement of the tithe question, that they trafficked with the interests of their clients, the corporations, and gave, or fancy they gave, some pledge that if the whigs, who can do nothing without their aid, would be graciously pleased to grant them those two points, they would not offer any strong opposition to the passing of this pernicious act; reserving to themselves, however, a right to insist on some addition to the proposed low rate of the franchise. See what they obtained by this! A poor law bill, that could not but work for evil in every way, save on the solitary ground that it did admit the principle of a provision for the Irish poor; and a tithe bill that openly robs the clergy of twenty-five per cent. out of their poor pittances. In return for these sorry boons, they now feel themselves called upon, in the capacity of followers of Sir Robert Peel, to permit the municipal act to pass, with a few amendments, and thus to sacrifice one of the last strongholds of Protestantism in Ireland to a fantastic point of honour, which if it exist at all owes its being to a most reprehensible act of their own.'

'But some were found to resist this compromise?'

'Ay, Sir Robert Inglis, at the head of thirty-nine good men and true, read them a lesson, enforcing it by an example that I want to see followed up throughout the empire. This is my position, niece: concession must stop somewhere, unless we are pre-

pared to deliver Ireland over to the pope at once: every additional step in this disgraceful retreat renders us more powerless to take a final stand: and if we are to stop at all, why let us stop now, while anything is left to hold by! Oh, this hateful, this dastardly course of surrendering, inch by inch, all that the Lord God gave to our fathers, and has permitted them to bequeath to us! What, is there not enough Protestantism in the whole realm of England to frown these recreant statesmen back to their posts, or to fix them even on the spot to which they have already retreated?'

As I gazed on the flushed countenance of the old gentleman, marked the curl of his lip, the fire of his eye, and the stern knitting of his brow, I could have identified him with men of other and better days, who, conscious that knowledge is power, and union is strength, united to enforce what they knew to be for the good of their country, by opposing the moral and spiritual might of their combined resolution to whatsoever menaced it. The spirit of those days may never more revive among us, nor our downhill course be arrested: but, oh! what an awful responsibility rests on those who cannot say they have used any one talent committed to them in seeking to stem the tide of national sin and national ruin!

'Well,' said my uncle, after a pause, 'all is not yet lost. The little band of senators who are resolved on treading the straight path of duty without straying into any by-way of expediency, increases both in numbers and in courage. I reckon as nothing the value of any man's help who will blindly tack himself to any human leader; and if that leader be a man who was the main instrument of accom-

plishing the first great act of mischief, and if he have never openly acknowledged his error,—but it is useless to descant on this. Come, set before your Christian sisters the disheartening state of Protestantism in Ireland: assure them, that if the cause be there lost, nothing remains for their own children in this country but the mass-house or the stake; and if they can do nothing else, bid them help in prayer that God with whom is no restraint to save by many or by few, may raise up some delivering power, and rescue those whom the folly, the selfishness, the sinful inconsistency of unstable friends, combined with the steady purpose of inflexible foes, have foredoomed to utter destruction.'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1839.

BY-GONE DAYS.

CONTRAST is, perhaps, of all things the most efficacious in presenting a strong view of what we may desire to set forth. The artist who wishes to exhibit a night scene in its deepest shade, throws a ray of moonlight athwart the gloom, to heighten the sombre aspect of the surrounding darkness. It is by transferring to his canvas the result of observations derived from the moral and the natural world, wherein he has been accustomed to trace effect to its cause, that the master succeeds in producing the most enchanting efforts of his pencil; and in like manner the Christian finds his sympathies awakened to a livelier exercise, when circumstances lead him to place in juxta-position his own rich privileges and the comparative destitution of others, partakers in the same hope, through faith, but left to pursue the

race with little of the external encouragement that he enjoys.

The month of May, ever distinguished as the prime and beauty of our English seasons, has for some time past enjoyed a like pre-eminence in the spiritual as in the natural year. The fame of our May-meetings has spread so widely, that even before the application of a newly-discovered power gave wings to the traveller's speed, the Atlantic has been crossed by brethren from another hemisphere, anxious to have their spirits refreshed by the delightful exhibition of such zeal and such love as these congregated believers are enabled to manifest in their Master's cause; and to contribute their quota of encouragement by telling of His wonderful ways in the farthest recesses of their own wide territory. It is now that the work goes on which may perhaps be compared to that splendid phenomenon—the circulation of the blood. Impaired, in a degree, by the abundance of the supplies that it has afforded to every member, to every particle of the complicated frame, this mysterious stream bends its course towards the lungs, thence receiving its due proportion of oxygen, and so replenished, enriched, and new-purpled with vigorous vitality, it is propelled by the action of the heart through the thousand ramifications that bear it anew to its destination. The metropolitan assemblages may be likened to the lungs; the divine influence, without which all external means would be utterly vain, is the heart of the system. To the Lord they repair with the offering of all that His bounty has thus bestowed; and He, accepting His own gift at their hands, sends them forth with a blessing to bear it through distant scenes,

where listeners are waiting the expected detail, that hearing it they may "thank God, and take courage."

The spectacle is in truth magnificent that presents itself to the eye, thence appealing to the heart of a contemplative observer in the spacious hall where these meetings are usually held. The area fully occupied by females who, however elevated in titled rank, endowed with worldly riches, or distinguished by personal attraction, have learned to seek a better adorning than that which gold and pearls and costly array can afford, and whose modesty of dress and deportment bespeak at least a desire of conformity to the divine precept. They have been engaged during the past year in efforts to forward, each within her prescribed sphere, the work dear to them all; and now they come to listen to a summary of what has been accomplished, and to catch new ardour for the future from the pleadings of those of whom they are taught to learn in silence, with all subjection. And surely they, the superior sex, to whom God has delegated so mighty and responsible an office as that of ruling over all his terrestrial works, can scarcely appear in a character more becoming, or in the exercise of an office better suited to their commission than when, arranged on the platform, they shew themselves not ashamed to confess Christ crucified, nor reluctant to come forward to the open encouragement of their brethren and sisters, aiding with heart, hand, and tongue the cause of their Redeemer. There the dignitary of the church, having inquired for and found the good old paths trodden by holy men of old, assumes a too long neglected office, multiplying the bulwarks of our Zion by assisting not only to build up the walls within, but also to lengthen

the cords, and strengthen the stakes that on every side offer a refuge to the lost sheep of the Great Shepherd's fold. There the senator, whose righteous soul has been vexed from day to day in the painful strife of tongues, where evil prevails and the scorner triumphs, and the very name of Christ provokes if not the vociferous yell of the Jewish multitude of old, yet the sneering laugh, the bitter sarcasm, that too surely express the will to crucify afresh, if they could, him whom they delight to put to open shame, in the persons of his members,—the senator who dares to oppose himself to the torrent of infidel innovation, which is striving to desolate his country while it dethrones his God, may be seen enjoying at once the sweetest of respites and the most invigorating of refreshments that his wearied spirit can desire. He seems to have found a cluster of wells and of palm-trees in the midst of a political desert; and while tracing in many a loving countenance the grateful sympathy excited by his fidelity in a far different scene, his bosom whispers, "All these bear me on their hearts before the throne of grace: why then should I faint or be afraid?" and he returns to his post, after cheering them at theirs, to fight anew the battles of those who are striving for him in prayer. Here, too, the minister of the gospel, who, amid many pleadings with a heedless flock, may often have been tempted to say, "I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought and in vain;" may cast his eye over a throng so numerous, so devoted, that while he secretly contrasts it with the state of Christ's church thirty years since, and exclaims, 'What hath God wrought!' he becomes animated with new hopes, inspired with new confidence, and after delivering perhaps a valu-

able message to the mixed congregation before him, returns to his peculiar charge with a glowing anticipation, that however dry and scattered they may appear, those bones too, in God's good time, shall live. The Christian soldier and sailor, who press forward in the van to do exploits under the Captain of their salvation; the merchantman who longs above all things to see others trafficking as he has learned to do with the pearl of great price; the lawyer whose retaining fee is the love of Christ constraining him to become an advocate in his cause; the agriculturist whose ambition it is to sow plentifully that his Lord may reap an abundant harvest; and the individual who, having no need to exercise a worldly calling because of the wealth which God has given him, would fain seek employment at the hands of his bountiful Provider, in whatever office may best promote His glory—all these assemble—all these in some shape contribute their quota to the general stock of privileges and enjoyments: and the result is a mighty increase of energy, making itself felt, in its reviving effects, through every corner of the land where man's accents can convey, or the press transmit, a relation of those spirit-stirring proceedings.

It would be pleasant to pause here; to dwell upon the brightness of the beam, to trace its extensive glimmerings far and wide, and to expatiate on the advantages of such periodical reciprocation of the best feelings that can swell in man's renewed heart. But to pourtray a contrast was the object of this paper; and we must revisit the comparatively desolate shores of our distant colonies, where whatever of natural, moral, or intellectual sunshine may play upon the surface, all is spiritually dark and cold as

the dreariest mid-winter's night, save in a few scattered spots where God has caused the light to break forth and to struggle with the gloom that encompasses it. We can form no adequate idea, without possessing some local knowledge of the country, how scanty are the means of intercourse between brethren who are faithfully labouring in the ministry, or between each several minister and the individuals who inhabit that portion of the wide wilderness which is marked out as his especial charge. I speak now of Nova Scotia, and of those who, having been settled as parochial clergymen, still termed missionaries, in that land, have indeed experienced the influence that teaches them they are accountable before God for every soul so entrusted, as far as they can compass the possibility of reproving, rebuking, exhorting, the various individuals. Frequently mountains must be scaled, torrents crossed, and woods more intricate than ever was labyrinth of man's devising must be traversed, before the minister of peace can reach the abode of which no inmate would ever dream of encountering such a journey to seek his instruction, or to join the assembled congregation in his church. And what is his recompense for this labour of love? A surly frown, an averted look of scorn, perhaps an uncourteous, disrespectful reply, conveying more of pity for his fanaticism, or resentment at his uncalled-for interference, than of gratitude either to the messenger or to the Master who sent him. Perhaps some inhabitant, possibly a whole family, may receive him gladly, welcome with tears of joy the good tidings that he brings, and covet earnestly the farther teaching that they so much require, that he so longs to bestow. But, alas! amid

this overwhelming demand on his time and energies, when again shall he be enabled to undertake that toilsome expedition, for which it may be a long day will scarcely suffice? Who shall water the seed that he has planted, or how shall the faltering foot of age, the weak step of childhood, or the delicate frame of debility, essay to reach his far dwelling on the plain below? Let those, for they alone are competent to do so, let those who have witnessed the first trembling reception of God's message from their lips, and have experienced the call for almost daily help in such cases, conceive the yearnings of the pastor's heart over these babes in Christ, to whom he cannot divide their portion in due season, nor continue to feed with milk until they become able to endure strong meat. He knows that it is accepted according to that a man hath, not according to that he hath not: and that which has been begun by his means will surely be carried on, although his help may be for ever withdrawn: but even this consoling thought comes damped by many a doubt and fear, the suggestions of lurking misbelief, barbed by a malicious tempter. He lacks the oxygen that we so largely inhale: he feels how good and pleasant it would be to commune with brethren devoted like himself, and in whose recorded experience he might read a lesson of encouragement. He labours alone; and when he faints by the way, there is no fellow-disciple to raise him.

Or again, he is a Protestant, in the true sense of that word, which is neither more nor less than one who because he loves Christ hates Antichrist; and, because he loves the soul of his brother man, abhors the net that encloses and drags his soul to perdition.

He sees, comprehends, and would fain unravel its abominable meshes, where lie not only the poor aborigines of the land, but many, perhaps, of his own mother-country, brought within the bounds of his territorial charge, and therefore unquestionably within his responsibility before God. How shall he commence this onerous duty? He cannot repair to a Reformation or a Protestant meeting, to have his mouth filled with arguments, and his spirit elated with encouragements for the task. The very attempt would bring upon him a torrent of reproaches, not less perhaps from those of his own house, than from the enemy whose possessions he should strive to wrest away. These are but a few, a very few of the many instances wherein what abounds among us is lacking to our brethren in that removed region: but the destitution existing among the laity is yet more touching. Even supposing what is, alas! far from being the case, that all who are appointed overseers hold the charge willingly, not for filthy lucre's sake, but as ambassadors of Christ, bent on recalling wanderers to the fold, still there are multitudes who really could not be reached by any effort of theirs, except once or twice, perhaps, in the course of a life-time. But there is only a partial awakening among the ministers located there; and it cannot be concealed that a majority of families who are even punctual attendants on the ordinances of the church, hear nothing from the lips of their teachers but at best a 'barren orthodoxy,' and in many cases downright heterodoxy, inasmuch as man's meritorious works are preached up, in place of the blood and righteousness of Christ. So they are baptized, and registered among the living; they are buried, and re-

gistered among the dead, and in the intermediate space have never been told that they were sinners, exposed to God's wrath, and with no refuge from his vengeance but in the salvation purchased by His dear Son. With us, such cases rarely occur; for the lack of knowledge sometimes discernible in our pulpits is now supplied by the private teaching of zealous Christians in every walk of life. As iron sharpeneth iron, so are the spirits of these home missionaries sharpened by such intercourse with one another as our periodical meetings afford: scattered as they may be, perhaps isolated, the glow reflected from so many kindred bosoms will long remain to animate them in their work. Far otherwise it is with the members of a little flock thinly sprinkled on the surface of the transatlantic wilderness. They have to sustain the brunt of opposition, founded on a charge of despised singularity, and find few indeed to countenance, much less to stimulate them, in their efforts to spread the knowledge which they have themselves found to be unto life eternal.

The contrast is but faintly shadowed out; yet it may awaken in some bosoms a thrill of sympathy, tending perhaps, to the solemn inquiry, 'Cannot we, out of our abundance, minister to the spiritual necessities of our sister in the western hemisphere?' A reply may be suggested, leading to a result most precious in the sight of God and man. What has been said of Nova Scotia applies, with various degrees of force, and in different modes of application to the neighbouring colonies. The former is a Protestant and a loyal province of the empire; among the latter, Popery rides triumphant, with her inseparable attendant, rebellion against English rule. To pre-

serve and to propagate the good seed, and to root out the evil, is surely a work worthy our assembled thousands of working believers at this season. God grant that as the month of April, 1829, stands scathed in the page of our history with the foul brand of national apostacy from the Protestantism of our constitution, so the month of May, 1839, may beam forth in brightness from an unsullied leaf, rendered memorable by the vigorous united efforts of individuals to reverse the spell, and to rebuild, with added strength and beauty what was so basely cut down, contemned, and trodden under foot !

C. E.

But Jesus permitted Peter to come. It may, at first sight, appear strange to us, that he should have allowed the apostle to do what it was improper for him to desire; but he did so in order that his judgment might be corrected by the result. There are many persons who can be taught only by experience; and, therefore, much of the present discipline which the Lord employs for the benefit of his people, is constructed upon the principle of allowing them to go into danger, in order that they may have a practical proof of their own weakness, and of their constant need of his strengthening and supporting grace. But in such a case, he never deserts them. He is always "a very present help in every time of trouble," ready to extend the hand of mercy, in order to prevent them from sinking. Let every believer be well assured, that a knowledge of his own weakness, and of the Saviour's power, is cheaply purchased at the expense of the severest trial.—*From 'the Disciples in the Storm,' by the Rev. Daniel Bagot, of Edinburgh.*

SCENES FROM HOME.

No. IV.

THE CONVENT.

AMONG the varied scenes with which one meets, when from home, perhaps a convent is the most romantic and tempting in its title; for my own part, however, I must say that it was one of the least interesting, in reality. Tales read in early life, fill the mind with ideas of iron gratings, holy vigils, lovely veiled faces, graceful forms shrouded in picturesque draperies, and such other Popish sentimentalities; and when our party proposed visiting one of the Norman convents, I felt disinclined to go, lest all these charming things, which I felt sure of seeing, should prevail to obliterate that more correct and less favourable opinion of convents, to which certain recent publications and discoveries have given rise.

Our tour was but a hasty flight, one day in one place, and two in another; we made no acquaintances, and held very few conversations; our object was to see the scenery and antiquities of Normandy, and not to inquire into convents, or any other ecclesiastical matter. What we saw of the male and female *religious*, however, was very far from producing a favourable impression. If we thought the nuns to be no better, in general, than idle gossips, we

could not but see their friends and father-confessors, the priests, to be almost always something worse. I may safely say that I have never seen merrier, fatter, and more self-indulgent looking faces than those of the French nuns,—nor have I beheld a set of such repulsive, designing, sly and insidious physiognomies as those of the priests, with one or two exceptions.

Before entering on the convent, which I mean to describe, I must say a word or two on these clerical personages; who abound in every town of France, unless it be at Paris, where I did not see one of them, excepting in their churches. The French priest is distinguished in the street by a close, long, black cloth cassock, tied round with a black sash, whose ends hang down to his feet behind; a pair of black bands under his chin, edged with white, and generally a low shovel hat. Some of the better clothed add a large cloth cloak to this dress; but very many of them display only the thread-bare rusty cassock.

Every traveller must remark the scrupulous care taken by these priests to make very respectful bows to all their people, and the indifference with which the very polite salutation is generally received and returned, more especially by the younger men.

We travelled for half a day with one of them, almost the only one we saw who could excite any feeling but suspicion or dislike. He was a tall and gentlemanly young man, with a dark, intelligent face; and his hollow, sunken lineaments gave token that he really performed those austerities to which others only pretend. He might have served as a personification of 'Father Clement.' 'Voluntary humility,' and the saying of prayers "to be seen of

men," were strikingly exemplified in him. His demeanour was that of the lowliest, humblest modesty; he uttered a sigh with every sentence, and spoke but few; he read his breviary all the way, with mutterings and crossing of his breast; and though he rendered us the little courtesies of a fellow-traveller with great politeness, he evidently felt them to be distractions from his proper employment.

After a while the road becoming very rough, a good deal of merriment arose in our own party, from the tremendous jolts we suffered, and the unsuccessful attempts of one lady to indulge in needle-work. Alas for the poor priest! He was opposite to her and to myself, so that we had as full a view of her amusing difficulties as I had of his consequent mental struggles. However sublimed by his breviary, he was 'a man subject to like passions as we are;' and he could not help laughing in spite of himself. Then he repented, crossed himself, murmured, read and sighed; then he looked again, again laughed, and again repented, and so on. Where lay the harm of laughing at so very innocent a matter I know not, but I am quite sure the poor young priest knew; and if I have one grain of skill in physiognomy, his penitence was as sincere as his amusement was genuine, each for the time being. His was the only priestly face we saw, that exhibited any trace of ingenuous simplicity; and we could not but feel great compassion for one evidently so deceived and erring in a sincere attempt to do right.

I have seen a variety of his order, from the stately, Jesuit-looking being, with the bearing of a noble, and the eye of a lurking tiger, down to the poor, meagre, cringing creature, who seemed scarcely a

rational being. I have beheld the portly form kneeling before the altar, while the lips prayed devoutly (no doubt) for the soul of the departed, but the eyes were slyly following the passing female figures in the side aisles. I have seen the clerical confabulation carried on with the greatest joviality, and the satirical, sidelong glance suddenly exchanged for a sanctimonious, long-drawn face of devotion, when it was known to be observed by a stranger. But enough of French priests: I state barely what I saw: I give no hearsay tale; I add no surmises, nor any inductions from things that I have read and heard on this subject. We will now proceed to the Ursuline convent at B——x, and just state what was seen there.

Our party was directed to a gate in the main street of the venerable old town, one redolent of our conquering William and his Matilda, though it is but little frequented by English travellers, and more especially the female part of them. At this gateway we saw an old woman and a youth, with a fat pack-horse, laden, like Joseph's asses, with the good things of the land; while on the threshold stood a merry-looking woman, dressed like the generality of the lower orders, and wearing one of those ludicrous white caps, which consist of a small scull-cap, fitting the head, and an enormously wide-plaited border, which stands off from the face in all directions, like the rays of the sun in an old diagram, or the hair of an electrified doll. This party chattered and laughed gaily; we felt sure that this was not a convent-gate, but soon found that the sublunary consolations of farm produce and giggling gossip were not incompatible with the sanctity of a nunnery, or at least of its portress, she of the radiating cap.

We were readily admitted into her room, a small square apartment; it was without a carpet, and not peculiarly clean, a description which will apply to most French rooms, indiscriminately. It was hung with absurd little daubs of red and yellow saints, male and female; and facing the window, the end of the little parlour was occupied by a wooden lattice, such as we use in English gardens, with a faded green baize curtain behind it, preventing all insight into the mysteries beyond.

We had waited some minutes, when this curtain was softly put aside from within, and a face presented itself—a round, fat, red face. Oh, my imaginings, 'what a fall was there!'—this jolly face to appertain unto a lady abbess! It was, moreover, at so low an elevation from the ground, that we imagined its owner to be seated. It looked at us for a minute or two, from a pair of little twinkling eyes, and then said in a low and lively tone, '*Mais, vous m'avez demandé, mademoiselles?*'

This was, therefore, the superior herself, and we asked permission to see her convent. She replied that it was not customary; but spoke in so uncertain a tone, that it was evident custom was not here a second nature. She resumed, '*Mais, vous êtes de la religion?*' which one of us mistaking to mean being religious in the abstract, answered in the affirmative. The 'good mother,' however, was not satisfied; our English dresses and the blue eyes of my companions looked suspicious, and she said again, '*Mais, de la religion Catholique?*' '*Catholique, mais pas Catholique Romaine,*' was the reply. The nun was puzzled, and it seemed very difficult to admit us: however, the key that opens all things but the hearts of honest

men succeeded here, and the magnificent bribe of *one franc* (*ten pence*) opened the convent gate.

We had now a full view of the holy mother. She certainly did not exceed four feet and a half in height, and was the fattest little personage we saw in Normandy. Her dress was a coarse black stuff gown, with a coarse white linen collar, and a white binder on her head, which crossed her brow very low down, with a long scarf of coarse black crape thrown over it, which reached nearly to her feet, and is by courtesy called a veil. She led us into the garden, a large high-walled place, containing more apple-trees than flowers, and more cabbages than anything else. As we passed by a large open bow-window, we were surprised to see a party of ten or a dozen nuns, sitting round a table at work, gossipping and laughing without any restraint; they might have passed for boarding-school girls just dismissed from their tasks. *La mère* saw that we looked astonished at this indevout merriment, and said that the ladies preferred sitting there, because the room looked on the garden, rather than in their own chambers. This made us cast our eyes to the upper windows, through which we saw the draperies of sundry smart little French beds, not much resembling the furniture of convent cells.

We tried to gain admittance to the rest of the building, but were only permitted to see the chapel, a plain, common-place structure, and the school, where a facetious black-eyed nun was just dismissing a dozen little girls home to dinner, for they were the children of the town's people, and came as day-scholars.

How many broken-hearted novices there might

be here, behind the scenes, I cannot say; how many unwilling girls separated from their families and friends, constrained to dwell where they would not, and to spend their lives in distasteful employments. The impression made on us by what we saw was this,—that the professed nuns were a set of worldly chattering women, who lived in ease, comfort, and comparative idleness, and who enjoyed themselves to the best of their ability.

Such was our visit to the Ursulines: we were afterwards within two other convents, but as they were both connected with hospitals, they were duly prepared for inspection, and the grave manners and upturned eyes were all ready for exhibition.

I have done with the romance of convents; the poetry of the thing has passed away with the fat, jolly, little *Mère Supérieure*.

A. F.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

DEAR MADAM,

WITH the characteristic modesty of a Christian lady, you say that you put my letter into 'a hand far abler than your own.' Permit me to doubt this. I think that had you answered it yourself your reply would have been abler, at least more consistent, than that of your correspondent. In the first place, though he answers many questions that were *not* asked, he certainly does *not* answer the question that *was*. 'The wish of our correspondent,' he observes, 'is a natural and laudable one—to find an authority for the faith on which he is resting. Our only marvel is that one who signs himself 'Clericus' should have this yet to seek.' Now there is a misstatement in the first part of this paragraph, and is there not a little affectation in the latter? He does *not* want an authority for the faith on which *he* is resting; he trusts that he has internal evidence of that faith, as well as that which his private judgment has led him to form, from reading the scriptures; he trusts that he feels as well as receives the truths of the gospel. But he wants an authority not depending upon *his* interpretation of the scriptures, to declare the Papist and the Socinian to be wrong; he distinctly stated that he was 'driven from the ground of interpretation by the right of private judgment, and from that of experience by an assumption of equal efficacy.' I

will now show why I am not satisfied with the reply of your correspondent. He denies, in the first place, the right of private judgment; so does the 'neighbouring clergyman;' he denies, in the next place, the authority of 'the interpretation of the church,' so does the Socinian. And what does he give me instead,—*his* assurance that the scripture is opposed both to Popery and Socinianism, a conclusion in which I cordially agree: it is true that he backs this assurance by what seem to me some very able arguments, drawn from scripture itself; but the Socinian will not allow the correctness of his reasoning, nor the Papist the authority of his assurance, so that they fare no better than the 'too silly' reply of the 'neighbouring clergyman.' In short, will either one or the other, that is the Papist or the Socinian, be inclined to give up their heresy because I think it awful and soul-destroying, and because the same opinion is held by the correspondent of the Christian Lady's Magazine, and by Mr. Blunt, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Bickersteth, and Mr. Baptist Noel. This is indeed giving me authority; but how will my antagonist treat such authority: shall I not be immediately answered by the counter authority of Priestley, Price, Kippis, Turner and Fox? I am surprised that your correspondent does not see this to be only moving the stumbling-stone a few yards further, instead of lifting it out of the way. It is opposing the opinion, or rather the interpretation of one fallible man, to the opinion or interpretation of another fallible man.[1] It is mere quibbling to say, such and such tenets are un-

[1] Nothing of the kind was proposed, in the reply to CLERICUS JUNIOR's former letter. That reply most unequivocally threw all 'opinion' and 'interpretations' out of view.

scriptural, because this is exactly the point in dispute; would it answer any good purpose for me (supposing me capable of so doing) to enter at large into the examination and refutation of those multifarous grounds, critical, metaphysical, as well as theological, upon which the Socinian grounds his belief, or rather disbelief. I mean to do this openly, in addressing my people. Is it necessary, in short, that no man shall declare the Socinian and the Papist wrong until he has done all this? If not, we must have some authority for so doing; and then what authority have we? Holy scripture, says your correspondent. Agreed, says the Socinian, it is all in our favour. But your interpretation of it is wrong, I answer. That, says he, I deny; authority, that is, of men, is arrayed against authority, and argument against argument, all, we doubt not, quite satisfactory to those who use them. But in fine of what use is verbal controversy against either the Socinian or the Papist; are men ever convinced by it? Mr. Carus, of Cambridge, whose opinion I suppose your correspondent will allow to be of some weight, has very frequently and publicly remarked, touching the Oxford Tract divines—'If they are not preaching the gospel, we have something else to do than to controvert their positions; let us preach the gospel ourselves, and if they are wrong, so shall we best answer them.' I agree with him; but when I am appealed to on the subject mentioned in my letter, I must either have some such *authority* as that I seek, or I am necessitated to go over ground which, if I could properly treat it, would still be unintelligible to my hearers.

I now come to another difficulty, which your correspondent gets over much in the same way. I say that

my objection to the reply of the 'neighbouring clergyman' is that it 'unchurches all the Protestant dissenters.' And this appears to me uncharitable ground, for though it allows that they may be members of Christ's spiritual church, it yet denies that they can be members of the "holy Catholic church." But when your correspondent says that this is no escape at all, he takes for granted, as in the former case, the very point in dispute. I must shew him how this *ignis fatuus* does offer an escape, to using which I have already given my objection. It enables me to say to the Papist—the church of England being founded upon the rock, even the Lord Jesus Christ, and retaining her apostolicity, while she threw off the corruptions of Papal Rome, is, saving the church of the Moravians, the only episcopal and consequently apostolic church in this country. Surely I shall not be required to prove what all, who are not *very grossly ignorant*, must know; viz. that the reply which your correspondent puts into the Papist's mouth, is, in the first place, false; and, in the second place, that if it were true, it proves nothing for him. I might go on to say, that this apostolic church, having authority in controversies of faith, all men were bound to hear the church; and if they denied that authority, I might adduce the apostolic command—"and if he will not hear the church, let him be to thee as a heathen man and a publican." I might thus shew both my antagonists that I was not setting up my private judgment against theirs; and I should have an argument, which, if it did not silence them, would at least satisfy many wavering individuals in my congregation. Now let me remark, too, that this 'too silly' reply gets over other

difficulties, which puzzle many people—the doctrine that the church of England is the only *visible* church of Christ in this country, makes intelligible that episcopally-ordained ministers alone can properly and lawfully administer the sacraments; and that passage in the baptismal service, for those of riper years, "Seeing now, dearly beloved, that this person is regenerate, and grafted into the body of Christ's church," for no one ever interprets this to mean, that he is made necessarily a true and living member of Christ's spiritual church. This reply, too, casts some light upon that awful passage in our office for the visitation for the sick, a passage which I never read without trembling—"and by his authority committed unto me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." It explains, too, how it is that, as the 20th article says, the church hath authority in controversies of faith, an authority not of contradicting, but of interpreting the scriptures of truth, which are of course the 'rule' of Protestants. It explains also how the wickedness of ministers will not "diminish the grace of God's gifts from such as by faith and rightly do receive the sacraments ministered to them." Now, if it did not un-church all the Protestant dissenters, I would willingly accept it, for I must now shew your correspondent, that it is *not* the rule of Romanism, as laid down by Dr. Milner and Dr. Wiseman.

The Popish rule.	*The (so-called) Apostolic rule.*
The church, as infallible, is the rule both of faith and practice, to all	The scriptures are the rule of both faith and practice among Chris-

Christians. The church, as infallible, has regulated the canon, as well as interpreted the text of God's word, and therefore that word owes its authority among us to the infallible dictate of the church.

tians; but as there are in Holy Scriptures "many things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction;" so the interpretation of the church is in all "controversies" to be followed. 2 Pet. iii. 19.

Meantime I trust your correspondent will not feel offended at my not being quite satisfied with his elucidation of the subject. I feel greatly obliged both to you and to him: if you should feel disposed to give me a further chance, that obligation will be increased. My objection is not that his answer does not suit me, but that he has given me none at all. I fear I must have been very unintelligible in my way of stating my difficulties, and hardly dare hope that my endeavours *now* to be clear have quite succeeded.

I remain, Madam, very truly yours,

CLERICUS JUNIOR.

P.S. You will perceive that the difficulties under which I labour only apply to a part of the clergy of the church. Those who accept the doctrine that the 'neighbouring clergyman' holds, cut the Gordian knot; while to the Protestant dissenter it does not exist at all, he is satisfied with his own decision—with his own 'private judgment,' as to the meaning of any passage of scripture. The 'neighbouring clergyman' and his friends have the authority of the

church; I, on the other hand, am, it seems, to have neither the one nor the other.

[The same person to whom the editor offered the duty of replying to the former letter of 'CLERICUS JUNIOR,' has had a proof sheet of the above rejoinder also sent to him, and he avails himself of the opportunity to append a few words, by way of a further endeavour to prevail upon this correspondent to quit the region of fogs and quagmires, in which he seems to be at present wandering. It will perhaps be the simplest course, if he adopts at once the most direct style of writing.]

'CLERICUS JUNIOR so far *appears* to waver,—first advocating warmly the views of some supposed 'neighbouring clergyman,' and then seeming to disclaim them, that it is rather difficult to make out his real position, and on what step of the descent towards Popery his feet are now standing. But as far as I am able to understand his vibratory style of writing, his state of mind is this:—

He cannot be content with God's own word, as his best and only weapon, in the warfare with all opposers. He wishes for something better than "*the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God;*" and he evidently fancies that he may obtain, in what he calls 'the interpretation of the church,' something more conclusive, more satisfactory and silencing to the adversary, than he can find in the words which "*holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,*" In this opinion he entirely coincides with the Romish controversialist, Dr. Milner. That writer at once assumes that very position which CLERICUS

JUNIOR is evidently desirous of taking. He unhesitatingly says, 'The whole right to the scriptures belongs to the church. She has preserved them, she vouches for them, and she alone authoritatively explains them.'—'Hence, of course, I might quash every objection by this short reply, The church understands that passage differently from you;—therefore you mistake its meaning.' [1]

This is, in fact, the citadel and stronghold of Popery. Chillingworth has well observed—

'He that would usurp an absolute lordship and tyranny over any people, need not put himself to the trouble and difficulty of abrogating and disannulling the laws made to maintain the common liberty; for he may frustrate their intents, and compass his own design as well, if he can get the power and authority to interpret them as he pleases, and to have his interpretations and additions stand for laws; if he can rule his people by his laws, and his laws by his lawyers. So the church of Rome, to establish her tyranny over men's consciences, needed not either to abolish or corrupt the holy scriptures, the pillars and supporters of Christian liberty. But the more expedite way, and therefore the more likely to be the successful, was to gain the opinion and esteem of being the public and authorized *interpreter* of them, and the authority of *adding* to them what doctrine she pleased, under the title of *traditions* or *definitions*.' [2]

But most distinctly opposed to this is the doctrine of the church of England, as it is declared in her 6th Article;—to wit, that "Holy Scripture containeth all

[1] End of Controversy, Letter xii.
[2] Chillingworth's Works, fol. p. 40.

things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." And still further to warn us against supposing that any human work could prove a safer or a more intelligible guide, she asks, "Shall we Christian men think to learn the knowledge of God and of ourselves in any earthly man's work or writing, sooner or better than in the Holy Scriptures, written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost?"[1]

CLERICUS JUNIOR, however, cannot rest contented with this. He repeats that 'he wants an authority not depending on *his interpretation* of the scriptures, to declare the Papist and the Socinian to be wrong.'

So long as he persists in clinging to these two useless phrases of 'interpretation' and 'private judgment,' so long will he continue in perplexity and doubt. The thrusting them into the controversy is nothing else than a device of Satan to obscure the path of life.

The simple truth is, that God hath spoken to man, distinctly, repeatedly, intelligibly; and by that word will every man to whom it comes, be judged at the last day. Not a single word of 'interpretation' or 'private judgment' will then be heard.

But let us meet CLERICUS JUNIOR, for a moment, on his own ground. He wants, he says, 'an authority to declare the Papist and the Socinian to be wrong.' Now he must want this for the use and satisfaction of one of three parties;—either

1. Himself, or

[1] Homily on Certain Places in Holy Scripture.

2. His own people, or

3. The Papist or Socinian opposer.

Now he plainly declares that 'he does *not* want an authority for the faith on which *he* is resting.' The first of these three parties, therefore, may be dismissed from our view.

The second is, his own congregation. Now we say, that the word of God alone, if faithfully preached in its purity and simplicity, witnesses most effectually against both Popery and Socinianism. Will CLERICUS JUNIOR say that in his opinion *it does not?* He will hardly do this. Then, if God's own word condemns and warns against both Rome and Socinus, why should we wish to recur to any lower and less infallible authority?

There remains, then, only the Papist and the Socinian to be dealt with. Does CLERICUS JUNIOR want 'the authority of the church' to beat down their opposition? Does he imagine that those who are proof against "*the sword of the Spirit*" can be vanquished by the assumptions of human creatures like themselves?

He was told what the reply of the Romanist would be. How does he meet that reply? *He does not meet it at all.* He evades it thus: 'Surely I shall not be required to prove what all, who are not *very grossly ignorant*, must know; viz. that the reply which your correspondent puts into the Papist's mouth, is, in the first place, false; and, in the second place, that if it were true, it proves nothing for him.'

Now nothing had been 'put into the Papist's mouth.' A passage was quoted from Dr. Wiseman's own periodical, the *Dublin Review.* CLERICUS JUNIOR says, 'Surely I shall not be required to

prove, what all who are not *very grossly ignorant* must know, that this reply is false.'

I beg to acquaint him, that a dignitary of the English church, whose writings against Popery have raised him to the very first rank among the living champions of Protestantism, declared to me, a few weeks back, with reference to the Popish objection which I quoted, and of which CLERICUS JUNIOR thus affects to make light,—that '*he could not see how it was to be answered.*' It is, therefore, probably the easiest way to slip away from it, with a 'surely I shall not be required to answer it.'

The strength or weakness, however, of this argument of the *Dublin Review* matters little to the present question. Whether invincible or absurd, it still shews the utter fruitlessness of CLERICUS JUNIOR's attempt. He 'wants an authority,'—not to satisfy his own mind,—not to convince his own people,—but to bear down the resistance of the Papist and the Socinian. Well, he may here see, in the argument of the *Dublin Review*, that his favourite 'authority of the church' is utterly useless for any such purpose. The Romanist thinks as highly as himself of 'the authority of the church;' but the Romanist denies, and will deny to the end of time, that the church of CLERICUS JUNIOR is any church at all! And thus it is seen, that he has been running away from the only safe ground for a Christian, the word of God, after a fancied 'authority of the church,' which turns out, at last, to be nothing better than a mere 'will-o'-the-wisp.' And, what is still worse, he has allowed the Papist to lead him off the only safe ground,—the sufficiency and supremacy of God's word,—and to draw him into the concession

of the first principle and basis of Popery, the right of the church to the authoritative interpretation of the scriptures.

CLERICUS JUNIOR closes with a complaint, that "I have given him no answer at all." But I think I have a right to cast the blame of indistinctness upon himself, for it is not easy, after reading both his letters, to make out exactly what the question is that he wishes to put. As far as I have been able to understand him, his demand is, for some authority more clear and distinct and conclusive than Holy Writ. My reply, in a word, is, that there is none,—that it is impossible that there should be any.

As for 'the interpretation of the church,' a single circumstance will shew the impossibility of adopting such a rule. That circumstance is, the contrariety of interpretations, the opposition existing between one 'visible church' and another. The interpretation of 'the visible church' in England is, that our Lord's charge to Peter conferred no supreme authority on the bishop of Rome. The interpretation of 'the visible church' in France or in Italy is, that it did confer such authority. In twenty other controverted points, the like difference of opinion exists. In every case one of the differing bodies must be in the wrong. Now 'an authority,' which claims to interpret the scriptures, and which yet is as likely to interpret them in a wrong sense as in a right one, must evidently be of very little use.

Of very little use to any one. But as to the two parties to whose case CLERICUS JUNIOR wishes to apply it,—it would be to them of no use at all. To them, whether Romanist or Socinian, 'the church' of CLERICUS JUNIOR is nothing but a body of con-

temned and despised opponents. And by what contrivance does he expect to charm their hostility so entirely to sleep, as to persuade them to concede to that very body an exclusive 'right to interpret' the word of God?

In a word,—God has graciously given us a perfect rule, an infallible standard,—alike for our own support and for the confounding all gainsayers. In all essential matters, such as those on which we join issue with the Papist and the Socinian, this rule is perfectly distinct, clear, and intelligible, We need no 'opinions' or 'interpretations' of men; the introduction of which is always found to bring clouds and darkness between us and the light of day.

For what reason, then, should we quit this secure and impregnable ground, and venture upon the insecure footing of human interpretations? For the sake of silencing the opposers? Strange delusion! to imagine that those "*who hear not Moses and the prophets,*" nor even the Son of God himself, will sink into ready and entire submission at the voice of certain uninspired and fallible human beings like themselves!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

OLD MAIDS.

MADAM,

WHILE I admire the benevolent spirit which breathes in every sentence of the paper on *Old Maids*, in your Magazine for March, I cannot agree with the tendency of the concluding paragraphs, which give so decided a preponderance to the reasons in favour of celibacy. I am aware that some persons consider, with Bishop Taylor, that there is a peculiar blessing in the life to come, prepared for those who have maintained that state in the present life; but I have never been able to satisfy myself of the application and force of their arguments. Their chief support is, I believe, derived from the text your correspondent has quoted from St. Paul, and from another in the Apocalypse; but in the first of these passages, St. Paul not only states that he has *no command* on the subject, but expressly limits his advice to the peculiar state of the church at that time; and while he leaves the disciples at liberty to decide for themselves, explains his meaning by saying that such "should have trouble." The expression used by St. John (Rev. xiv. 4.) appears to have the same signification as the terms "adultery" and "fornication," so often used by the prophetical writers, with reference to idolatry and apostacy.

But while these texts will fairly admit of a limitation in application, or of a different interpretation,—how otherwise than literally can we understand the many texts in favour of marriage? "Marriage is honourable in all." "I will that the younger women marry," &c.; while "forbidding to marry" is specified as one mark of those who, "in the latter times" shall "depart from the faith."

Mankind are formed for social life; and without that sympathy which can only proceed from the heart of an affectionate spouse, the natural firmness of the masculine character would degenerate into an unyielding harshness, and render men even more deficient than they now are in the mutual forbearance necessary to render their intercourse with each other pleasant and profitable; and though there are some women who seem formed to stand alone in the world, yet the most beautiful trait of the female character is the softness and flexibility which inclines them to look for support to the firmer nature of man. By union both are improved, and though there are exceptions to all rules, yet surely the state for which our natural constitution fits us, must be that which the generality of individuals are intended to occupy. Those, therefore, who without any peculiar reason choose the single life, are evidently gratifying their own personal feelings by the violation of a law of nature—"It is not good for man to be alone." And not only are we by our natural constitution formed for marriage, but both the priests under the Jewish dispensation, and bishops under the Christian—of whom purity of life was equally required—were not only permitted, but enjoined to marry.

Far be it from me to charge with selfishness *all*

who continue single. I know some, and believe there are many individuals who have exhibited their freedom from that sin, by voluntarily choosing this state; I would only remonstrate against the exceptions being made the rule; and refer to those only, who, without any *special* reason, refuse to enter into a state which God has appointed and blessed, because they consider a single life more free from care. The plea of the greater opportunities of usefulness possessed by the unmarried is often a cloak for unworthy reasons. God will never be at a loss for instruments, and a person may be equally useful married as single; we often deceive ourselves as to our real motives; and if the persons who advance this plea were to say, We shall attract less notice by our efforts to do good; it would often express their real motives more correctly.

Thus far was written last month; but having laid my paper aside in consequence of the pressure of other engagements, I will add a few words with reference to the observations of your correspondent, with the unintelligible signature 'A would-be Spinster!!!' I quite agree with her remark, that 'it would not be fair to take isolated individuals as the representatives of a certain class.' Yet if, as she admits, selfishness pre-disposes to the adoption of a life of celibacy, we may fairly assume that disposition to be a prevailing feature of the class. But I do not mean to argue either for or against this idea, I would only protest against the assumption of greater holiness and freedom from earthly ties, made by the advocates of celibacy. Hannah More was one in ten thousand; but there are many married women who must be ranked equally high in point of usefulness,

with perhaps less love of admiration than was unhappily apparent in Mrs. More. Selfishness is as often manifest in the attention bestowed upon the pet cat or parrot of an old maid as in the more legitimate care bestowed by the married woman upon her husband and children; and I believe that the affection drawn forth in the latter case more often overflows upon other objects, than the 'unfettered' attention of the unmarried is bestowed upon the 'more extended and larger number.'

I cannot better conclude these remarks than with a passage I lately read in Mr. Scott's notes to the Pilgrim's Progress, on this subject: it is on the account of the marriage of Matthew and Mary; he says, 'The author availed himself of the opportunity, here presented him, of giving his opinion on a very important subject, about which religious persons often hold different sentiments. He evidently intended to say, that he deemed it generally most safe and advantageous to the parties themselves, and most conducive to the spread and permanency of true religion, for young Christians to marry; provided it be done in the fear of God, and according to the rules of his word. Yet we cannot suppose but he would readily have allowed of exceptions to this rule; for there are individuals who, continuing single, employ that time and those talents in assiduously doing good, which in the married state must have been greatly abridged or pre-occupied; and thus they are more extensively useful than their brethren. Yet, in common cases, the training up of a family, by the combined efforts of pious parents, in honesty, sobriety, industry, and the principles of true religion, when united with fervent prayer, and the persuasive

eloquence of a good example, is so important a service to the church and to the community, that few persons are capable of doing greater or more permanent good in any other way.' In another place, he says, 'The apostolic rule, only in the Lord, is absolute.'

I remain, madam, your obedient servant,

CŒLEBS NON-VOLENS.

UNBELIEF not only includes distrust of God's promises, and want of dependence on Christ's merits, but also want of reliance upon the gracious aid of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is one great fruit of Christ's intercession, and the special promise he has made to his church. Without his aid we can neither perform the duties nor enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary: he alone can enable us to worship the Father in spirit and in truth: he alone can open our hearts to attend to the things which belong to our peace, and so clothe with divine energy the word of God, as to render it effectual to our conversion and sanctification: he must begin, carry on, and perfect the working of grace in our hearts.—*Rev. S. Bunbury.*

ASTRONOMY.

ASTRONOMY is acknowledged to be the most sublime, useful, and interesting of all the sciences.

By it we learn not only the bulk of the earth, the situation and extent of its different parts, but also the bulks, distances, degrees of heat, motion, matter, attraction, and general characteristics of the nearer heavenly bodies.

It may be advisable, in the first place, to give a general view of our system. Let us suppose, then, a globe of two feet diameter to be placed in the centre of a plain, and to represent the sun. Draw a circle 164 feet diameter, and on it place a mustard-seed for Mercury; on a circle of 284 feet, place a pea for Venus; on one of 430 feet, a pea for the earth; on one of 654 feet, a pistol-shot for Mars; on a circle of 1000 to 12,000 feet, grains of sand for the asteroids; on a circle of half a mile, an orange for Jupiter; on one of 4-5ths of a mile, a small orange for Saturn; and on a circle of 1½ miles, a small plum to represent Herschel.

To assist the imagination, let us suppose that a body were projected from the sun, with the swiftness of a cannon-ball, i. e. 480 miles per hour: this body would reach the orbit of Mercury in 8 years 267½ days; of Venus, in 16 years 116½ days; of the earth, in 22 years 205 days. From the earth to the moon it would take 20½ days; from the sun to Mars, it

would perform the time in 34 years 137 days; to the asteroids, in 57 years 270 days; to Jupiter, in 117 years 137 days; to Saturn, in 215 years 74 days; and to Herschel, in 432 years 281 days; and to the nearest fixed star in about 7,610,350 years.

But the measure of great distances is best calculated by the velocity of light, which traverses 192,000 miles per second. Thus light would travel from the sun to Mercury in 3 min. 11 sec,; to Venus, in 5 min. 57 sec.; to the earth, in 8 min. 14 sec.; to Mars, in 12 min. 33 sec.; to Jupiter, in 42 min. 52 sec.; to Saturn, in 1 hour 18 min. 36 sec.; to Herschel, in 2 hours 38 min. 4 sec.; and to the nearest fixed star in about 5 years 104 days.

So prevalent was astronomy among the ancient world, that the Babylonians and Assyrians used to have their nativities cast, and then engraved on their seals, in the same manner that we now have our arms and crests.

Mankind were many ages in discovering even the true order in which the planets revolved round the sun: indeed it was a long while before they could be convinced that the sun did not revolve round our earth; and in each of these stages of improvement they formed their belief into systems, which they called after their own name, as the Ptolemaic system, the Egyptian system, the Tychonic system, the semi-Tychonic system, the Cartesian theory, and, lastly, the Copernican, or true solar system. Hipparchus was the first person that reduced astronomy to a system. He was born at Rhodes, and flourished in Alexandria in the middle of the second century before Christ. The Copernican, or true solar system, is the same as was taught by Pythagoras, a Samian

philosopher, 500 B.C. but in later times was lost. It was again brought to light by Nicolaus Copernicus, who was born at Thorn, in 1473, and was accepted and confirmed by the greatest mathematicians and philosophers that have since lived; and Sir Isaac Newton has established this system on such an everlasting foundation of mathematical demonstration, as can never be shaken. This system is in compliment to him called the Newtonian system.

The universe, throughout all space, was imagined to be filled with systems; but Sir William Herschel affixes limits. By a system is meant a number of bodies moving round one centre, such as the solar system. The moving bodies of these systems we call planets and comets. The name planet is derived from a Greek word, signifying *wanderer*, as the planets are always moving their places. Those planets which are near to the sun not only finish their circuits sooner, but likewise move faster in their orbits, than those at a greater distance from him. Their motions are all performed from west to east, in orbits nearly circular. Under the denomination of planets are now comprised Mercury, Venus, the earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel. There are also four smaller planets, or *asteroids*, moving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, viz. Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and Vesta. The bodies we call *comets* are very numerous. Besides these, there is an inferior sort of bodies in the solar system, moving round the planets, called *satellites*, or moons, of which our own only is visible to us without a telescope. Besides our own, Jupiter has four, Saturn seven, and Herschel six.

The Earth.—We will begin by considering the

earth on which we dwell. The ancients held various opinions respecting its figure: most of them supposed it to be a vast plane, bounded by the ocean; while others supposed it to be of various different shapes. Pythagoras, however, asserted it to be spherical, which in process of time was fully proved. The diameter of the earth, from pole to pole, is 7900 miles. The equatorial diameter is 25½ miles longer. This is caused by the rotation of the earth, which is performed in 23 hours 56 min. 4 sec. and is called a *sidereal day;* but because of the revolution of the earth in its orbit, while it rotates on its axis, it obtains every day a different position, with regard to the sun, to what it had the preceding day; 3 deg. 56 sec. must, therefore, be added to make up the *solar day,* which is 24 hours: so that there are in a year 366 sidereal, while there are but 365 solar days. The velocity of the earth in its orbit, when at its perihelion (shortest distance) is 68145 miles per hour, and at its aphelion (or greatest distance) 63620 miles. The velocity of its rotation is 1046 miles per hour. The greatest height of mountain is 25000 feet, nearly 5 miles, which is the height of the Himalaya mountains, in Thibet. The greatest depth of sea is about the same as the greatest height of mountain; and the greatest depth of mine is above half a mile. The earth contains 198,000,000 square miles in surface, and 263,000,000,000 cubic miles in solidity. Water covers three quarters of the surface of the earth. If the projectile force were destroyed, the earth would fall to the sun in 64 days 10 hours.

The Moon.—Next to the sun, the moon is that of the heavenly bodies, which the most engages our attention; she is but 237,000 miles distant from the

earth, and is 2,160 miles in diameter; she accompanies the earth in its annual orbit, and during that period goes herself nearly 13 times round the earth in an orbit of her own; she is 50 minutes later on the meridian every day; to us the variation is from 17 to 76 min. The surface of the moon, when viewed through a telescope, presents to the beholder a most diversified appearance; the ruggedness of the moon's surface is of great use to us, by reflecting the sun's rays to all sides; for if the moon were quite smooth and even, she could never distribute the sun's rays all round; only in some positions would she shew us his image, and then no bigger than a point, but with such a lustre as would be hurtful to our eyes.

Astronomers have drawn maps of the moon's surface, and given names to the different *mountains*, some of which they estimate at 1¾ miles. The greatest visible area on the moon, as seen from the earth, is 1 square mile; telescopes must therefore be greatly improved, before we shall be enabled to discover signs of inhabitants. Volcanoes have also been discovered on the moon. Dr. Herschel has given an account of three, which he saw in 1797. With regard to *aeroliths*, the reader will find some remarks in a former paper (Mosaic Geology, vol. ix. p. 328.) It has long been debated, whether the moon has an atmosphere or not; if not, the heavens in the daytime would have the appearance of night to a Lunarian who turns his back to the sun, were it not for the stars; but the stars appear brighter to him than they do in the night time to us. The moon always keeps the same side to the earth, so that she turns exactly once round on her axis, as she moves round the earth; and her day and night are nearly

as long as one of our months. What is very singular, one half of the moon has no darkness at all, the earth constantly affording her a strong light in the sun's absence; whilst the other half has a fortnight's darkness and a fortnight's light by turns. But from one half of the moon the earth is never seen at all, and from the centre of the other half it is always seen over head. To her the earth appears to be the largest body in the universe, 13 times as large as she or the sun appear to us; if it has no atmosphere, its inhabitants, if any, on the further half, instead of the twilight which we enjoy, have an immediate transition from the brightest sunshine to the blackest darkness. The moon's climates must be very extraordinary, unmitigated and burning sunshine, fiercer than our equatorial sun, for a whole fortnight; and the keenest severity of frost far exceeding that of our polar regions, for an equal space of time. It is possible that evaporation on the one hand, and condensation on the other, may tend to equalize the seasons, and mitigate the extreme severity of both climates. By our not observing any refraction caused by it, the moon's atmosphere must be rarer than is produced by our best air-pumps. The moon's light is estimated to be equal to what one wax candle gives at the distance of 12 feet. As above said, our earth acts as a moon to her, waxing and waning regularly, and appearing 13 times as large; so that when it is a new moon to us, it is a full earth to the moon, and vice versâ.[1]

[1] The moon does not always appear quite round when full, but has sometimes a little deficiency on her upper, and sometimes on her lower edge; the former is occasioned when the moon is full in the lowest part of her orbit, and the latter when she is full in the highest point of ditto.

Besides the moon's giving us light, it is the chief cause of the tides; it has also an influence on the weather, and the human constitution; hence persons deranged in their intellects are called lunatics, and experience an increase of their disorder at the full and change of the moon. The moon's magnitude is 1-49th of that of the earth. A body which weighs here 1 lb. if removed to the surface of the moon would weigh only 1-5th of a lb.; consequently we, if removed there, would feel giddy, and not able to keep ourselves steady. The moon contains 14,000,000 square miles in surface, and 5,000,000,000 cubic miles in solidity; and if the projectile force were destroyed, would fall to the earth in 4 days 21 hours.

The sun is the next object that engages our attention; but as the consideration of this naturally leads us on to the contemplation of the stars, which are supposed to be the suns of other systems, we will reserve its consideration till we have spoken of the planets, bodies of a more kindred nature to our own.

As has been before hinted, it is most probable that the planets of our system, together with their satellites, are of nearly the same nature as our earth, and consequently inhabited; for they have regular returns of seasons, and of day and night also, for they all rotate on their axes, which is the cause of day and night. Such of the planets as are furthest from the sun have satellites to revolve round and enlighten them, in the same manner as our moon does us, thus compensating for their distance from the sun, and consequently for their diminution of his light and heat. Yet even the planets have climates and temperatures so different from our own, as to be unsuitable for our habitation, though they may be rendered fit

for the reception of beings of a similar nature. Thus the solar heat is 7 times greater at Mercury, and 330 times less at Herschel, than on our own planet.

Mercury is the nearest planet to the sun, or about 36,746,709 miles. It receives its name from its quick motion, mercury being the messenger of the gods. He moves in his orbit at the rate of 109,400 miles per hour; his day is equal to 24 hours 5 min. 28.3 sec. and his year is 87 days 23 hours 15 min. 43.9 sec. His light and heat from the sun are nearly seven times as great as what we receive; the mean heat is above that of boiling quicksilver, and water would boil even at its poles; his diameter is 3200 miles, and therefore contains in surface 32,182,400 square miles and 17,164,000,000 cubic miles in solidity. The highest mountain is computed to be 10 miles in height. If the projectile force were destroyed, it would fall to the sun in 15 days 13 hours.

Both this planet and Venus have atmospheres headed with clouds, which is manifestly a provision serving to mitigate the intense heat and glare of the sun.

Venus receives her name from her distinguished beauty. She is the most splendid and apparently the largest of all the planets; the variation in her brightness is affected by two causes—her distance and her phases; the period of her greatest splendour comes on every eighth year. For 292 days she is west of the sun, and rises before him, and is then called Phosphorus, Lucifer, or the morning-star; and for the next 292 days she is east of the sun, and sets after it, and is then called Hespirus, Vespirus, or the evening-star. Her year consists of 224 of our days 16 hours 49 min. 7.99 sec. and her day is 23

hours 21 min. 7.2 sec.; her diameter is 7,800 miles, and she contains 191,209,200 square miles in surface, and 248,572,000,000 cubic miles in solidity; her distance from the sun is 68,664,908 miles; her velocity in her orbit is 80,060 miles per hour.

Her atmosphere is about 3 miles high; her highest mountain is estimated at 22 miles elevation, which far exceeds those of our earth, or even of mercury; her light and heat are about twice as great as ours. If the projectile force were destroyed she would fall to the sun in 39 days 17 hours.

Mars, the first of the superior planets, may be distinguished by his fiery red appearance. The outlines of continents and seas have been plainly traced, the former being red, and the latter a light green colour. Bright spots have occasionally been seen at the poles of this planet, and from their increasing and decreasing as he approaches to or recedes from the sun, it has been imagined that they are occasioned by snow accumulated during the winter, affording a presumptive proof of the similarity of the atmosphere of the planets. According to the nature of our earth, water would not remain fluid on the surface of mars, and in his temperate zones, alcohol and quicksilver would freeze. The distance of Mars from the Sun is 144,500,000 miles; the length of his year is 686 days 23 hours 30 min. 41 sec. and his day is 24 hours 39 min. 21.3 sec. His velocity in his orbit is 55,000 miles per hour; his diameter is 4,092 miles, and he therefore contains 55,000,000 square miles in surface, and 40,000 million cubic miles in solidity; or about 1-7th that of the earth. A body which weighs one pound here would, if removed there, weigh only 5 oz. 6 drs., not quite $\frac{1}{3}$ of the gravity on our earth. The

light and heat of the sun at this planet may be $\frac{1}{2}$ of what we receive. If the projectile force were destroyed, this planet would fall to the sun in 121 days.

The Asteroids.—Long before the discovery of the asteroids, Astronomers had supposed that because of the great distance between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, there existed a planet within these orbits. At length some astronomers met at Lilienthal, in Sept. 1800, and formed a society of 24 astronomers, in different parts of Europe, with Scroveter at their head, for the purpose of investigating the regions between these two planets. Bode observed that if the distance of the earth from the sun were 10, then

Mercury.... will be..	4	$=$	4
Venus.....	$4+(3\times1)$	$=$	7
Earth	$4+(3\times2)$	$=$	10
Mars	$4+(3\times2^2)$	$=$	16
Supposed Planet	$4+(3\times2^3)$	$=$	28
Jupiter	$4+(3\times2^4)$	$=$	52
Saturn.....	$4+(3\times2^5)$	$=$	100
Herschel.....	$4+(3\times2^6)$	$=$	196

If these numbers be compared with the real distances, it will be seen that they are very nearly proportional to them.

The result of this assembly was the discovery of one of the asteroids, on the first day of that year, and in less than 7 years, three similar bodies were discovered, all between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. The appellation of asteroids was given them by Dr. Herschel to distinguish them from the planets, because they did not appear to have precisely the same laws. All the orbits of the asteroids are very much inclined, which is the reason that their motions are so difficult to determine. Their motions are likewise rendered very irregular by the attractions of Jupiter and Saturn. Their names are Vesta, Juno, Ceres and Pallas.

Vesta was discovered by Dr. Olberg, on March 29, 1807. She appears like a star of the sixth magnitude.

Her diameter is 238 miles, and she is 224,000,000 miles distant from the sun. Her orbit is inclined to the ecliptic, and her eccentricity is 20,000,000 miles, 7 deg. 8 min. 9 sec.

Juno was discovered on Sept. 1, 1804, by Mr. Harding of Lilienthal, near Bremen. She resembles a star of the eighth magnitude; her mean distance from the sun is 253,000,000 miles, and the eccentricity is 65,000,000, being about $\frac{1}{4}$; her diameter is 1425 miles; her orbit is inclined to the ecliptic, 13 deg. 4 min. 9.7 sec.

Ceres was discovered by M. Piazzi of Palermo in Sicily, on January 1, 1801, but lost sight of it through illness. It was not again perceived till Dec. 7, when Dr. Zach of Saxe Gotha re-discovered it. It is of the eighth magnitude, and can only be seen by a telescope. She is surrounded by an atmosphere 670 miles in height; her mean distance is 263,000,000 miles, and her eccentricity 1-13; her diameter is 60 miles; her orbit is inclined to the ecliptic, 10 deg. 37 min, 26 sec.

Pallas was discovered by Dr. Olberg, at Bremen, on March 28, 1802. Her distance is 263,000,000 miles, and her eccentricity is 1-5; her diameter is 79 miles, and the height of her atmosphere 465 miles; her orbit is inclined to the ecliptic so much as 34 deg. 34. min. 55 sec.

The Asteroids have been supposed to be the fragments of a planet that formerly revolved between Mars and Jupiter; even then it must have been a small one: gravity is only 1-20th on the surface of these asteroids, to what it is on the Earth.

Jupiter is the largest planet in our system, and next to Venus it is the most brilliant, often exceeding even

her in brightness. He is accompanied by four satellites, and surrounded by lucid streaks or belts, the nature of which is unknown, though they are imagined to be clouds or vapours.

Jupiter has also large spots on his surface, which have been made use of by astronomers to calculate the period of his rotation, which is performed in 9 hours 56 min. The length of his year is 11 years of ours 317 days 14 hours 2 min. 8.55 sec.; and his velocity in his orbit 30,000 miles per hour. His distance from the sun is 493,892,616 miles; the equatorial diameter is 87,000 miles, and his polar diameter 6230 less. He contains 25,000,000,000 square miles in surface, and 300,000,000,000,000 cubic miles in solidity. The inclination of his axis is but 3 deg. 5 min. 30 sec.; the inhabitants therefore can enjoy but little diversity of climate, it being summer at the equator, and winter at the poles, all the year. The great difference of diameter is owing to his quick rotation on his axis, which is at the rate of 27,245 miles per hour. The sun appears to him only 1-5th the size it does to us, and the intensity of light and heat is but 1-27th of ours. A body, weighing here one pound, would, if removed there, weigh 2716 pounds. If the projectile force were destroyed, Jupiter would reach the sun in 290 days.

Jupiter's satellites were first discovered by Marius of Brandeburgh, in 1609. Like our moon, they revolve round him in exactly the same time that they rotate on their own axes; the periods of their revolution are from 1 day 18 hours, 3 days 13 hours, 7 days 3 hours, to 16 days 16 hours; while their distances are from 260,000 to 1,160,500 miles. Astronomers have made use of them to calculate the velocity of light,

which they estimate at 192,000 miles per second; and also for the calculation of the longitude; but this is now performed by the occultation of a fixed star by the moon.

Saturn is the second largest planet of our system, and the most distant that can be distinctly seen by the naked eye. Its great distance from the sun is counterbalanced by a large double ring and seven satellites. He is also surrounded by streaks or belts, occasioned by the atmosphere. His distance from the sun is 905,504,297 miles, and the length of his year is 29 years 274¼ days, and the length of his day is 10½ hours. The rate of his velocity in his orbit is 22,000 miles per hour; his diameter is 79,000 miles, and his surface contains 17,000,000,000 square miles, and he contains 200,000,000,000,000 cubic miles in solidity. Though his magnitude is thus 995 times that of the earth, his density hardly exceeds ⅛, so that he must consist of materials not much heavier than cork. The polar diameter is 1-12th shorter than the equatorial one. Though Saturn receives but 1-100th of the light and heat we do, yet this is 500 times greater than that of the full moon. If the projectile force were destroyed, it would fall to the sun in 2 years 37 days.

Saturn is surrounded by a luminous double belt, at the distance of 19,090 miles; the breadth of the two rings is about 27,748 miles, and the thickness 100. The rings appear to open and close, according as to whether they are seen more or less obliquely, every 15 years. They will attain their greatest opening in the year 1839.

The five outermost of his satellites were discovered by Cassini and Huygens, at the latter end of the 17th century; Dr. Herschel discovered the other two in

1787-8. These satellites are from 132,400 to 2,514,000 miles distant, and perform their revolutions in 1, 1, 1, 2, 4, 15, and 79 days respectively.

Georgium Sidus, Herschel, or Uranus, is the most distant of the planets. It was discovered by Dr. Herschel at Bath, on 13th March, 1781. It is called Uranus, because, in the heathen mythology, this name denoted the father of Saturn, as Saturn was the father of Jupiter. Being at so great a distance, 1,820,958,808 miles, it appears no bigger than a star of the sixth magnitude. The length of its day is unknown, but its year is 84 of our years and 26 days. Its velocity in its orbit is 15,600 miles per hour. Its diameter is 36,000 miles, and its surface 3,800,000,000 square miles, and solidity 24,000,000,000,000 cubic miles. Its light and heat are 1-330th of what we receive. The temperature of any body cannot be lower than that of space, which is 58 deg. below the zero point of Fahrenheit. If the projectile force were destroyed, it would fall to the sun in 3 years 212 days. Herschel is attended by six satellites, also discovered by Dr. Herschel; they are remarkable from moving in a plane nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic, and also from their motion being retrograde, that is from east to west; their distances vary from 225,000 to 1,560,400 miles, and the periods of their revolutions are 6, 8¾, 11, 13½, 38, and 107¾ days.

Having now treated of the planets, we will return to the consideration of our Earth, with reference to its seasons, tides, and eclipses.

The Seasons.—If the earth's axis were perpendicular to its orbit, or if the earth remained motionless in the heavens, every portion of its surface would experience a sameness of temperature; it would be con-

stant summer to one place, and constant winter to another; one part would be frozen, while another would be parched up. This is obviated by the earth's axis being declined a few degrees ($23\frac{1}{2}$) from a perpendicular to its orbit, so that all the inhabitants of the earth are proportionally favoured with light and heat.

Though the earth is nearer the sun in winter than in summer, yet this difference, 2,754,000 miles, bears but little proportion to the mean distance, being as 34 to 1000; besides which the sun's rays fall then much more obliquely on the earth's surface where we live; but principally there is a much greater degree of cold in the long winter nights, than can return of heat in the short days.

The Tides.—If the earth were stationary, the waters would rush to the poles, and deluge them; if the earth were truly spherical, the waters would rush to the equator. But as the equatorial diameter is greater than the polar, and the earth does revolve, the effect of the centrifugal force counteracts the effects of the greater distance of the equator from the centre. Thus we find that the waters are not kept at any particular portion of the earth, but indiscriminately at the poles and equator.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

'A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark.'—COWPER.

MADAM,

'TIS said that joys anticipated far transcend the realization. Such may be the experience of some, but I am not prepared to subscribe, without reservation, to the doctrine. I admit most willingly that there exists not an earthly sweet without its accompanying bitter; but if we expect the bitter for the time to come that we have invariably found in the creature in time past, I apprehend that sometimes it will prove less than anticipated, and short of those we have felt before. If we close our eyes and expect too much, it is but just that we should feel disappointment. And who is there that reads and believes the bible, that ought so to act? Does not that blessed volume teem with the news that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards; and yet the same is not less true, that the real believer is as "one sorrowful yet alway rejoicing." On one fine day in the summer of last year, as I strolled through the flower-garden and demesne of a friend, in a most enchanting part of the kingdom, I was enabled to enjoy (and the reflection brings not torment) objects such as follow: High in the blue heavens, without a cloud to obscure his

beams of brightness, shone the flaming sun himself, worthy the contemplation and admiration of the greatest minds and finest tastes that have ever adorned the literary or religious world. All the animal and vegetable creation appear to rejoice in his benign influence, and claim him as their secondary benefactor next of creation to the great Creator himself. He is not only the instrument of light, but life itself, to most terrestrial things. His presence beautifies and gladdens the universe, and his absence saddens and deforms nature in all its glories. At the distance of the height on which I stood rolled the mighty deep, its wavy surface reflecting the blue of æther as a mirror, with its hundred vessels in sight, bound for the different shores of the globe. What an object for contemplation the ocean and its depths! Then for miles, on the opposite side, appeared the green hills, some clothed with trees of many variegated shades and tints, from the silvery aspen to the dark pine; while others were speckled with white sheep or the larger cattle, all happy looking, as they roamed or rested in the verdant pastures. Nearer me was visible the meadow with its yellow flowers and waving grass; while all around me I could inspect the flowers, not only the natural offspring of the fields, but the carefully cultivated children of the garden. On the margin of a crystal pond, fringed with green moss, was to be seen the rose, the queen of flowers, in beauty's brightest dyes, with the blush of youthful beauty on its petals, and the array of many a bristling spear, to guard its fair face from rude assaults.

At some distance, and refreshed by the long shadow of the neighbouring trees, the graceful lily raised its

fair head, the flower next in pedigree to the sweet queen herself; and by the lily's side grew the bright tulip in all its delicate and fine colours; there were the pinks and carnations, with odoriferous incense perfuming all around, and the heart's-ease, primrose, polyanthus, narcissus, and the bordering daisy, with all the fair assemblage, whose names are too numerous to recount, from the great sunflower and holyhock, down to the blue-eyed forget-me-not and the wild daisy, to all and each of which the sun had lent his brightest colours. Revelling among these sweet inhabitants of the garden, roamed the bee and the butterfly, some on profit, some on pleasure bent, while thousands of different insects played on the wing, and basked in the sun's warm rays. Evergreens and flowering shrubs, tastefully dispersed over the smooth lawn, and protected from every rude blast of the north or east. The lark, out of the ken of the eye, aloft in air chanted his sweetest carol, and the thrush, in the deep shade of the neighbouring wood, made the valley and rocks to re-echo to his vocal throat. A breeze set in from the sea, just enough to bring refreshing coolness, and diffuse sweetness on its wings from the flowers, or shake the green trees' leaves.

With a book to relieve the mind from the contemplation of these earthly enjoyments in my hand, I passed most of this day, long and happy as it was. After dining with the hospitable lord and lady of the seat and their numerous family of young and gay spirits, it was proposed that we should take an evening stroll through a most romantic wood, greatly beautified by walks cut along the top of a steeply inclining plain, with a rustic seat here and there to

rest the stroller, or enable him to contemplate the scene. The sun had gone down and darkness followed quickly on his disappearance; we were some distance from home and began to retrace our steps through a walk planted with fragrant oak, and to our great delight we witnessed first one then another glow-worm shining in the dark; and as these were the first I was ever enabled to contemplate or inspect, I took peculiar delight in their beautifully bright and steady lamp, and methought it was the prettiest object I had that day witnessed, though greatly pleased with all. For after all the beauties of the sunshine were past and gone, the little worm of earth shone alone to the delighted eye, and often have I since reflected that something similar to this was the life of the Christian, as compared with the world. In the broad sunshine of fashion, when all that is bright, beautiful and fair captivates the dazzled senses, and where even the contemplative mind is in danger of being intoxicated with the world's glories and smiles, and apparently lasting delights, the Christian is not seen in such a medium, but sinks into obscurity and desertion; but so soon as the world's joys are over and the night of adversity sets in, the Christian, who is himself but a worm of earth, and an unseemly worm too in retirement and abstracted from the public paths of life, begins to shine to the admiring eye with a brightness and a beauty unheeded and unprized before, and shining like light in a dark and gloomy world. The Christian is a glow-worm offspring of the ground, lonely and lowly in the earth, but shining where all other worms cannot shine, a light shining in a dark place, little, but bright—lowly, but beautiful—silent, yet

letting his light shine before men; no hum like the busy insect—no flutter like inconstant butterfly—not courting observation, but retiring to the shade. All save the Christian are flowers and butterflies; the brightest eye that ever sparkled will grow dull and dim—the smoothest forehead that ever shone will roughen and wrinkle—the most delicate cheek that ever glowed will fade and grow pale—the most raven locks that ever adorned the fairest brows will whiten as the snows—the finest form shall become distorted by time—the liveliest spirits flag, the first manners be forgotten in the persons, family, fortune, fashion,—youth and beauty fade away and become obsolete, when the spark of heaven that has been kindled around the Christian's soul will shine out and brighten in the eyes of wondering worlds, shining too like the stars for ever in the firmament.

I remain, madam, yours, with great respect,

A LOVER OF SINGULARITY.

WHITSUNDAY.

THIS day is set apart by the church, in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Ghost, which glorious event was foretold by the prophet Joel, and promised by our Redeemer to his disciples. "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye shall know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." John xiv. 16, 17. Of its fulfilment we have the detail in the second chapter of the Acts.

This day, in former times, was called the day of Pentecost, being fifty days from Easter. As Easter, the Christian festival, is instituted instead of the Jewish passover[1], Whitsunday is instead of the Pentecost spoken of in Leviticus xxiii. 15, 16. The one prefiguring what was to happen, the other commemorating that which has happened.

The name of White Sunday is said to have been given to remind us of the radiant whiteness of light, and of that light especially which the Holy Ghost communicates, and which surrounds the throne of the Trinity in Unity. Another reason is assigned for this name. Having been a day appointed by the church for public baptism, the catechumens to be

[1] Lev. xxiii. 4.

baptized presented themselves in white clothing. On such an occasion these garments may well be worn by true believers in Jesus. White is an appropriate emblem of the clothing wherewith he hath clothed them. It is the same in which he is arrayed in his glory, and in which he re-appeared on earth. "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." Matt. xxviii. 3. It is such as in his transfiguration he shewed himself. "And his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." Matt. xvii. 2. The evangelists who record this appearance, seem almost at a loss for expressions to describe the surpassing brightness. St. Mark says, "his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." And St. Luke—"the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening."

This was a representation of what Jesus is in his glory, and of that which he will bestow upon all his saints who shall appear with him in glory, as Moses and Elias did. The church is "arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints." Rev. xix. 18. This is the clothing which the Lamb put upon her in the day of her espousals, when he espoused her as a chaste virgin to himself. 2 Cor. ii. 2. Then shall she sing, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." Isaiah lxi. 10.

The faithful followers of Christ are baptized into

his Spirit; their understanding is convinced; their hearts are taught. They do not merely acknowledge that there is a Holy Ghost, and merely believe in, and talk of the operation of the Spirit, but they drink it in; and it is in them "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Our Lord used this metaphor, drawn from an object in nature, to teach the woman of Samaria, as, on another occasion, he pointed to the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, to shew how they were clothed and fed without their own providing. In like manner, every production in nature may afford instruction. A well of water is that from which people drink, being supplied by the purest stream. The spring is seen continually gushing up, either from some chink in a rock or some other crevice, in sparkling clearness. Its source is generally hidden, and may be compared with another of our Lord's similes: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The wind is unseen, while its operation is felt: the Spirit works effectually in the heart of every believer. "And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." 1 John iii. 24; iv. 13.

By the enlightening of the Holy Spirit we are taught to have a "right judgment in all things;" "for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." Thus are we enabled to receive the truth in the love of it, and to hold fast by the truth, in the midst of cavilling and disputation. "Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that

are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth: comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 10—14.

"Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them." Psalm cxix. 165.

This may be said of all who through the teaching of the Holy Spirit receive the truth as it is in Jesus. They receive it simply and sincerely; his law is written in their heart; they love it, they delight to do it; they see that it is holy, just and good; they acknowledge its perfection; they would add nothing to it, they would take nothing from it; there is nothing in it which offends them; they dare not attempt to vindicate it with any arguments unauthorized by divine revelation. They arraign not the justice of God in any decree which he has made. The Lord said it, the Lord did it,—silences every murmur in the heart of every child of his. Things too hard for us now we shall know hereafter. What does it signify that we see through a glass darkly, while we are assured that all things are naked and open to him who is the Judge of all the earth; and "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Nothing is right, nothing is pure, nothing is holy, but as rectitude, purity, and holiness, flow from Him to all which His hands have formed.

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." ii. 20.

The people of God quiet themselves in the assur-

ance that God reigneth. All things are ordained by him. No weapon which is formed against them can prosper; no enemy, spiritual or temporal, can move a finger against them, but as permission is given; therefore their "strength is to sit still." If persecution arise, they are not offended; they trust in God. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and are safe." Scoffs and taunts offend them not, for Jesus bore the same. The decrees, the ways, the ordinances of God offend them not; receiving all things as coming from him, they stumble not at the mystery of godliness, nor fall away while passing through the furnace of affliction. They know it is the way in which God hath chosen them. "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." St. Paul exhorts Timothy, "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner; but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God, who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began, but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." 2 Tim. i. 7—10.

S. M.

ROMISH SERVANTS.

An anonymous correspondent has addressed to us a query, which we regard in a very serious light; and would fain treat with the consideration that its importance demands. The writer describes herself as residing in a northern county of England, where the native female population are so generally engaged in manufactories that the upper classes are obliged to receive into their establishments Irish Romanists, as household servants. To this our correspondent feels a repugnance; but appears doubtful how far she should indulge it; and desires that the subject may be taken up in the pages of this magazine.

In acceding to the request, we must commence with an appeal to the consciences of our readers. A very false standard is too generally set up, founded on expediency, common usage, individual opinion, and many other things, but certainly not upon the word of God. What we have to say may militate against these prejudices: we appeal from all other decisions to the law and to the testimony, rejecting man's judgment in whatsoever it falls short of God's plain declarations. We have been met, when urging views similar to those now about to be stated, by the remark 'In that sense indeed, if you appeal only to scripture, you cannot be contradicted; but'——now we bar all buts; to scripture alone we appeal; and we invite any person to meet us with objections

drawn from that source. All other pleas are as nothing.

We are called on to suppose the case of a Protestant family obliged to receive under their roof a domestic holding the faith of Rome, or at least so situated as to render it extremely difficult to avoid it. We are moreover to understand that the head of the family is one who knows the truth as it is in Jesus, and of course sees in its real light the soul-destroying character of Popish delusion. She knows that the fellow-creature applying for a place in her household is as a sheep going astray from the good Shepherd; she would not for any consideration that her children, or any under her authority, should be contaminated by the evil thing from which she shrinks; and she ponders in her mind how far, with safety to them and justice to herself, she may acquiesce in the domestication of a spiritual plague within the sanctuary of her Christian habitation.

Shall she venture? Assuredly yes, if she can bring to bear upon this point what she professes to believe and to feel concerning the sacred cause of missionary labour abroad. She ought to regard the individual before her as one whom Christ has led to her door as a preliminary step to bringing the poor wanderer back to His fold. Here is one, self-deceived by bearing the name of Christian, yet sunk in most awful idolatry, and branded with a mark the bearing of which subjects that soul to eternal death, if the blood of Christ be not applied to efface it. That blood can only be applied by the hand of faith: faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. From all access to the word of God the poor Papist is debarred by an authority which he is taught

to regard as altogether absolute and irresistible; and unless the means be adopted which the Lord has appointed, we have no warrant to hope otherwise than that the fetter of darkness—the strong delusion that makes him believe a lie—will drag his soul down to perdition. What, then, is the Christian lady's duty in such a case? Is it not found in the exhortations, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." The opporunity is a precious one, and the right use of it may be the means of saving a soul from death. Let her, then, if otherwise satisfied with the candidate for servitude, in a kind, quiet way declare that she must see her whole household duly assembled at morning and evening worship, to hear the scriptures read which she takes as her own rule of life, and enforces on others also. In many cases, the condition will be cheerfully acceded to: if objections be started on the ground of obedience to the priest, let her mildly reply that she, as mistress of a family, is accountable to the highest authority for the strict fulfilment of a divine injunction; and that if she allowed her servants to see her making light of her heavenly Master's commands, she could not expect them to render a faithful obedience to her. A little of this kind of argument will go far: and if God have put it into the applicant's heart to desire a home in that house, it will prevail. If not, then an opportunity is afforded previous to giving a reluctant dismissal, to set forth strongly the immense importance, the rich privilege, the immeasurable benefits attending a constant peru-

sal of the Bible. Such a proof of reverence for, and attachment to it, if accompanied with a strong assurance of its being the only bar to an agreement, may sink so deep into the heart of the poor Romanist as to lead, at some future period, to most blessed results; though not to be known, perhaps, till the day of the revelation of all things. Should, however, the persuasion take effect, and the benighted soul, so long sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, be thus brought within reach of the day-beam from on high, a point will have been gained—a victory achieved, including all that mere man can do. The Lord will accomplish the rest.

But if, on the other hand, the domestic is received into the bosom of the Christian family with a tacit acquiescence on the part of its ruler in the continuance of this fearful delusion, let the lady cease, for consistency's sake, to talk of foreign missions, or to aid their object. How can her heart yearn towards the self-devoted victim afar off who flings himself beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, while her eye complacently follows the steps of her own poor handmaiden, bent towards the mass-house, to perform an act of idolatry more flagrant, because committed under far greater light—how can she long to place the gospel of salvation in the hand of the enfranchised African, while consenting to withhold it from one under her authority, who is still bound in personal slavery by the ministers of that false religion which fetters the body through the mind? Will God accept the service that leaves upon another all difficulties, all responsibilities, while that work of faith and labour of love which he graciously offers us an opportunity of engaging in is rejected, as though

he required of us somewhat that he would not enable us to perform? "Come over and help us," said the Macedonian to Paul in a vision; and straightway the apostle altered his course to reach Macedonia. "We are come over to you to be helped," say the poor deluded children of the sister isle, not in words, but in the eloquent language of wants whereof they are unconscious, while we distinctly comprehend their deep necessities, and the eye of God is upon us, to see whether our faith be indeed that vital principle which works by love.

These remarks are not the speculative opinions of a theorist: we have reason to bless God for more than one instance of complete success, in the practical application of a principle long since laid down. Romanists have entered our household: none ever left it a Romanist. The Protestant who receives a member of that apostacy without a firm determination to persist in the use of every means for achieving the great work of conversion, belies the very name of Protestant. It has been objected, that unless a person be spiritually influenced to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, it matters little what outward form is followed, what creed verbally professed. Let it however be remembered that the Papist who becomes a proselyte even to nominal Protestantism is thereby brought under the ordinary means of grace, from which he is otherwise shut out. We earnestly commend the case of these poor strangers to all who love the Lord Jesus, and desire the extension of his kingdom among men. A day is coming when we shall all be judged according to our opportunities, by Him who brings them within our reach; and who has given us this warning word: "He who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

THE TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

No. IV.

THE FALL OF THE ANGELS—THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THE fall of the rebel angels from heaven, although it be not minutely described in scripture, is frequently mentioned and implied, and seems, as it were, to be taken for granted throughout.

The traditions of the rabbins and the Arabic writers contain many notices of this stupendous event. It might be very interesting to pursue and unravel all these; but we must step farther back, and see what traces we can find of the celestial rebellion among our confused, disjointed traditions of ancient paganism.

They are not many, but I think they are conclusive. There is one grand narrative of Greek mythology, which although appropriated by Mr. Faber exclusively to the deluge, and by Jacob Bryant to the overthrow of Babel, contains within it many particulars which neither party can justly claim, and which seem accurately to describe what we may imagine the conflict in heaven to have been. This is the war of the Titans against the gods, with which

I must take leave to unite that of the giants, for sundry reasons, too long here to be set forth; but chiefly because Lycophron describes the war of Jupiter as being waged at once against *both* giants and Titans. In this celebrated conflict we have powers superior to mankind, fighting against the divine authority; and from this plain view of the case, I cannot but think that the revolt of the angels gave the original foundation for the whole story, although traditions of the deluge and Babel may have been subsequently built upon it. This is often the case in mythology; two or more events, similar in their nature, but belonging to different ages and nations, are often found blended in one narrative of gods and goddesses; and it requires some little patience to separate these various members of the story, and restore them to their proper places.

Such, however, must be our present plan: we must assign all the piling of mountains to the Babel-builders, and the crushing of the giants at the bottom of the sea, to the antediluvians, as well as the oath which Jove then swore by Styx, an irrevocable oath, sworn by the waters of hatred, (compare Gen. ix. 11. and Isaiah liv. 9.) and the appearance of Iris, or the rainbow, at the time that oath was taken, (compare Gen. ix. 12.)

The fiery flashes, thunder-bolts, and burning globes mentioned by Hesiod, Cedrenus, Ovid, and other writers, as the means by which the rebels were finally defeated, I must claim for our present subject, the 'war in heaven;' as even if they were not actually employed, they are the only physical phenomena by which that angelic overthrow could ever have been described to human minds. Our own Milton, in his

Paradise Lost, has made use of the same class of agencies for the rout of the celestial rebels.

> ———'Him th' Almighty power
> Hurled headlong flaming from th' etherial sky,
> With hideous ruin and combustion, down
> To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
> In adamantine chains, and penal fire,
> Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.'—I. 44.

> 'There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
> With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.'—I. 76.

And again,

> ———'And the thunder,
> Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage.'—I. 174.

I might multiply similar passages from various parts of the poem, but space forbids, and I must refer my readers to the original, Books i. v. and vi. These descriptions are said, by the critics, to be imitations of Homer, Æschylus, &c. but to me they are much more like Hesiod, as we shall see.

We have no positive scriptural authority for placing these phenomena exclusively at the time of the deluge, although no doubt that stupendous catastrophe was accompanied by thunder and lightning of an unusual fierceness; nor have we any warrant whatever for supposing them to belong to Babel, as that was a moral, and not an atmospheric overthrow.

Hesiod's fine description of the Titanic overthrow might indeed serve for a narrative of the defeat of the rebel angels. He speaks of Olympus, and even heaven itself, being shaken by their violence; of Jupiter flashing incessant *lightning* on them, with awful *thunders*, *red flames*, and sight-blasting gleams of *fire*. These are Milton's very expressions, and no doubt he had Hesiod in his eye when writing the

passages I have above quoted. The Greek poet proceeds to place the defeated rebels, bound in *adamantine chains*, and shut up with gates of impenetrable brass, in the deep, gloomy caverns of the earth, where the classical hell was always situated.

It is impossible not to be reminded here of St. Peter's words, in his second epistle, ch. ii. iv. "the angels that sinned—cast down to hell, and delivered into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment."

I do not think that Hesiod's description can *fairly* be made to apply to any other subject, although Faber and Bryant have seized upon it, each with equal ingenuity for his favourite event. Many things said of the Titans and giants, in classic lore, are undoubtedly applicable to the deluge and to Babel; but many others, as above shewn, must be assigned to a more ancient and dazzling event.

There is a curious passage in the Orphic hymn to the Titans, where they are said to dwell "in Tartarus, and in the deepest recess of the earth," and to inhabit the infernal regions, a few lines afterwards; which cannot be applied either to the antediluvians, or to Nimrod and his followers, although other parts of the address are evidently referable to human beings.

I think, therefore, we are justified in concluding this fable to refer equally to the three great events above named; and if so, then the fall of the angels must have been known immediately after the flood, or it could not have found its way into Pagan mythology.

Another part of primeval history, though earth, not heaven, is its locality, is the garden of Eden;

and however this truth may be suspected or denied, or explained away by modern sages, we find that those of antiquity were fully persuaded of its reality. We need only refer to their golden ages, in order to be convinced of this. The Chevalier Ramsay (Travels of Cyrus, p. 251,) says, that the 'mythology of the Persians, Egyptians, and Greeks is quite consonant with the scriptural history here; for Zoroaster spoke of 'the empire of Aromasdes before the rebellion of Arimanus, (the evil principle,) as of a state in which all spirits were happy and perfect. In Egypt, the religion of Hermes represents the reign of Osiris, before the monster Typhon broke through the mundane egg, as a state exempt from miseries and passions.' The golden age was also a state of simplicity and innocence. 'Each nation,' he adds, very acutely, 'has formed an idea of this primitive world according to its own genius: the astronomic magi placed it in the stars; the philosophic Egyptians fancied it a republic of sages; the Greeks, who delighted in rural scenes, have described it as a country of shepherds.'

The golden age of Greece was a glorious past period, when a part of the earth was governed by Saturn, and when nothing was seen but happiness and tranquillity, when all men were at peace with each other, when sickness and death were unknown, and when order, beneficence, and virtue pervaded the land.

That such a period can ever have passed since the fall of man, is totally impossible; the tradition must, therefore, have been derived from a previous era.

I do not mean to deny that some wise and excellent monarch may, at some time, have reigned in Italy or

elsewhere, whose good government may have brought the people to that orderly and outwardly decent state of morals, in which our land flourished in the time of our glorious Alfred, and which poor Ireland enjoyed, in the days of the pilgrim lady, with her white staff and her golden ring.

Be this as it may, the first idea of a golden age cannot have been thence derived; for it is represented as a time when the land was governed by a god, and he the most ancient of the gods, Aromasdes, Osiris, or Saturn. Surely this is a tradition of that perfect and happy time when the divine power was the only known authority, previous to the dominion of sin over man, or man's dominion over his fellows.

The attempts, then, of some among the learned, (wise in the wisdom of the world, but not possessing much divine knowledge,) to expunge altogether, or to allegorize away the fall of Satan, and the paradisaical state of man, are as gratuitous as they are futile; for if that dazzling catastrophe in heaven, and this only beauteous part of our world's history, were known facts of antiquity, preserved by tradition among the heathen nations, (which I fully believe them to have been,) it is somewhat too late in the day now to attempt their expungation from the Bible, on the plea of their being Judaical fictions or allegories of the rabbins. The ancient Asiatics and Egyptians had them in possession, and distorted them to suit their own taste, long ere a Jewish rabbin or his Talmud existed, or indeed before the Jews were a nation at all.

Let us never suspect the minutest particle of scripture history, as being an interpolation, until we have fully tried the foundation whereon it rests, and have

seen whether those who impugn it build indeed upon truth, or only upon modern sceptical ignorance, which calls itself 'the intellect of our enlightened days.'

X. Q.

QUIETLY AT HOME.

MINE be the tranquil days that glide,
  Without a wish to roam,
Whilst sitting at our loved fireside,
  So quietly at home!

And mine the converse calm and sweet,
  The looks so fondly given,
As round our household board we meet,
  In the long hours of even!

And mine from youth to age, among
  The loved ones thus to hold
Our merry meetings whilst we're young,
  And cheerful when we're old!

And mine the smiles whose gentle powers
  Love's daily task repay
Of homely duties, whilst the hours
  In gladness pass away!

And mine with kindred hearts to share,
  As morn and evening come,
With joyful hope, our household prayer,
  So quietly at home!

M. A. S. BARBER.

VISIT TO A CONVENT.

MY DEAR MADAM,

'NULLA PAX CUM ROMA,' is your motto. Would that England, having once adopted it as her national protest, had not now become ashamed of it; for then, perhaps, Protestants might not have been led to speak and write so erroneously about the "mystery of iniquity." I have just read a paper in your Magazine, called, 'A Visit to a Convent in Languedoc, in 1830.' I there find a Protestant lady holding a conversation with a Popish priest, on the subject of their respective creeds. The priest states that his must be the true church, 'being the *earliest*, being that *pure church which was derived from the apostles* themselves, and *founded on the word of God*.' Now, if the priest could establish those three points as to Popery, namely, that it is *the earliest church*, that it is a *pure church*, that it is *founded on the word of God*, I would call upon Protestants at once to lay down their protest, and embrace it; since I should need no further evidence that it is the church of Christ. But how does the lady meet the statement of this priest? 'Miss H—— agreed to the truth of his religion being *founded on the word of God*, but, she added, your church has widely strayed from *that source;* as a flowing stream issues from a rock, *pure and undefiled*,

till it meets on its way with much extraneous matter, with which it becomes impregnated, all its *original clearness* is gone; and being impossible to decompose it, the whole must be rejected, and we must return to the source' (what source?) 'to draw from thence the unmingled stream.'

We have here the admission, that his religion, not hers—Popery, not Christianity, is *founded on the word of God;* that *it* was once pure and undefiled, till it met with *extraneous* matter in its wanderings from *its* original source—the word of God! Thus it appears that we have only to disencumber Popery of corruptions *foreign and extraneous to itself*, (which the writer seems to think impossible, but which cannot be impossible, if its original source be the word of God,) and then it comes forth again, as it originally presented itself, 'founded on his eternal truth.'

The metaphor in which the view of the writer is clothed is somewhat obscure, but the admission is pregnant with error. 'Christianity,' she might have said, 'is founded on the word of God, it issued from a rock, pure and undefiled, till it met with extraneous matter, with which it became clouded and encumbered, till its original clearness seemed lost; but, like the blue waters which flow into the Geneva lake, and seem so mingled with it, as to have lost their native hue, and yet issue forth in all their distinctness on the other side, the living water of God's eternal truth separating itself from the dead counterfeit—the stagnant pool of papal superstition, flows on in its heavenly course.' Popery, on the other hand, is founded on *the lie* "of the father of lies;" she had her source in hell. Her master opened the stream of her antichristian blasphemies, and sent it forth upon

the church of Christ; but *Popery never was Christianity, nor Christianity Popery*,—they could not mix, the one being from Jehovah, the other from the devil; and "what concord hath Christ with Belial?" Like "the carnal mind," Popery is *enmity* against God; not a bare enemy, or she might have been reconciled to Him. Papists, by abjuring Popery, or as it was in the dark ages, in spite of Popery, may be reconciled to God; but Popery (or as it is erroneously called, the *Roman Catholic religion*) must remain enmity against Him, even as must her founder the devil. Sin is enmity against God; and that he might reconcile sinners to himself, he put away, crushed, destroyed sin in the person of his sinless Son, so that there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in him. The condemnation of sin is reserved for them that, in the last day, shall not be found in Him.

Popery is one of the great forms in which sin now reigns in the world; infidelity is another. Popery is no more founded on the word of God than infidelity is founded on the word of God. The voice of God's eternal truth calls upon the poor blind Papist to come out of Popery; and upon the proud and reasoning infidel to come out of infidelity. These two forms of Antichrist have long been working, to all outward appearance, in opposite courses. Of late years they have been getting nearer to one another. Perhaps when the mystery of iniquity has brought together every form of Antichrist, in the wake of these two Antichristian powers, there may be seen arising out of their apparently incongruous union, "that wicked whom the Lord shall consume with the

Spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming."

Pray, dear Madam, let the attention of your correspondent and your readers be called to the above dangerous admission.

W. P.

Temple Chambers, April 10th.

REV. XVIII. 21.

IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon.
"Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints."

He said, and dreadful as he stood
He sank the millstone in the flood:
"Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
Thus—and no more be found at all."

The coming hour we long to see,
When Rome's poor captives shall go free,
And ransomed throngs aloud proclaim
All glory to the Saviour's name.

Dr. Watts.

THE CHASTENING ROD.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

It has been frequently said, that God does not chasten believers for sin, Christ having made a sufficient atonement for all the sin they ever have committed or can commit. The scripture tells us another thing. There we read, that as a father chastens his son, the Lord chastens his children. For a first fault, the correction of the parent is slight; for a second, it is heavier; and if persisted in, the punishment increases in proportion. The parent punishes his child for the purpose of reclaiming him. The stripes he inflicts yield no satisfaction to the father—they recompense him not—they cannot discharge a debt due to his justice, but they serve as a warning to his son to depart from evil.

"Behold, thou art made whole, go and sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

It is pain and grief, no satisfaction, to an affectionate parent to use the rod of correction. He mourns for that which he is compelled to inflict, and would much rather bear it himself, if by so doing the beloved of his heart could be turned from iniquity.

"Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

This affectionate remonstrance is addressed to those whose natural inclination tends to their own destruction. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

Not one would willingly choose the narrow way which leadeth unto life. The ways of [illegible] are our ways, until we are forcibly drawn out of them by a great deliverance; for "we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead: who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us." 2 Cor. i. 9, 10.

Sin shall not have dominion over any who seek deliverance from Him who is Almighty to save. Temptation is strong, but not so strong as the conquering grace which is given. By grace we are saved in every extremity. "Look unto me and be ye saved." "My grace is sufficient for thee."

"God is love," and therefore he sends chastisement to wean our hearts from this world, and draw them to himself;—this is the reason given by those who assert that no punishment is designed in the infliction. Yet are we not told, that with the cords of love he draws us, not with the scourge of the whip? Under this we are taught to bow submissively, knowing the 'needs be,' as we receive a bitter medicine, which is to produce a salutary effect. We humble ourselves, and grieve for that which grieves the Lord, for in all our afflictions he is afflicted, and wept over the tomb of Lazarus for the sorrows which sin had brought upon his beloved, ransomed people.

Our heavenly Father visits the transgression of his children with the rod, and "their iniquity with stripes;" and the word of divine inspiration adds, "Nevertheless my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." Psalm lxxxix. 32, 33.

David believed this assurance, and was supported

under the pressure of the heaviest trials. He bore the indignation of the Lord because he had sinned against him, and would not reprove or prevent Shimei when he "went along on the hill's side over against him, and cursed as he went, and threw stones at him, and cast dust." And when Abishai would have taken off his head, because of his infamous reviling, the king meekly withheld him, and said, "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah? so let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David. Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so?" And again, "Let him alone, and let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him." 2 Sam. xvi. Here was resignation to the will of the Lord! Here was deep humility! Here was that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of." 2 Cor. vii. 10.

Every murmuring thought is silenced in deep self-abasement. "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth." Job xl. 4. "Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" Lam. iii. 39. The punishment is often very great because it is very necessary; we hear of some being delivered to "Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." 1 Cor. v. 5. "He that spareth the rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Prov. xiii. 24. And again, "Thou shalt beat him with a rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." Prov. xxiii. 13, 14. Thus does our heavenly Father deal with us, his wayward and rebellious children, until he makes us meet for our heavenly inheritance, which, in His great love he purchased for us at a

most precious price—the blood of his only and well-beloved Son. We can never repeat the words too often, nor meditate upon them too deeply, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This is the glad tidings which can alone dissipate the heart's sorrow of the convicted, mourning sinner: this is the message which "lifts up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees." "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As the descending shower bends the weak tendrils for a time, which it is commissioned to invigorate; when the pressure of the rain-drop is removed, its genial influence is seen in the renewed beauty and vigour of the plant; the parched ground being softened its roots strike deeper downward, thus enabling it to bear fruit upward." Isaiah xxxvii. 31. In like manner does the Lord deal with his chosen and sanctified ones; his chastisement as a heavenly-dew softens and bends but does not break the heart—closed before, it opens now to every kind and benevolent feeling, and fruits of righteousness appear to the praise and glory of God.

The heart is thus prepared to receive the love of God which is shed abroad therein; it is now rooted and grounded in love, and feels that peace which passeth understanding. Where love is, there must be peace; its effects are seen as well as felt, "And righteousness shall remain in the fruitful field; and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." Isa. xxxii. 16, 17. One of its sweetest fruits is love, for it diffuses sweetness around. John, the

beloved apostle, in all his writings enjoined this holy, happy bond of union—"Let us love one another, for God is love."

Some find great difficulties in the gospel of St. John, and one has said, that none who has not rested on the bosom of Jesus can fully comprehend it. Doubtless this is a true saying; we must indeed find rest on the same bosom, and be taught by the same spirit before we can enter into the same depths. We are then "persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The conviction of the union between Christ and his flock, and of their security in him, is founded in that "perfect love which casteth out fear," that is, all such fear as hath torment. There is a filial fear which is without torment, for love engenders it. A grateful child loves its parent, and would not for worlds displease or grieve him; his most delightful study is to please his father in all things, and to do whatsoever he wishes, not that he may escape punishment, but merely for the pleasure of serving and obeying the person he most dearly loves. Thus when God writes his law in our hearts, we see the purity and holiness of that law, and we long to keep it. Not only is this our desire, it is also our endeavour. We would shew our love to God by keeping his commandments.

A. H.

Review of Books.

CHRISTIAN UNION; *in three parts. By John Howe, M. A.* A. D. 1678—1693. *With an Introductory Preface, by Baptist Wriothesley Noel, M. A. Minister of St. John's, Bedford Row.* Forbes and Jackson.

THE title-page informs us that the three parts into which Howe's work is divided are, I. On the carnality of religious contention among Christians: II. On the means of promoting union among them: and, III. On the pacific tendencies of the influences of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Noel, to the extent of whose liberality of feeling no one can refuse to do justice, has prefixed a well-written and forcible persuasive to that unity among believers which the author of the discourses so strenuously enforces. The times wherein John Howe's lot was cast were indeed perilous: the more than semi-popish proceedings of Laud, with

the writings of Heylin, and others of that school, had produced a re-action so terrific, that the contentions thereby engendered had already proceeded to the extent of regicide, before Howe entered the lists with this flag of truce. He was a most godly man, ejected from his living, with many others, for conscience' sake; and thenceforth ministering in a Presbyterian congregation. His work is weighty, solid, and pregnant with powerful inducements to the exercise of that brotherly forbearance, the absence of which had deluged his country with blood, shed in the unnatural civil warfare of his time. We must, of course, expect to find in his remarks the spirit of a non-conformist who had surrendered his worldly all, rather than violate a conscientious scruple, on matters that he did not even profess to regard as essential to salvation, but there is no bitterness, nothing to give offence, and much to operate as a salutary warning in these days, when we have on one hand the old Laudian errors resuscitated and forced upon us, by a school even more dogmatical than their predecessors, and on the other as ardent a desire to trample on the mingled ruins of church and throne as ever throbbed in the bosoms of Cromwell's mailed saints. We recommend the book to both parties, as an emollient of which they stand greatly in need; and to such as occupy the neutral space, as something very congenial to their spirits.

SACRED POETRY. *Second Series.* Oliphants.

THE first volume of this popular selection has long been used and appreciated among the lovers of de-

votional poetry. The second series is no less pleasing than its predecessor, and bids fair to become equally a favorite.

A NARRATIVE OF THE GREEK MISSION; *or, Sixteen years in Malta and Greece, including tours in the Peloponnesus, in the Ægean, and Ionian Isles; with remarks on the religious opinions, moral state, social habits, politics, language, history, and lazarettos of Malta and Greece. By the Rev. S. S. Wilson, Member of the Literary Society of Athens.* Snow.

THIS volume differs from the generality of missionary details, in having a much larger proportion of its pages devoted to secular concerns than is usually so allotted. We do not, however, quarrel with this arrangement, for Mr. Wilson has furnished us with a vast fund of acceptable information on points that bear, though perhaps somewhat remotely, on the grand missionary object in view. He pleads the cause of Greece with the feeling of one by no means insensible to its classical, while fully alive to its scriptural associations; and if strength of language, lively description, interesting anecdote, and literary acumen can render a book attractive, this volume will make its way. The tone and spirit of the author are essentially Protestant. He affects no puling liberalism, exhibits no lukewarmness under the guise of charity, but fairly exposes the papal abomination wherever it crosses his path: and as he must needs fall in with it at almost every turn during his sojourn in that region, it may be supposed there is no lack of the vigorous

protestation for which we too often seek in vain among the writings of Mr. Wilson's missionary brethren. We heartily bid God speed to his Christian undertaking in behalf of that interesting country which he has brought before us.

NOTICES OF THE REFORMATION *in the South-west provinces of France. By Robert Francis Jamieson.* Seeley and Burnside.

A DEGREE of importance attaches to this volume that will be understood by every British Protestant who reads it. To us it speaks in tones of solemn warning, declaring what we too must look for ere long, if the Lord do not interpose a miracle of deliverance. The story is one of powerful interest, presenting details of the rise and fall of Protestantism among the Navarrese, during the time of that unhappy apostate—Henry IV. It is exceedingly well written, brief, pointed, and instructive.

THE LISTENER IN OXFORD. *By the Author of 'Christ our Example,' 'The Listener,' &c.* Seeley and Burnside.

WITHIN the compass of a small volume, 'The Listener' has brought such a battery of pungent remarks, conclusive arguments, and annihilating deductions, to bear upon the Oxford delusions, that we can wish them no greater downfall than, in the eyes of all scriptural judges, they have experienced at the hands of this intrepid Deborah. The writer enters with great and unfeigned reluctance the arena

of controversy, deprecating it strongly as a dangerous snare, but impelled to transgress her general rules by the urgency of the present claims of the church on all who truly love it, and desire the peace of Jerusalem. That she will never regret having applied her powers, and consecrated her unquestioned talent to this most important cause, we are well assured. The book is written with an energy worthy of the subject, and with a sobriety of thought and dignity of expression well calculated to give ten-fold weight to its assertions. We pray that it may, and are confident that it will be blessed to the conviction of many who are halting between two opinions, and to the recovery of many more who have actually struck into the wrong path.

We wish to direct our readers' attention to the very interesting work of some Christian friends whose hearts have been opened to care for the ancient church of Syria. A native of that country, of whom we can speak confidently, from a personal knowledge of his admirable fitness for the undertaking, is about to proceed thither on a mission having for its object the introduction of pure spiritual religion into that most interesting land, or rather its revival, by means of scriptural education and the free dispersion of God's word. We shall watch with anxiety the progress of this work. The Journal of the Persian princes who lately visited our country, translated by their truly able and excellent interpreter, Assaad Y. Kayat, which is now in the press, will throw much light on the present state of the East. We should be very happy to communicate information, or to receive contributions, in furtherance of this desirable object.

THE PROTESTANT.

'WHAT will be the next step—how far beneath the level of ordinary contempt will it sink us?' exclaimed my uncle, as he impatiently flung down the newspaper, and fixed on me a look where grief and anger seemed struggling for the mastery.

'What has happened now, uncle?'

'Nothing more than you already know: but it is harrowing to the feelings of an honest Englishman, to see his queen, his youthful, maiden sovereign, exposed to such insulting animadversions, and to be withheld from interposing, where his loyalty can ill brook the outrage.'

'Your sympathies, uncle, are evidently awakened on behalf of the person who, no doubt, is really the most pitiable in this shocking affair. I honour your devotion to royalty; but on the present occasion I cannot fully participate in your feelings—mine are too strongly enlisted in the wrongs of the subject.'

'And where is the English female who can look up and say the contrary?' ejaculated my uncle, with extreme warmth. 'Do you think, my dear, that there is a pulse in these veins which does not throb with indignation at every remembrance of this most nefarious proceeding? I cannot admit one plea of extenuation, no, not the slightest palliative, in favour of those who have dared thus to outrage at once the purity of female character, the tenderest impulses of

maternal love, the most delicate susceptibilities of fraternal honour, the sustained loyalty and fidelity of a truly noble race, the sanctity that ought to shed its chaste influence around the person and dwelling of England's maiden Queen, and the moral dignity that, despite the deterioration introduced by too close a contact with less favoured nations, still forms the proud distinction of England's yet unconquered people.'

Again he took up the newspaper, and continued: 'You are aware the originator of this most wickedly calumnious report is proved to have been a professional attendant on the royal person: you know also that this man was compelled by one of the most insulting proceedings ever devised, as regards the innocent object of his malevolence, to furnish under his own hand a certificate of the falsehood of his former slanders. Having thus substantiated his claim either to such a measure of professional ignorance as would alone be his excuse for the first, unfounded, assertion, and which would render him wholly unfit to be entrusted with the charge of the royal health, or to such a degree of malevolent profligacy as ought to debar him for ever from the dangerous privilege of holding the royal reputation in his keeping, what is the line of conduct pursued towards him? He is, even ostentatiously, retained in his capacity of surgeon to the Queen; and an indisposition too slight to interfere with the routine of her Majesty's wonted amusements, is made the occasion of trumpeting forth to the world that Sir James has been called in as heretofore. Now, mark the advantages taken, I can hardly say unfairly taken, from a line of conduct so utterly disgraceful to the perpetrators of this

double wrong: here is an inuendo, calculated to crimson with shame the cheek of every British subject, in whatsoever quarter of the world these London journals may reach him: the question is put, whether this professional confidant of royalty has secrets to keep that would render his dismissal dangerous. Oh, shame upon the wretches surrounding our young sovereign, who, in the hot pursuit of their own ambitious and covetous aims, care not to what obloquy they may expose her fair fame, nor into what depth of universal scorn they may sink the crown and character of England.'

'One would have thought, uncle, they might have been content to exercise so baneful an influence over the royal mind, without proceeding to such fearful lengths, in order to force a despised and insulted mother from her post; and so to bend to their uncontrolled will every action of the inexperienced victim of their villainy.'

'I am glad you take that view of it: Lady Flora Hastings has been used by these skilful practitioners as a conductor, through whom they might level a deadening shock at one higher in rank, whose presence is an irksome restraint upon them. What must be the anguish of a mother's spirit in witnessing scenes calculated to harrow up her soul, while withheld by a sense of her awful responsibility from seeking a retreat for which she cannot but hourly pine!'

'And the maternal feelings of the Marchioness of Hastings,' I began:—my uncle interrupted me.

'The Marchioness of Hastings deserves the thanks of every lady in the empire, for the noble vindication of the honour of her family, her order, and her

country. I'll tell you, girl; there is not in the peerage a family more richly entitled to exercise the highest privileges of aristocracy, than that of the lady chosen to be trampled under the feet of this clique, of whom William Lamb, it seems, is both the head and the heel. I care as little as any man for mere worldly distinctions; but nobility is an institution of God, and on the principle of rendering honour to whom honour is due, we are bound to pay it deference. Look into the genealogical records of the land, you will find the Rawdon family recognised at the conquest, ennobled so far back as 1368, transmitting the name and title in uninterrupted succession, through a course of nearly five centuries, and enriching the stream of truly aristocratic blood by noble intermarriages, and even with royalty: for the present race are lineally descended from George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, and through him from our third Edward. This is the Lady Flora's paternal line. Her mother, in her own right a countess, springs from the renowned race of Campbell, claiming one common ancestor with Argyle, and Breadalbane—Sir Colin More Campbell, who bore his title yet earlier by many years than the Rawdon family assumed theirs. Oh,' continued my uncle, with a sudden burst of exultation, 'my Lord Melbourne may yet find the old war-cry of "The Campbells are coming," portends something more than a mere menace to him and his party!'

I dared not tell my uncle how much I participated in his excited feelings. I wished him to assume higher ground, but could not question his right to make a stand on that which he had chosen. I therefore merely asked,

'Do you expect any positive good to result from this spirited and dignified proceeding on the part of the marchioness?'

'To be sure I do: it has elicited a few flashes of what I feared was nearly extinct among our population, whose respectful greetings, and hearty cheers, as the injured Lady Flora passed through our streets, I have myself witnessed, ay, and joined in with all my heart. A general expression of public feeling will do much towards awakening our dear young queen to the perils of her present trying position, and the ruinous tendency of the conduct pursued by those who hem her round. If the ladies who frequent the royal drawing-rooms could be brought to unite in a respectful but most powerful remonstrance, eloquent beyond anything that mere words can attain to—if they would sacrifice for a while the gratification of vanity and so-called pleasure, and manifest their sympathy with the several injured parties, by simply absenting themselves until all glaringly objectionable characters are removed from the precincts of the court, we should see a reformation brought about by means of female influence, reflecting more honour on its due exercise than has accrued to it this many a day.'

'A reformation of manners, uncle; hardly of principles.'

'Grant it: does it follow that because no change can lastingly benefit the individuals concerned, which does not result from or accompany a renewal of the mind wrought by the Holy Spirit, we are therefore to rest contented, under an exhibition in the most public and elevated quarters, of what must tend to demoralize the whole nation, either by ha-

bituating them to the spectacle of unreproved lying and slandering in high places, or by loosening all the bonds of loyal respect that God has imposed, and which mainly contribute to hold together the social fabric, under this monarchical constitution? To you and to me it would be indeed a blessed privilege, to live in a community of true believers, walking in the fear of God and comfort of the Holy Ghost; but that being unattainable, does it make no difference even to us, whether those among whom we dwell are thieves, drunkards and profligates, or honest, sober, well-conducted neighbours, even though of their spiritual state we should have no ground to judge so favourably as we wish? When the King of Israel, divinely inspired, proclaimed, "I will not know a wicked person—he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight—whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I cut off," he held forth an example that all monarchs professing the religion of the Bible are bound to follow. At their own peril they neglect it; and in proportion to our love for the sovereign who rules over us, will be the earnestness of our endeavours to avert from the royal head such fearful consequences as must follow a violation of God's commandments.'

'Happy indeed will be the event that shall deliver both queen and people from the domination under which both are now wronged and afflicted! They have filled up the vacancy occasioned by the removal of that dear servant of God—the beloved Archbishop of Tuam.'

'Filled up the vacancy! It is not, it cannot be filled. Alas for poor Ireland, when will they cease from their system of wrong and robbery, so relent-

lessly practised against her? I could dwell on the indignity offered, the wanton outrage perpetrated, in cutting off from her ancient church an archbishopric which England never conferred, and which England had no right to extinguish: I could expose the iniquitous device, into connivance at which many were drawn who would have recoiled from the deed had they viewed it in its obvious bearings, divested of the specious covering thrown over it by the cunning demon of expediency—but I forbear. There is that in the character of the departed prelate which makes us almost acquiesce in the immolation of his office upon his grave. Yes, I can nearly rejoice, that whosoever may be thrust into his vacant place, to accommodate the views of men who use the church as they use the throne, to pander to their selfish purposes, we shall not have our ears offended, and our hearts grieved, by hearing of anything unworthy the highest office in the episcopal church, connected with a title so long endeared to us as that of the Archbishop of Tuam.'

'What a crowd of recollections rush on my mind, uncle, when that name is pronounced!'

'Yes, we knew him well, and very precious to us will ever be the remembrance of the good man's friendship: but the most powerful claim rests on his unshaken, his untiring devotion to the cause of his poor country, more especially in reference to its native race and their native language. To promote the present and eternal interests of the former by a right use of the latter, was the desire of his soul, the study of his life. So enlarged were his views, that in his own estimation he had accomplished nothing, while to an attentive beholder it was evident that he had

achieved the greatest work ever undertaken towards the conversion of a whole people to God. Keenly alive to his responsibilities, he viewed with anguish the cruel neglect of the sole means available throughout his extensive charge, for bringing those lost millions to Christ; and I can testify that he held his rank, his wealth, his talent, his influence, his authority, as a trust committed to him for that end. You know that, a few years since, he declared his determination not to ordain for Connaught any clergyman ignorant of the Irish language, when a candidate could be found in preference who was acquainted with it. He gave them two years for preparation; and to those who neglected the qualification must the blame attach of a failure in his nobly Christian attempt. How greatly did his paternal heart rejoice over that beautiful little missionary settlement, the infant church of Achill! How warmly he interested himself in all that related to the progress of our work here in St. Giles' among the expatriated Irish! How firmly he resisted, how effectively counteracted the workings of that detestable machine of Satan, the National Board of Education in Ireland! How dear to his soul was the growing blessing of the Edgeworthtown school, where he saw his beloved project of an Irish speaking ministry taking root, with every promise of a rich and increasing harvest! Oh, it is a privilege to weep over the memory of that man who shed so many a secret tear, breathed so many a fervent groan of supplication before the throne of grace, on behalf of the lost sheep of poor Erin's ancient, desolate Zion.'

'Even on the surface, dear uncle, all these things are apparent: but few, perhaps, knew the depth of

his feelings, the continual sorrow and heaviness that he had in his heart, concerning his brethren in the ministry, when the fires of persecution blazed around them, and they were like to have perished for lack of common necessaries. To the readers of this Magazine, who alone contributed upwards of nine hundred pounds towards the relief of those injured servants of God, it cannot be an uninteresting fact, that the individual who was honoured to present their free-will offerings was therein guided chiefly by the counsel of that estimable prelate who, declining to accept a shilling of the collection for his own fund, directed her to a quarter where suffering abounded, and to cases where the delicacy of private anonymous supplies would be more highly appreciated than the aid itself. Sure I am that the sorrows of his brethren, at that period of their deep affliction, so preyed on his affectionate spirit as to hasten the removal which we now selfishly deplore.'

'I doubt it not: and I know that he withered under the stroke which all his eloquence, all his prophetical warnings failed to avert—the death-blow of 1829. Let it be recorded of him that he entered, in his own name, and in that of his church and his country, as solemn a protest against the act of national apostacy as the tongue of man could utter. He never was consenting to the purpose and deed of them,—he lived and died a PROTESTANT.'

'Uncle, the first thought that cheered me under the painful emotion occasioned by his death, was that of the greeting which he and his kindred spirit, the blessed Bedel, would interchange in the kingdom of glory.'

'Ay, it is truly refreshing to turn our gaze thith-

erward, when sickened by dwelling on the earthly scenes around us. There is indeed a rest remaining for the people of God, and as we trace the entrance of one whom we dearly loved on that sweet and everlasting rest, we may realize the only tranquillizing cordial adequate to our present need. We, by the grace of God in Christ Jesus, however inferior to him here, shall yet share with our beloved brother the inheritance reserved for all who believe; and we may learn a lesson not merely of submission, but of rejoicing praise, while tracking his path to the region of eternal felicity, and remembering the blessedness of his lot: he sleeps in Jesus: he rests from his labours and his works do follow him.'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1839.

BY-GONE DAYS.

SEARCHING the scriptures is a duty, because to do so we are commanded: that it is likewise a rich privilege, none who have enjoyed it will hesitate to avow. Nevertheless, among those who take unfeigned delight in the exercise, making it their daily care, we are often surprised to find some whose application of an unlimited injunction seems to enclose it within marvellously narrow bounds. They know the scriptures historically, chronologically, and perhaps even critically; they know them spiritually also, receiving them not as a dead letter but as the lively oracles of God; and diligently enquiring into the testimony which they yield to our Lord Jesus. To them the Book of Psalms is precious, because it is at once a help and a perfect model for devotional exercises: they delight in Isaiah, as the "evangelical prophet" of whose lofty strain redemption is evermore the

burden. They investigate with deep study the epistles, more especially those of St. Paul, to impress on their own minds the deep, clear, elevating views so distinctly beheld, so exquisitely pourtrayed by that divine theologian. Thus searching the scriptures daily they become men of faith, of prayer, of knowledge, of heavenly-mindedness; in their practice, according to man's measure, perfect; and thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

All this may be, in many cheering instances it is so; and the individuals in question are highly esteemed by the church, yea, the world is compelled to respect them too: but they fall far short of what God would have them to be, to do, to know, and to teach. They go not into the depth of those revealed things that He has invited them to explore; or they go with a pre-resolve so to interpret every portion of holy writ as to find in it nothing but what bears directly upon the one topic engrossing their minds—the character, duties, privileges, hopes and expectations of the church in general, and their own as members of that mystical body. God's promises to Israel, thickly strewn throughout every part of the Bible, with the predictions of Jerusalem's ultimate peace and glory, they joyfully accept as being given to themselves. Children, by faith, of Abraham, and assured that in Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Gentile, they recognize no peculiarity of blessedness as belonging to the literal seed of Jacob; and while gladly anticipating an ingathering of that race along with all the other nations of the world, they are unable to comprehend the emotions of brethren who, having searched the scriptures with a less partial eye, have found therein a roll of prophetic matter relating to

the literal Israel which they would consider it exceedingly presumptuous to regard as not entitled to a literal interpretation. To the latter class of searchers no portion of God's word is inferior to the rest in weight, interest, or instruction: they are equally ready with the former to avail themselves of that spiritual application which is alike free to all believers; but they desire not to pause here, for they assuredly know that what God hath said he will do; what he hath spoken he will make good, what he hath given he will not revoke; what he hath promised he will not withhold; and that the actual national scattering, peeling, meting out and treading under foot of his ancient family for eighteen centuries, whereof we to this day are witnesses, is a guarantee that their national restoration shall be as actual an event, not a whit less literally accomplished than is now their extraordinary dispersion and miraculous preservation.

It may partake of arrogance, or it may be thought so to do, but I never could regard any Christian, even the most gifted minister of the gospel without a feeling of pity, so long as I thought he laboured under the "blindness in part" that prevents a view of these glorious realities treasured up for our elder brethren, the Jews. We visit with strong and deserved condemnation the pernicious error of men who would explain away by a reference to natural causes the miracles attendant on Israel's departure out of Egypt, or allegorize into fables the historical facts of man's creation and fall: but surely our spiritualizing propensities tread very closely on their steps when we indulge such fancies as that Ezekiel's vision in the valley of dry bones holds out no positive promise of

a future national re-establishment of the long-severed tribes, Judah and Ephraim and their fellows, in a united state, in their own land, and under their own Messiah. These prejudices are fast wearing away as the time rapidly approaches; and with an entreaty that every reader who agrees with me in this matter will be diligent in urging others to examine for themselves whether it be not so revealed in the oracles of God, I proceed to state a few particulars in reference to the Indians of America, on which I build a confident belief of their belonging to "the stick of Ephraim, and the children of Israel his companions."

The dispersion of the ten tribes took place, as we know, by the hand of Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, who carried them away captive; and in the course of their wanderings eastward, in process of time a portion of the fugitives would readily arrive at the point where no wider extent of ocean separates the two continents than the channel known as Behring's, or Cook's Straits. This has frequently been crossed in open boats, and would hold out an inviting prospect to the exiled band, who, foredoomed by a divine sentence to find no permanent rest for the sole of the foot, were constantly pursuing what evermore mocked their grasp. The islands of Diomede, lying midway in the narrow strait, would of course so break the distance as to facilitate a passage which to the too daring spirit of stiff-necked Israel could oppose little in the way of intimidation, where the transit to a different division of the globe might seem to offer some hitherto undiscovered advantage.

In confirmation of this hypothesis, we have the undoubted existence, among the Indian race, of customs that could neither be the dictates of uncivi-

lized minds, nor bear accidentally so extraordinary and consistent a resemblance to the singular distinctions of the Jewish nation, differing as they did from those of all other lands, and intended as they were to render them a peculiar people. The lapse of so many ages, the utter loss of all written authority that they might originally have possessed, their admixture with other races, and the growing corruption of manners already debased by the sins that provoked the Lord to scatter them—all these, militating against the continuance of their religious customs, give additional force to whatever may be traced as of Israelitish origin. The principal rite, by which every male child was admitted into covenant with God on the eighth day after his birth, was practised among the Indian tribes—for into tribes too they are invariably divided—so late as to be insisted on as a a known fact by Dr. Thorowgood, who published in 1650, although now no longer observed: but other things, relating to the law of uncleanness from touching a dead body, &c., have been found in a remarkable manner retained. The regulation that required a man to take to wife his brother's widow, if childless, was commonly observed among the Hurons and Iroquois tribes: and the language particularly of the Mohican Indians bears a striking affinity to Hebrew at this day. More remarkable still is the custom retained by some, of eating a roasted fawn, whole, with their loins girded; and when questioned as to their reason for so doing, the reply was, 'Our forefathers did so, and all good Indians ought to do it.' The feast of first fruits is no less observable: before the Indians make use of any of their produce, as corn, they assemble *twelve* of their old men: a

deer and some of the corn being provided, the venison is divided into twelve parts; and the corn, bruised, boiled, or baked into cakes, is in like manner divided. The old men hold up the meat and corn, and with their faces towards the east, stand for a while as if in prayer. Another yearly feast is kept, where twelve men, chosen out of the tribes, bring each a deer, kill them, form an altar of hot stones, and burn thereon the fat of the inwards. After this a very long-drawn cry of 'Ho——wah' is raised, approaching closely in sound to 'Hallelujah.' On some occasions they perform a sacred dance, in which they continually utter this word, adding to it 'Yo—he—wah,' irresistibly striking the hearer by its resemblance to the great and awful name of Jehovah. Once more, the intelligent William Penn strongly advocated these views of their Jewish origin, arguing not only from such otherwise unaccountable coincidences as the preceding, but also dwelling on their singular resemblance to the Hebrew countenance, to which I can bear ready witness, and adverting to the prediction that they were to go to a land not planted or known, which Asia and Africa, if not Europe, certainly were.

David Brainerd, whose praise is in all the churches, but who never made the promised restoration of Israel his study, nor viewed them as we feel constrained to do, affords strong, because merely incidental testimony. He records in his journal having been present when about a hundred Indians, at Juneauta Island, danced round a large fire, into which, at intervals, they cast the fat of the inwards of ten large deer that had been sacrificed for

the purpose, and the flesh of which they afterwards ate.

This very brief sketch, wherein I might also have included the reckoning by moons, mourning for the dead, and many other customs essentially Jewish, may tend to awaken a feeling for the scanty remnants of these tribes, among such as have so searched the scriptures as to long for the blessing of him that blesseth Israel, and to tremble at the vengeance on all who shall aid in oppressing the outcast race. Most heavily has the menaced curse fallen upon these tribes, since the occupation of their land by Europeans. They have tilled the ground and planted, many a time, for others violently to seize and to prey upon the fruit of their toil; and with cruelty they have been driven back from the extending settlements of their invaders, or with more revolting barbarity bribed to act as sanguinary allies amid the horrors of civil war, where men calling themselves Christians were not afraid to engage the tomahawk and scalping knife of their poor ignorant brother to aggravate those unnatural horrors. I speak not of Nova Scotia here: but the fact is as glaring as it is shocking, that in Canada, and throughout the United States, both parties have availed themselves of Indian aid, ever ready for the highest bidder, to hunt down and to rend in pieces their own countrymen. Shall not the Lord visit for these things? Has it not ever been his righteous method to visit with marked punishment those who for the gratification of their selfish purposes became the ready instruments to chastise his people? It is no curious speculation for an idle hour, that invites us when we turn towards the regions of the west. Our fathers have most

grievously sinned against the Indian tribes, be they of what descent they may: and the supposition that they are of that seed on whom the Lord ever looks with jealous observation, invests with a deeper interest the inquiry as to how far this sin may have provoked the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, to smite our boasted empire in that quarter of the world. An avenger of blood seems treading close upon our path, but we know him not, nor inquire wherefore the drawn sword flashes in our sight. Popery, doomed to speedy destruction, is now on the stage, and like her author and prototype, the devil, has great rage because her time is short. Through the unthinking neglect of succeeding Protestant generations, she has been permitted to retain in her grasp these descendants of Israel; and now she turns the ready weapon upon us, exulting in the permitted power to execute on us the mandates of divine displeasure. Taking for our guide the sure, though, alas! too often the despised word of unfulfilled prophecy, in conjunction with that which by past fulfilment has become history, we are enabled to see on all sides the ripening of this earth for that vintage of wrath which will precede the glorious coming in of Christ's kingdom; while the monuments of our national sins, exhibited in every direction, preclude a hope of our being spared from a full participation in the cup of trembling, speedily to be held to the lips of offending kingdoms. Yet there is a special distinction, a preserving dispensation, held out to the view of such as, unable perhaps to stay the full tide of iniquity, are enabled to protest against it—to sigh and to cry for the abominations that be done. How important is the acquisition of

the mark (Ezek. ix.) that they shall bear upon their foreheads! It may not be ours, individually, to aid in the ingathering of God's dear ancient people; but we have an encouraging word still. "*Pray* for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that *love* thee." We trifle with God's gifts, and despise his revelations, when allowing our selfishness so to prevail as to cloud our sight, or close our hearts against what concerns our elder brethren: neither can we possibly discern aright the signs of the times, while neglecting the means provided to bring us acquainted with their bearing. Assuredly the set time is well nigh come, when the Lord will set his hand again to recover the remnant of his people, as he did of old; and Israel will be gathered, whether or no we put forth an effort to hasten the glorious work. The Arm that cut Rahab and wounded the dragon, needs not our puny aid to uphold or to direct it; but deeply shall we need its overshadowing defence when the Lord arises to shake terribly the nations, to fulfil the day of vengeance, and to perfect the year of his redeemed. We dream of peace, but war is at the gate: we flatter ourselves with the hope of a world peacefully converted, while flames are kindling to purify it in the furnace of wrath. We slight the prophets, we despise the Jew, we close our eyes upon abounding evil, and complacently say, "Good: it shall be peace and truth in our days."

C. E.

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

THE WOODLAND CHURCH.

It was morning—it was spring—it was sabbath. The way was long that led to the woodland sanctuary, and there was leisure to enjoy this delightful combination of time, of season, and of circumstance.

The road to the house of prayer led through a district of great natural beauty, in the very heart of the country; and neither the busy hum of labour nor the sound of footsteps was heard, to interrupt the stillness of a sabbath morning. Nothing but the sighing of the breeze, as it stirred the aspen-branches, or the loud carol of the birds, chanting their native hymns. Loudest of all the songsters, till earth and sky seemed to be filled with its melody, was the voice of the skylark, and most welcome on that holy day were those thrilling notes; for the song of this bird has in it something sabbatical—soaring as it sings, and singing as it soars; something at once triumphant and extatic, a strain which is all joy, and with which no shadow of alloy can ever blend; it is an embodied spirit of praise, and harmonizes well with the day of triumph and repose. The expanding blossoms in the hedge-rows; the gay insects fluttering into life from their deserted sepulchres; the lofty mountains resting with their broad shadows in the full sunshine, emblems of strength and repose, of the

might of the Creator's power, and the rest of his finished work—all, all spoke a language intelligible to the heart, when the voice of revelation had interpreted its utterance.

We left the sheltered orchards and verdant cornfields, to enter upon a beautiful domain, the property of a nobleman, within the precincts of whose highly cultivated grounds the church was situated. The scene was now changed. A wide expanse of velvet green everywhere surrounded us, with groups of stately trees rising majestically above the greensward, and herds of deer grazing quietly in the more remote and least-frequented spots. A short avenue of beautiful trees led to the nearer and more ornamented portion of the park, and suddenly gave to view the family mansion and the church, both hitherto partially concealed by the towering elms and cedars, which here flourished gigantic in size and luxuriance. A silver stream that issued from a lake, half-concealed by a thickly planted shrubbery, wound its peaceful way through the lowlands. A great variety of aquatic birds were pursuing their sports or their prey above and around its margin, and screaming with wild delight, as they alternately soared aloft, or descended to dip their wing in the translucent waters; while, lower down the stream, the solitary heron stood motionless among the sedges, or rose slowly upon her broad pinions, as some young sabbath-breaker broke in upon these secluded haunts, in his way to plunder the treasures of the woods.

The church, a structure of great architectural beauty, stood upon a gentle slope, a short distance from the mansion, and had a rich background of

forest trees fringing that and all the neighbouring heights. The view from this eminence was rich and varied. A bold range of hills, running from north to south, shut in the landscape on the western side, and the eye rested on a beautiful and fertile champaign at the foot of the mountains, save only where the prospect was agreeably broken by groves and woods of the park in the foreground. So skilfully had the hand of art disposed each opening, that every obstacle not in keeping with the lovely retreat was carefully excluded. No trace of human dwellings could be seen: none, except the solitary mansion, now deserted and tenantless, and rendered doubly gloomy by the recollection of the young heir of this fair domain, cut off in the bloom of manhood, and gone down to the bourne of the dead. Parties of villagers were seen crossing the park in various directions, towards the house of prayer. The sound of the church-going bell fell sweetly upon the ear in these solitudes, and blended harmoniously with the voices which were uniting in psalmody within the walls, and with the choral strain of innumerable warblers without. The stillness and beauty of the scene brought to mind that sweet song of the Christian poet—

> 'The calm retreat, the silent shade,
> With prayer and praise agree,
> And seem by thy sweet bounty made
> For those who follow thee.'

The interior of the church corresponded with its external beauty, and was, moreover, adorned with many stately monuments. None of these sarcophagi, however, afforded any interest to the stranger, with one exception only. Upon the flat surface of this

tomb was the recumbent figure of a nobleman, who in that stormy and difficult period which preceded the overthrow of church and state, held a high and responsible trust under the crown. He lay with the insignia of his office strewed around him, and the cap and robe of state gracefully adjusted by the skilful hand of art. The stillness of the unstained marble, and the calm repose of the figure, contrasted strangely with the memory of those stirring times in which he lived, and of the exciting events in which he had acted. From the date of his decease, recorded upon the monument, it was evident that he had exchanged the tumult of the senate-house and the council-chamber for the repose of the grave, only a very short period before rude and rebel hands usurped the functions of kingly and sacerdotal authority, enacting the most atrocious crimes, and exercising the most oppressive tyranny, in the fair names of religion and liberty. The view of this monument, as seen from a distant part of the church, during the performance of divine service, was most touching and impressive, and spoke volumes to the heart, of that tender care with which the great Shepherd had watched over his fold, even when he seemed most to have abandoned it. Since that noble statesman had slept the sleep of death, what a tempest had befallen the church, threatening her with utter destruction! Her ancient orders proscribed: her devout liturgy, the glorious heritage of the remotest eras, prohibited: her faithful sons, torn from their peaceful toils, and forcibly driven out of the vineyard: but, when the rain descended, the flood came, the winds blew and beat upon the house; it fell not, for it was "built upon the foundation of the

apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone:" and when the storm was over, this ark of God was found tranquilly resting upon the holy hills, with the rich inheritance of her ancestral privileges unmutilated and unimpaired. With such a trophy in sight, it was impossible not to be doubly affected by the devout breathings of the beautiful form of prayer so wondrously preserved to us: the very words which have burst from the lips of many a noble martyr, and through the medium of which many a holy soul, ages since in the bosom of his God, has sought and found communion with him whom not having seen he loved, and in whom, now beholding, he rejoices with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

But without any of those adventitious aids, which are the effect of association, there was enough, as there ever is, to gladden yet solemnize the heart, in the services of that sacred time. The mingled and alternating offices of joyful praise and penitential confession—now prostrating in the dust as self-condemned and self-renouncing sinners—now standing as redeemed and rescued souls, already joining in the strains of angels and ascribing "glory unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever:" the united intercessory prayer "for all sorts and conditions of men"—for the king upon the throne, for the captive in the dungeon—for the priests and people of the Lord, as well as for the wanderers in darkness and error—for the senators in their council chambers—for the magistrates in their judicial halls—for the sick and afflicted—for the desolate and oppressed—for widows and orphans; and, O! tender thought of our sainted forefathers, for the younglings

of the flock who know not any thing, and who sport with the flowers that grow on the surface of this world's vast cemetery, unmindful of life or death, of good or evil. Every soldier in the Christian warfare has his peculiar case brought forward, and specially recommended to the great Captain of the host. The strong, that he may yet be strengthened; the weak, that he may be upheld; the fallen, that he may be raised anew; while for the whole militant array, final victory is requested, and grace to overcome. These petitions ever rest their claim to acceptance on the merits of the great Intercessor; and language can scarcely be conceived more solemn and affecting than that which pleads His meritorious life and death of agony, His cross and resurrection, as the deserving cause for his people's deliverance from the guilt and dominion of sin. Perhaps there are few things more touching to a devout mind than the responsive portions of the church service. When the faithful minister of the sanctuary invokes for the worshippers the felt presence of Him who alone can give the supplicants "a hearty desire to pray," and help their infirmities in prayer; how beautiful are the words—half prayer, half benediction, with which he addresses them—"the Lord be with you:" how beautiful the fervent response which unitedly calls for an individual and personal appropriation of this holy spirit of promise, in the heart of a beloved and revered pastor!

But enough! the heart which has devoutly participated in the solemn services of the sanctuary, is well-tuned for the message of mercy that follows, and on this occasion it was faithfully, affectionately, and earnestly enforced.

It was high noon, when the little assembly issued

from that house of prayer, and dispersed to their humble dwellings, and as their moving forms quickly disappeared from sight in dingle and wood; the very spirit of solitude seemed once more to return and take possession of the scene.

LYDIA.

THE Jew is charged by the Christian world with being deluded by prejudice. I do not deny but that he is; yet are we not justified in coming to a simlar conclusion with respect to the Christian in whose heart the prejudice against the seed of Abraham is so predominant, that the plainest commandments of Jehovah are disregarded and treated with impunity? If not prejudice, then how comes it that the hearts of British Christians are alive and do respond to the case of all others who cry for help, but are closed against the Jew? How happens it that there is a cord in your hearts which vibrates with sympathy with the lowest of the low, but paralyzes into indifference at the wretchedness of the *sons of Israel.* If not prejudice, then why, in the face of such plain and enforcing commandments, have those who sent the word of life to the remotest Hindoo refused it to the Jew?—*The Jew.*

CHRISTIAN LADIES AND IRON RAILROADS.

WHAT possible connection can there be between two points, apparently so far apart as these? At first sight, the answer will be, None. But if we look a little farther, we shall find that even with railroads Christian women have somewhat to do.

A very large proportion of the ladies of England are totally ignorant of one prodigious mischief, of which the railroads now in progress are the cause. Those who do not dwell in the very track of one of these new causeways cannot see, and are not very likely to hear, of the plague to which we allude. That plague is,—the passage of an army of labourers, called 'navigators,' through parish after parish, in the progress of the works, bearing with them greater evils by far than a visitation of locusts, or the incursion of an epidemic.

This sort of moral pestilence is thus described by a clergyman, who had himself witnessed its ravages. His description refers to a line now carrying through the west of England:—

'The line of railway extends for about twenty miles through the valley. There are at present about 500 or 600 men employed upon it, and in a little time there will probably be many more. I believe no navigator has been seen on a Sunday in any of our neighbouring churches. They live, for the most

part, in turf huts, which they erect for themselves by the road side, and generally spend the Sabbath in the beer-shop. I never saw any body of men in this country, who so lived without God in the world; and as they move about from one part of the country to another, they are as a moral blight, which leaves sad traces of its injurious effects. We have seriously considered in what way we can approach them with spiritual instruction, and it appears to us that a scripture reader, who would go among their huts on the Sabbath, and in the week spend his time in leaving tracts and conversing with the gangs off work, would, under God, be the most likely instrument of usefulness. But then the difficulty at once meets us, of finding a suitable person; for, to mix with the navigators, he must be a man of judgment and energy, as well as piety; and even if we *could* find such a man, which I do not think we could, in this neighbourhood, we should almost have an equal difficulty in collecting for him a sufficient salary. If the navigators were our parishioners, it might be said that we ought to supply their want of spiritual instruction from our local means; but they are not men of this county, and we have no connection whatever with them, except that they are temporarily resident among us. A little while hence they may be working in Middlesex. Every clergyman, therefore, in England, in whose parish they may in a little time be employed, should feel as anxious for their instruction as we do. The number of railroads now in progress will, of course, increase the number of this class of men; and if they are left in their present condition, I tremble when I think what the effect of their perfectly godless state may be on the lower

orders of our country. Our case, then, is simply this: we have a large body, whom I may call heathen, living amongst us in a state of drunkenness and profligacy, upon whom we cannot bring our ministry to bear, for, continually passing from parish to parish, they slip, as it were, between our hands. From a little experiment, however, which we have made among them, they seem willing to listen to a scripture reader; and one or two remarked to the man we sent, that "no one had ever spoken to them about their souls before!" '

Another picture of the same evil is given in the following passage:—

'In several of the parishes where the work is now in operation, from 100 to 200 labourers are lodged, and it is beyond the power of the parochial minister to give such a portion of time and attention to this extraneous population, as to lead to any reasonable hope of moral or spiritual benefit. Their state of destitution as to clothing almost precludes the possibility of their attendance on the public worship of God, even supposing a desire so to do were excited in their minds. But at present they appear to be destitute of every religious principle, scarcely knowing that they are responsible creatures. On the line extending from Bedminster to Wick St. Lawrence, it may fairly be estimated that from 700 to 1000 men and boys are daily employed, and will be so for the next two years. A memorial has been drawn up and sent to the bishop, begging his lordship's sanction to the attempt to do some good to these outcasts of society; for, in so doing, we think we shall, to say the least, be preventing the progress of evil in our respective parishes. The mischief already effected by

associating with men who are restrained by the fear neither of God nor man, is incalculably great. The boys of our parishes especially seek and obtain employment on the road, at high wages; and every serious impression made by the instruction of our schools, is soon obliterated. Our object, then, is the employment of a clergyman of our national church, who shall devote himself exclusively to the religious instruction of these men, collecting such companies as he may be able, &c. We believe, and we speak from experience, that ignorant, indifferent, and sunk in sin, as these wretched beings are, they have behaved respectfully to the clergymen of the parishes who have come in contact with them.'

But we are happy to be able to add, that this matter has already attracted the attention of the Pastoral Aid Society, and in the first case brought under the notice of the committee, an active clergyman has already, under the sanction of the bishop of the diocese, been sent into this field. Here is a portion of his first report of the results of his labours:

'The first cottage at which I had divine service, situated between two and three miles from my lodging, accommodates eight or ten lodgers, and stands on the road side, in the parish of ——. The occupier has some intention of making it a beer-shop. I pointed out to him the evils arising from drunkenness, and directed his attention also to the consequences that must arise from the bad example and the profane language to which his six children would necessarily be exposed, and the wretchedness and misery he must necessarily expect to follow. Further on, I overtook a man standing opposite a beer-shop, and inquired whether he purposed to go to

church? I answered some difficulties he presented, and assured him that Christ declares, "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." He listened with attention, asked me for a tract, promising to read it, and if he could not understand its meaning he would get some one to explain it to him. While we were thus engaged another labourer joined us; he appeared very thoughtful, and when the former man left me, I pointed out to him the awful state of unconverted sinners, and the everlasting misery to which they are exposed. The poor man was much affected, and as we proceeded together towards the neighbouring huts I observed that he shed many tears, while every now and then he would stop and inquire, 'Do you think I can escape hell? Do you think I can be saved? Will Christ notice *me?* Oh, if I thought he would, what would I not do—what would I not give? Will you pray for me? God will hear *you*, perhaps he may yet save me, do pray for me. I once heard a faithful minister preach; I shall never forget his sermon; it touched my heart; I have been very unhappy ever since. I wish I could repent, could believe that Christ loves me.' I gave the poor fellow such advice as I thought most suitable, and took him with me to a hut, occupied by the only family on the line that meet together for prayer. After divine service here I took my leave of this apparently penitent man, commending him to some there who knew how to sympathize with a wounded spirit. On my way to another hut I found men idly standing about the road, and addressed them on the importance of keeping holy the Sabbath-day. One of these asked me if I did not teach a school; I answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' said they, 'we

will take lodgings near the school-room, and we will attend.' I next met seven poor fellows, one of whom held out his haud, and expressed great pleasure on seeing me, assuring me that he was going to prepare for church, and to prevail with his companions to accompany him. I then continued my visits from hut to hut, on my way to Mr. ——'s school-room, where, at six o'clock, I ended my day's labours, with a full service, praising God, and saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!" The difficulties and dangers I have to encounter are not few, the huts in which I hold my little meetings afford so ineffectual a shelter from wind and weather that it is sometimes impossible to have a candle burning during divine service; they are also, for the most part, extremely damp. Hitherto my heavenly Father has mercifully preserved me, and favoured me with good health in the performance of these arduous duties.

'Almost every day in the week I visit the labourers on the line, and take care so to arrange as to meet the more numerous companies when they are resting after dinner. On one occasion, as I proceeded along the works with my little bag of Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, to sell or give away, I found from thirty to forty men unemployed, and talking unprofitably. I inquired why they were not at work, and they informed me that the engine was out of repair. I proposed to read to them, and we retired to the shelter of a hedge, where I expounded to them for about half an hour. Observing one or two of them very uneasy, I expressed my fears lest I should weary them, and inquired whether it was their wish that I should proceed or stop. Several voices at

once answered, 'Proceed, if you please, Sir, we like to hear you.' I then continued my address, till a falling shower and the sound of the approaching engine called upon us to separate.

'That a great alteration for the better has taken place in the general conduct of the workmen is universally admitted, but whether any of them have experienced genuine conversion of soul to God is known only to Him who searcheth the heart and seeth not as man seeth. These poor men receive tracts, and read them with attention. They buy also a few Bibles and Testaments; they would buy more of these were it not that their earnings are small at this time of the year; indeed, they can barely support themselves by their labour.

'You are aware I have opened a school for the benefit of the workmen on the line, at which I attend two evenings in the week, and the schoolmaster other two; there are about twenty-seven names upon the books, but all do not attend regularly. We commence by reading a chapter in the New Testament, and conclude with prayer. Some good, I hope, arises from this exercise.'

Here, then, we begin to see in what way Christian women may serve God, even in the matter of railroads.

Some, at least, if not *many*, among our readers, must have relatives who are themselves concerned in these immense undertakings, either as directors, managers, or, at least, as shareholders. These, then, clearly have a duty to perform, in interesting these their connections in the discharge of an unquestionable obligation. Others, perhaps, reside in neighbourhoods crossed or approached by the path of one

of these visitations. Such may gather information, construct plans, and forward projects for the saving some of these lost ones. And all may give to the cause their money, their efforts, and their prayers, through the channel of the Pastoral Aid Society.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

LADY of flowers! beside the green
And quiet woodpaths ever seen;
Where, through the tangled knots of grass,
The peeping looks of childhood pass,
To find the treasure safely hid
Beneath thy broad leaf's dewy lid,
Whilst rising from its welcome shade
Thy fragrance is an offering made,
To the soft airs of some calm sky,
Which through the leaves unheard steal by.
Oh! 'midst the world be such our place,
Unseen, unmarked, each lowly grace!
By its blest influence only known,
In common duties sweetly shown,
Through the long course of pilgrim days,
Without a thought of human praise:
Content, our daily cross to bear—
Content, as God's own gift to wear
A meek and quiet spirit, sent
To be our precious ornament!

M. A. S. BARBER.

OLD MAIDS.

A SINGULAR question is now being discussed in the Christian Lady's Magazine, a question deeply interesting in general to the fair sex, being, in plain English, neither more nor less than—Is it better to be a wife or an old maid? This is the fourth paper on the subject—it is not at all likely to be the last; many a soft voice is, no doubt, ready to whisper its verdict; many a fair hand to be stretched forth with its vote; many a crow-quill in readiness to be drawn out, to trace on satin paper the sentiments of the gentle owner. I can even go so far as to surmise, that one of the first enquiries in many quarters, as that welcome visitant of the opening month, the Christian Lady's Magazine, enters the family, may possibly be, 'Is there anything more about old maids?' Alas! what a disappointment it must be to numbers of querists, to stumble on such a paper as this in reply to their enquiries.

I begin with stating, that I am not going to take any part in this important controversy, in which 'A would-be Old Maid' is the representative on one side, and 'Cœlebs non volens' (a title to my dull apprehension quite as unintelligible—this by the way) on the other. I have yet to learn, that the Christian is at liberty to choose his or her own path of duty and usefulness; and I have yet to learn, also, that a Christian has time, and is at liberty, to

speculate on abstract questions. My belief was—I was taught it in the church Catechism when a very little child—that Christians are to "do their duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call them;" and my impression in riper years, though I am not yet old, has ever been, that the Lord has a variety of employment for his servants, and portions out to each his work, according to his or her power, capacity, and faithfulness. The division of labour, so beautifully exemplified in human society, (Adam Smith's description will recur to many readers,) is quite as evident in the spiritual kingdom of our Lord, and in that is conducted by unerring wisdom. The child-like spirit of the Christian is, that he would not choose his own path; like the sheep on the Andalusian hills, he must follow the guidance of the shepherd, whithersoever he leadeth. His earthly destiny, as his eternal one, he places in the hands of his heavenly Father, desiring only to do the will of his Master, and to finish the work, whatever that work may be, that he may give him to do. If a path of extensive usefulness is denied to him, he remembers that it is his Father's will, and his prayer is to be faithful in what is entrusted to him. Whatever the work be, it is *duty*, duty to a crucified Redeemer, by whose blood he hath been bought, to whose service, by every tie of honour and of gratitude, he is everlastingly bound. He would not choose for himself. He remembers what Newton used to say: 'If two archangels were sent from heaven to earth, one to sweep the streets, the other to sit on a throne, the scavenger would take his place as cheerfully as the monarch.' And he knows that it is his privilege, his highest interest, to leave all to

the Lord: "Choose *thou* mine inheritance for me:" "Not my will but thine be done." And he grasps the promise with a firm hand: "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

It may be said that these are general principles. Yes; but they are general principles applicable to the particular subject under consideration. I will not insult the understandings of readers by making the application.

The result is, (O that I could press it on the consciences of all under whose eye this paper may fall!) that, without murmurings and disputings, we should be faithful to our own appointed work, in our own allotted path of duty.

I have said what I intended to say, yet I cannot forbear adding that as an English woman I always feel sorry to observe any censure cast on so eminent an individual as Mrs. H. More. I allude to the observation that 'many married women must be ranked equally high in point of usefulness, without that love of admiration which was unhappily so conspicuous in Mrs. More.' Without ranging myself among the ultra, out-and-out admirers of Mrs. More, (for I always think that her talents were, from circumstances, a good deal over-rated, and that her celebrity was, in part at least, owing to the society to which she was introduced,) I still honour her, and respect her as a golden-hearted English woman—one whose desire was to do good, whose powers were all given to the Lord, and whose usefulness was so very important that very few, even of the superior sex, can be said to have exercised a more beneficial and extensive influence than the inferior inhabitant of

Barley Wood. I look over my last sentence, and repeat deliberately that my firm conviction is that it was given to Mrs. More to exercise such an influence on the habits and manners of her age, as seldom falls to the lot of a private individual. And as it regards the "love of admiration," with which this honoured woman is charged; I do entreat the critic to tread softly on this ground. It has been well and feelingly said

> 'Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze;
> Is fixed for ever to detract and praise:
> Repose denies her requiem to his name,
> And folly loves the martyrdom of fame.'

It is easy to mark out faults—to observe the spots on the sun's disk—the wavering wing of the soaring eagle—the occasional slumbers of the great poet of antiquity; but it is not easy to act better even within our own sphere: and as to the question how we should probably act if placed in the sphere of another, and exposed to like temptations, on *that* point, I refer 'Cœlebs non volens' to the closing sentence of Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon. I should be deemed harsh and severe if I quoted it myself.

I have travelled very widely from the subject on which this paper began, but it really is very difficult for a private individual to estimate, in any just degree, the snares and temptations to which a public labourer is exposed, and a female public labourer more especially. For my own part, I will freely confess that when I consider the battery of men-wrought praise, the continued hot fire of flattery before which Mrs. More was obliged to stand, and that praise—that flattery from the most distinguished individuals of the age, persons to whose good opinion

she could not possibly be indifferent, I always regard it as one of the very highest proofs of the sincerity of her Christian feeling, as well as of the strong native good sense which forms perhaps the most valuable characteristics of her writings, that she was still enabled to go forward in her work, with simple-hearted devotion, and singleness of aim. I do not say that she stood the fire uninjured, but I do say that it is astonishing, and a proof of the power of divine grace that she was not fatally wounded.

There was a consciousness of her danger; and, doubtless, like Jehoshaphat in the battle, there was a prayer for help. We *know* that there was. I earnestly request your correspondent to read what Mrs. More herself says to her beloved friend Mr. Wilberforce, on the chapter in his Practical Christianity, on the love of applause and on the fear of shame, and then let her speak of Mrs. More's love of approbation if she can.

I might go on to say something of the unfairness of the general assumption that unmarried females are influenced by a desire for notice in their efforts to do good. Assertion is one thing; apparent proof is another; fact is sometimes a third. The simple truth is that some of the most distinguished female authors of our day have been married women. Without the impropriety of personal allusion, I may be allowed to mention, in confirmation of my statement, Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. John Sandford, and the late Mrs. Hemans.

To counterbalance this, I must add that were I required to single out the two ladies of my acquaintance who are the most actively and extensively engaged in doing good, and whose sphere of influence

has been most extended, I should certainly select two unmarried ladies. Both are well and generally known; of the friendship of both, were pride even an allowable feeling, I might be permitted to be proud, but the mention of their names is the last thing that either would wish. I can even venture to affirm, that if these lines fall under the eye of either, there will not be for one moment a suspicion as to whom the writer means to allude.

V. Z. X.

THE iniquities of a nation, as we read in many a page of history, have drawn down the vengeance of heaven upon the perpetrators of crime. Not only upon those to whose neglect the crime may be attributable, but upon the whole population of the land. We have abundant instances of this most awful truth in those days. Our own country has, it is true, been as yet spared, and has been most mercifully exempted from suffering, however deserved; but our day of reckoning may be at hand, if we continue to neglect the advantages bestowed upon us.—*The Hope of the Navy.*

THE POWER AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

WONDROUS are all thy works, Almighty God!
In the wild wind we hear thy voice, and own
Thy presence in the winged lightning's glance.
At thy command the pestilence goes forth,
Wasting the guilty nations. Hast thou sent
In just displeasure, to some haughty land,
That dreadful minister of fiery wrath
The gaping earthquake? Quick into the pit
Thousands go down, and know, alas! too late,
Vengeance, though tardy, not the less secure.
But chief dost thou delight in goodness: Love
Is thy best and brightest attribute. 'Twas love
That gave to man (the noblest of thy works)
This fairest of ten thousand worlds. 'Twas love
That clothed the land with verdure, and the soil
Bade, without labour, richly to bring forth
The varied products of an hundred climes.
Love spread abroad the star-bespangled sky,
Hung the moon's lamp amid the blue serene,
And bade the sun (bright emblem of thyself)
Walk forth in majesty. But chief, 'twas love,
'Twas wondrous love, divine, unspeakable,
That from his palace, in the heaven of heavens,
Sent forth thy Son, thy well-beloved Son,

"Shiloh," "Immanuel," "Mighty," "Prince of Peace,"
With his own precious blood to save from death,
And rescue from hell's grasp a guilty world!
Here let me hold—too lofty is the theme
That I advent'rous sing. Yet will I say,
For this best effort of eternal love,
For mercies countless as the ocean's drops,
My soul, praise thou thy God. Nor thou alone:
Let every heart and every tongue unite,
To laud his goodness; till the final trump
Summon adoring multitudes away,
His praise to celebrate in ceaseless song.

S. W. H.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—If paper, linen, tow, wool, cotton, mats, straw, wood shavings, moss, or soot, be imbued slightly with linseed or hempseed oil, and placed in contact with the sun and air, especially when wrapped or piled in a heap, they very soon become spontaneously hot, emit smoke, and finally burst into flames. If linseed oil and ground manganese be triturated together, the soft lump so formed will speedily become firm, and ere long take fire.

OLD NANCY.

About four years ago, when I lived in Ireland, I received frequent visits from a very poor creature, for the purpose of hearing the bible read, as she had never herself been taught to read.

Some time before this, she had disappeared from the comfortable little dwelling which the benevolence of charitable ladies had provided for her, and various reports were circulated in consequence. It was said that she had become insane, and that her body had been found in some pond into which she had thrown herself; but her re-appearance falsified this latter part of the report.

The first part was, however, true. She shed tears when she saw me, and complained much of a grievous lightness in her head. 'Oh dear, ma'am, I cannot express what I feel. I think my head is empty, and as if it would fly away.' These strange words, at first seeing me, were accompanied with as strange gestures; they are indescribable, yet they gave an idea of the sensation which flightiness must cause. She continued to speak: 'There is a great load at my heart. I give such deep sighs as would surprise you. I cannot keep them back, and yet they don't relieve me.'

'Why are you so sad, my poor Nancy,' I inquired. 'Has not the Lord watched over you, and brought you back in safety? Do you not feel that he cares

for you?' Oh the animation—the earnestness, with which she answered, 'Yes, yes, the Lord Jesus cares for me, even for poor me. No other power but his own power and his goodness brought me back, when I ran—a poor deranged creature—through the wide world. Oh, that I could tell it out—that I could let all the world know what Jesus has done for me! what he is to my soul! But no words could do that —I cannot do it: I know not how to declare it. No, never, never can it be known. Yes, ma'am, the Lord does indeed watch over me. No power, no persuasion, not all that could be said or done, could make me believe to the contrary: from what I have experienced I know it. After what I have gone through could I doubt his watchful care over me? And the same care is over all them that trust in him. I am the prodigal that he met on the way: sure enough I was the poor straying sheep that he brought home again. Oh, ma'am dear, if I could but tell you what I have gone through! Something came over me—I did not know what it was, nor what ailed me; but I thought to fly from myself, and I took to the road, and ran not knowing nor caring where. Sometimes I would run on a long way, and turn round, and run back, never stopping to ask a morsel of food or a drop of water to drink, until faint and weary I'd fall to the earth. And when the clouds of the night overtook me, and I would ask at some door for a lodging and was refused, then in my heart I would ask my God to move them to pity; and after that I was sure to be sheltered. Then when I lay on the cold ground in some corner, no sleep came; for the live-long night not a wink came over my eyes; but I used to hear such horrid discourse, such planning

and plotting all against me, not knowing what they were going to do with me. But still I prayed to the Lord: I knew he would and could save me from every evil spirit. Sometimes I'd find myself running along by the canal, and looking into the water. I'd be thinking how pleasant it would be to lie in it; and again and again the thought would come, to plunge in, but still something kept me back. Still I cannot describe how great was my desire to be in the cool water; and somehow while my desire was strongest, without my knowing how it happened, I'd lose sight of the water, and get far away from it, so that I could not make out where it was. And then, on the high road still running, other thoughts would come; thoughts of the word of God, which Miss L—— W—— used to read to me; and then I was comforted and kept up. In my greatest troubles and persecutions, when I did not know where to turn to, I thought then upon the Lord, and cried to my God to save me, and he did save me. He did deliver me from all. Glory, praise be to his name, for ever.'

Having questioned her as to the nature of her persecutions, I found that they chiefly proceeded from idle foolish boys, who, in cruel sport, pursued the poor maniac, shouting as they would after a mad dog. On such occasions in her derangement, she was exasperated, as far as I could understand, so as to use intemperate language, and then a guilty conscience made her tremble, and she would fall down before the Lord to implore pardon. And she described herself, in this state, as in a kind of dream; that a voice came with the comforting assurance that Jesus Christ came to save sinners. 'And the voice said to me, *You are saved!* Then I came to my-

self, and my heart was lightened, and I was very glad.'

Never, I think, shall I forget the strong emphasis with which this poor creature (rich indeed in faith) said, *You are saved!* She was in heaviness through manifold temptations, when the voice of heavenly mercy spoke pardon and peace to her soul. Then her complaints were over, a new song was put into her mouth, her meditation became sweet, and she was glad in the Lord.

She arose, as she said, and went on her way, though not knowing whither she went, but she trusted in the Lord that he would be her guide. 'And when I came to Dublin,' she said, 'my memory was so gone, that I did not know in what town I was; but I inquired, and when I found I was so near my own home, I was very thankful, and I praised my God. I did not then consider that my own little dwelling was given to another; I thought of nothing but my joy at getting among friends who had often helped me, and would not, I knew, let me want. When I was near this I met Mr. M——, and he was glad to see me alive, after all the reports that were spread about me; and straight he took me to his father's house, where I was fed, and clothed, and comforted, in the way that the Miss M——s often did before. They took tender care of me, and I want nothing more in this world; but still my heart grieves when I look into myself, and remember what I did—how I strayed away, and left these good friends to go among strangers; and if my God had not brought me back, never, never could I have seen one of their dear faces again.'

Poor old Nancy burst into a flood of tears: she ac-

cused herself of deep ingratitude to her God and the benefactors whom he had raised up for her; and while she stood before me, self-accused and self-condemned, I thought how similar the case of every rescued child of God. Erring and straying, like lost sheep, they wander from the fold, until they are followed, and led into the way they should go.

I had many visits from this poor creature; she deeply deplored that she had not been taught to read; for the word of God was her delight, and in it she would, if she could, meditate day and night. She frequently came up of a morning, before she had had any thing to eat; but it was not of her temporal wants she ever spoke: her spiritual wants occupied her attention much more, and a chapter in the bible was what she desired to hear. She generally chose a chapter for herself, and was particularly fond of the 14th chapter of John. 'My own chapter first, ma'am, if you please.'

I asked her to tell me something of her past life, which she did unconnectedly and at different times. When a little girl, she said, her mother kept her so busy at work that she had no time to learn to read; but a kind lady, whom a merciful Providence appointed to be her instructress, pitied her ignorance, and read the bible to her, at the same time endeavouring to impress its great leading truths upon her mind: she told her of her lost and sinful state, and of the necessity of a Redeemer mighty to save. Nancy was brought up a Romanist, but as her understanding opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, she had a strong desire to become a member of the same church with the lady who had been to her an instrument of so much good. And having

obtained her permission, she accompanied her benefactress twice to the established church; but her mother heard of it, and was so much displeased, that she ordered her never again, under the penalty of her heavy curse, to enter a Protestant church.

Thus was poor Nancy kept from the outward means, for she had been always a dutiful child, and dared not disobey. She went no more to church until after her mother's death, which took place when she had reached her seventeenth year. From henceforward she forsook the mass, and regularly attended the church service; but she was not permitted to do so unmolested. Now began her persecutions. The Romish priest of the parish, having heard of this dereliction, called her to an account. He asked her why he never saw her at mass, at confession, or the stations? and added many more questions, to each of which she answered, 'Because, sir, that is not my way of going.' After this he entered into a long expostulation, on the great error she had committed, in deserting the true church of God, to join that which he called false and heretical, and from which if she did not turn again, her soul, he said, must be lost to all eternity.

Nancy listened to all he had to say, nor did she interrupt his discourse until he had concluded; then she asked for a like indulgence, namely, to be listened to with patience, while she gave her reasons for acting as she had done. She began by telling him that she was a poor ignorant woman, who had never read a line in any book; but, according to her simple way, uninstructed except through divine teaching, she would make a statement of her present views, hoping that he would pardon her ignorance, and set

her right where he found she was wrong. Nancy's detail, in her own words, will be best.

'Now, sir, just let me ask you a plain question—Put the case of a man on a journey having a deep and dangerous river to cross, with but one shallow place in it; and that the traveller did not know where that place was without inquiring, and that when he asked this one and that one they answered at random, or gave him different puzzling directions, so that he was more than ever at a loss to find out the fordable spot; and while he was looking here and there, not knowing where to go, one comes up who is well acquainted with the only safe path and points it out to him in such a way as to satisfy him that he is right: should he follow this last person's direction or the others?' 'The last to be sure,' answered the priest. 'Well then, sir, I hope you will blame me no more for turning Protestant. In that church I hear of salvation in Christ Jesus, and in no other; He, sir, is the only safe way over the deep and dangerous river; prayers, or penances, intercession of saints, or any work which we can do will never save or serve us. And now, sir, I hope you will leave me to my way of going, because I am sure it is the right way and no other.' Nancy had no more visits from the priest, he saw it was in vain, she was too well instructed for him.

In her youth she had been in different services; she lived four years with Lady D——, who parted with her on her leaving the kingdom; she afterwards lived at another place, but from bad health she was obliged to quit service and go to an hospital, where she remained for a considerable time, and on leaving it was so reduced in strength as to be unable to re-

turn to service. The wages which she had saved were soon exhausted in paying for food and lodging, after which her wants became very pressing.

On a cold wintry day when the ground was covered with deep snow, poor Nancy was forced to issue forth, without shoes or stockings, to try if she could find any to relieve her in her distress. Her first application was unsuccessful, and in turning from the door she lifted up her heart to God, to beseech him not to let her perish from want. Hungry, and cold, and miserable, she proceeded again along the high way, and saw something glistening on the beaten snow before her; she stooped for it, and what her joy was at taking up a silver tenpenny piece can only be known to one like herself in want of all things; at a little distance she found another piece of the same value. At such a time this was a supply which she felt came from the Lord, to whom she gave heart-felt thanks. Before this little store was spent, Mrs. O'F., a charitable lady in the neighbourhood, provided her with a basket, and added five shillings to purchase cakes for sale; by this means she was enabled to maintain herself until another dreadful attack of inflammation on the chest brought her to the gates of death. An excellent clergyman, the rector of the parish, who left no cottage unvisited, found poor Nancy on a miserable bed of straw, to all appearance dying. She was too ill to speak or be spoken to; at the same time the doctor of the infirmary called: on observing her symptoms, &c. he declared his inability to do any thing for her, for that there was in fact no hope of her recovery. Believing her incapable of hearing what was said, the clergyman and doctor conversed aloud on the hopelessness

of the case, but Nancy was not so far gone as they imagined—she heard all, and knew all that was said, and thought within herself "My sentence is pronounced by man, but not by God." Then she began to reflect upon her past life, to call her evil ways to remembrance, and her mind was in agony: Oh what should become of her guilty soul, if it were indeed true that life was nearly gone? Nancy's troubles had driven her to the too frequent resource of the wretched Irish peasantry, the cup of inebriety, hoping to drink in a momentary forgetfulness. This destructive practice had increased her malady; added to this, from impatience of temper, she was in the habit of cursing and swearing dreadfully. All suffering now seemed to cease but that of the mind, in the horrible prospect of death; but the guilty found a remedy; prayer came to her relief. She earnestly entreated for pardon, and should it be the divine will to restore her to health, that God would grant that great instance of his mercy, henceforth to enable her to depart from sin, and that all her time, and thoughts, and heart might be given to his dear love and service.

A favourable change soon took place in Nancy's health: she was also visited by a lady who liberally supplied her wants, and placed her in a situation which enabled her to gain a scanty livelihood, but that which was deficient was more than made up by several persons who visited her, and wished to do her good for the Lord's sake; she continued among them for several years, a truly devoted Christian, never once returning to those sins of which she had deeply repented.

Nancy had some slight attacks of insanity before I knew her, but never, except in the one instance al-

ready related, was she so bereft of reason as to wander from her home.

She had a remarkably tender conscience, and though she knew that all her sins were laid on Jesus, still no burthen seemed to press so heavily upon her. Many a tear she shed because of her base ingratitude to such a Saviour. It was the conviction of what he had suffered for her which made her hateful to herself. The poor mourner often needed comfort, and she frequently came to me to find it for her in the word of God, even that comfort wherewith I myself was comforted of God. She suffered much from a painful view of the inbred corruption of her heart, and was always watching for that perfection in herself to which she could never attain. She had heard a great deal of the scriptures and retained much in her memory.

"Can I be born of God and still a sinner?" is a question which often occurs: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." 1 John iii. 9.

There is a difficulty in this verse which many endeavour to do away, by saying that no regenerated child of God ever sins wilfully. Let us be candid with ourselves, and search and examine our own hearts, and every day's experience will oblige us to acknowledge that "if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." For never does the sun decline under the shadows of the evening without witnessing to our repeated humiliating falls; not perhaps such as are visible to others; but such as our own hearts can witness against us. How then are we to reconcile the seeming contradic-

tion? Our blessed Saviour himself has made a remarkable separation between the flesh and the spirit: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Unless we have the spirit of Christ, we are distinctly told, we are none of his. True believers become temples of the Holy Ghost, of whom the living God has said, "I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people," 2 Cor. vi. 16. "A new spirit will I give you." This is that spirit, that "seed" remaining in the believer which neither does, nor can sin, and it opposes the flesh which sins continually. Hence that warfare described by St. Paul in the seventh of the Romans, concluding with this remarkable declaration—"So then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." The new divine principle implanted in the regenerated man cannot sin, while the old fallen nature is still prone to sin.

Thus the spirit groaneth within us and helpeth our infirmities, when the old man, the fleshly nature, would even pray for what it ought not. "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." These last have no will, no desire to please God, nor never had; their whole nature and doings are totally opposite to his.

The two classes of people are described in a parable by our Lord himself, as growing up promiscuously in the same field until in the time of the harvest the tares shall be separated from the wheat. For the first the ground is prepared in the open day-light, and the seed is cast in; whereas, at night, when deeds of darkness require a shroud, the secret enemy comes and sows the tares among the wheat.

Compare Matthew 12th chapter with 1 John 3rd chapter, and Romans 7 and 8. By many this pure doctrine of the gospel is blasphemously perverted in making that liberty wherewith Christ has made his people free, a cloke of maliciousness; they turn the grace of God into licentiousness, when they say that liberty to continue in sin is granted. No child of God could wish it to be so: his heart's desire and prayer to God is that the thing he hates may be rooted out for ever. *To continue in sin!* "God forbid; how shall I, who am dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

Then only when he sees his sin is laid on Jesus, it becomes most hateful, most insupportable. Then begins the warfare, the violent struggle within: before this, there was no weight, no burthen, no warfare. The believer alone can feel this: whence the fact that he feels it is a proof that he is a believer.

In this way I endeavoured to communicate consolation to the harrassed mind of poor old Nancy. Simple truths in simple language were best suited to her comprehension; and, child-like, she received "with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save the soul."

To speak to Nancy of the love of the Saviour was to her always most animating and delightful. It was the subject which seemed to dwell upon her thoughts. She told me, that wherever she is, and wherever she goes, she enjoys an abiding sense of the Saviour's presence.

Having at one time read to her the 12th of Luke, she interrupted me at the 9th verse, ("If we deny him he will deny us,") exclaiming, 'Oh! I would suffer anything—I would be torn to pieces rather

than deny my Lord. Why sure I'd be worse than a murderer, if I denied my Lord after all that he has done for me. When I go on my way, I feel that my whole heart is his own; and I *never, never* will turn from my Lord.' I reminded Nancy of Peter's confidence in his own strength, as a lesson to ourselves never to trust in our strength. Peter resolutely affirmed that, though he should die with Jesus, yet would he not deny him. By his fall, he was taught a lesson which we all need, to have no confidence in the flesh.

She often stopped my reading to make her own observations; and in hearing the 14th of John, at these words, "I go to prepare a place for you—that where I am, there ye may be also," Nancy usually burst into tears, crying out, 'My Saviour has prepared a place for poor me; where he is, I shall be. Oh think of it—with himself!—in his own place! Poor sinner that I am, the Lord will take me into his own place, where he is!'

A Christian friend of mine, (not such an one as poor Nancy, who cannot read for herself, for she reads the scriptures daily,) asked me what communion with God meant, for she had never been able to realize it. I must say, I was surprised, and even grieved, to hear such a declaration from the lips of one whom I always considered as truly a child of God. I answered her as I was enabled at the time. This day I asked Nancy how she would answer such a question? A smile played over her countenance, and added a peculiar vivacity to its happy expression while she replied, 'Why, ma'am, as I in my ignorance would explain it, I think that communion with God is having his Holy Spirit within us, teach-

ing us how to pray, and giving us the witness within ourselves, that the prayer is heard and will be granted. I have experienced it myself. I feel, and know, like as if he himself whispered it in my ear, that the Lord will do all that is good and right for me; after what I have experienced I dare not doubt but that he will. I do feel in my heart that love which the Lord himself put into my heart, or it never would have been there. I talk to my Lord, and he talks to me in a secret kind of way, which none can understand who never felt the same.' 'Very true, Nancy,' I said; 'the secret of the Lord is with those that fear him. You remind me of David's communion with God. It is the invitation of the Holy Spirit within us, "Seek ye my face:" and the answer which the same Spirit puts into the heart, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

'It is all the Lord's doing,' rejoined Nancy; 'he makes me feel within, in my own bosom, that he does indeed love me, and gave himself for me, and that I shall never, never perish.'

The strength of this poor woman's faith and trust in the living God causes her to express herself with an energy and firmness which I have never seen surpassed; equalled, I might say, for I never observed it in any other.

'No,' she says; 'no power within, or without the walls of this guilty world, could persuade me, after what I have gone through, but that the Lord takes care of them that trust in him. I will never, never give *in* to anything else.'

Her peculiar emphasis and action while speaking give evidence to the firm ground of her hope. In talking to me of her dear Saviour, she for a time for-

gets her troubles. Her greatest grievance is, that the lodging provided for her is among Romanists, who know not the word of the Lord, and scoff at those who do. At one time that she came to me, I read the 42d and 43d Psalms, which I thought were particularly applicable to her case; for while her very soul pants after God, it is too easily disquieted within her. With bitter tears she recounted some of her persecutions. She is called 'turncoat,' 'heretic,' and every opprobrious name that can be thought of; and at such times as she is seen out of doors, she is followed through the streets with imprecations and taunts. I told her of him who being reviled, reviled not again; and tried to calm her mind, but could not succeed until she had poured out all her griefs. She said that within doors, as well as without, she was harassed, having no corner for peaceable retirement; even while at her prayers she was interrupted and ridiculed. Still Nancy knew that these people could but hurt the body; they could do no hurt to the soul; and for that reason she feared them not, nor for all that they could do did she ever let go her hold; and when her lips moved not, though in the midst of a crowd she could lift up her heart to God in silent aspiration; and she was reminded of the busy scoffers who, with cruel mockings, persecuted the Lord of glory, and that he bore all with the meekness of the lamb led to the slaughter. When her mind could find rest in her Lord, she thought no more of the vain and foolish speeches of those persons than of the buzzing of some troublesome flies, or the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Nancy believed that we must all have some cross to take up and follow the Lord. The Lord himself

warns his people, that through much tribulation they must enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again he says: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." The way of the cross is a royal way: it is the path trod by the King of kings. He is gone before us, and prepared this path for us; let us not then be so presumptuous, so mad, as to fancy we can prepare for ourselves a better.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. viii. 16.

This witness, being a proof of regeneration, calms the disquietudes of the believer, and all things become sweet to his taste. This is the assurance of faith. His soul has found a resting-place. To him it is sweet to live, and sweet to die. The promises are sweet, trials are sweet; for he meets God in *all*—all are working together for good. They are the friendly visits of Jesus to the soul, which he is preparing for its everlasting habitation with himself. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

By faith we are exhorted to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations. The trial of faith works patience. If in the faith and strength of Christ we fight against them, they will act as the refiner's fire in purging away the dross, and causing us to shine more brightly in the image of the Redeemer.

Thus we shall put on Christ, and be found in him; in ourselves, clothed with humility. Emptied of all which can be called our own—stript of all, we are in a fit state to be clothed anew. "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as

filthy rags." These must be laid aside before we can receive the garment of salvation, and be covered with the robe of righteousness. The 1st verse of the 40th Psalm beautifully describes this progressive work: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." A new song indeed it is for the poor mourner who was in heaviness, by reason of manifold transgressions; his feet had well nigh slipped in the mire; but when he was placed on the rock, when in Jesus his soul found salvation; then he stood on firm ground, and he had nothing to do but to sing. His soul could magnify the Lord, and his spirit rejoice in God his Saviour.

The first grace wrought in the soul is patience, which is called a perfect work, being truly the Lord's work, and he worketh not in vain. That which he begins he will carry on. The work of God alone is a perfect work: imperfection stains every work of ours. The blood of Jesus must cleanse away the pollution of whatsoever we put our hand to; and through that blood we are pure, spotless, undefiled, perfect even as he is perfect. Christ sees no spot in his church. Her spots he took upon himself, and laid upon her his own fair beauty. He adorned her as a bride, with the glorious attire of his righteousness, and thus she ever stands before him in the beauty of holiness.

"The beauty of the Lord our God is upon us." This is no mere fancy, which comes and goes; it is a firmly-fixed reality. The unchangeable word of God has affirmed, that he has purchased his church

with his own blood, and that he sees no spot in her. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of *us all.* He expiated her guilt at a tremendous price, and can now say, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

We should at all times be in a rejoicing spirit, if our faith were lively and operative; but through the infirmity of the flesh it languishes and fails.

We are prone to look inward at the dark picture of our corruptions, until we are ready to sink in the slough of despond, instead of looking out of ourselves to what God has wrought.

By keeping Jesus in view, we insensibly glide as it were into him; we feel that we are in him, and he in us; that we are one with him, and he with us of a truth; and then all our turbulent, dissatisfied fears and doubts sink into a calm. We feel that Jesus *is* near, and that he has said, "Peace, be still." Yet the warfare is not over: the flesh and the Spirit will carry on the strife until the mortal puts on immortality. We can find no abiding city, no place of permanent rest amid continual fluctuations. We must be made to feel our own helplessness, and that our sufficiency is of God. "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." 2 Cor. v. 21.

S. M.

FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

DEAR MADAM,

AMONG your many readers in the Christian social circle, there may be some who have paused with sorrow and sympathy over the records which contain the history of the sufferings of the French Protestants. I am aware that your heart is interested in another cause, and that Ireland, dear Ireland, is the object of all your solicitude: nevertheless, as the 'many-sidedness' so confidently laid claim to, by the followers of the vain and delusive philosophy of Goethe, is the peculiar characteristic of the Christian, in his efforts to do good amongst all classes and conditions of men, and "to be made all things to all men, that he may by all means save some;" I will believe that your interest may yet be laid claim to, in behalf of the Protestants of France.

The course of Neff, like a shining light, has illuminated the dark alpine valleys of Dauphiné; and the heart of many a Christian has followed his path along the formidable pass of the Guil, and the vale of the Durance, and dwelt with admiration and delight on his hours of indefatigable and self-denying toil amongst the peasants of the Alps, in his winter school; where he passed long months, imprisoned as it were behind a barrier of ice and snow, cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the habitable world,

and shut up within the desolate precincts of black Dormilleuse. The people for whom he laboured, though long forgotten, have been again brought before the notice of the Christian world; and scattered here and there, amongst the middling classes of English society, there yet remain some who remember their descent from the persecuted French Protestants, and keep the remembrance with pleasure; yet in general no extensive interest prevails, with regard to the state of the Protestants in France, nor has much effort been made to assist the missions which have been sent forth amongst them. Yet it is a field of great and important extent. France is, if I may be permitted to use the expression, the copartner of our political empire; and her influence spreads widely over every part of civilized society. So far then, as we are allowed to look to human means, as an instrument in the hand of God, for promoting the extension of his kingdom in the world, the revival of the French Protestant church might raise us up a powerful auxiliary, in every attempt that is being made to fulfil our Saviour's parting command, and preach the gospel amongst all nations. A kindred torch of zeal and love might be raised up beside our own; and mingling their flames together, cast a stronger and a further light over the whole of the heathen world.

Apostacy or death, is the choice, which, from the almost earliest ages of the Christian church, has been constantly presented before this persecuted race. Happy those by whom the martyr's crown was gladly received, rather than the life or temporal prosperity which was purchased by the denial of the Lord who bought them. Happy the few, the very few, who

found refuge in exile from the terrors of exterminating persecution: happy the remnant who lodged their scattered band among the gloomy and inaccessible heights of the gigantic Alps, where the torch of faith, though it drooped, and burnt low in the lapse of successive ages, was not, though often shaken, entirely extinguished by the blast of the destroyer: but shall we not also sympathize with the one or two, who, here and there, are scattered among the remote villages of France, surrounded on all sides by papal darkness and superstition? And shall we not also join in prayer with the evangelists who say to those who have apostatized from their father's faith, 'Return unto your God?'

In the hope that some of those to whom your pages are familiar may be induced to give their prayers and exertions towards the prosperity of the Protestant churches in France, I propose, if permitted, to lay before them such very slight and imperfect sketches of the present state of those churches as my abilities and opportunities will afford; and believe me to remain, Madam,

Your most obliged,

A DESCENDANT OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND RESUMED.

A PARISH HISTORY.

By the author of 'A Visit to my Birth-place,' &c. &c.

No visit is more formidable in prospect to me, than one which is to be made for the first time to persons who have somehow heard a great deal of you, and been desirous to know you. All expectations are so liable to disappointment, and it is so mortifying to find oneself the subject of such disappointment; at least this has been always one of my feelings, and although it must have its root in self-love, or perhaps rather in self-esteem, it is one to which I plead guilty: it is mortifying to come among unknown friends and admirers merely to do away with their admiration; and besides this, knowing by sad experience how liable my expectations are to be disappointed, simply, perhaps, because—as a thoroughly English friend says—they outrun reality, when I have valued and formed ideas upon a correspondence, I usually feel inclined to shrink from an approaching acquaintance.

Thus I felt, as I recently received an intimation that I was to be brought acquainted with some 'unknown friends.' As I ruminated over the matter, while straying one lovely evening, with only my own thoughts for companionship, along a pretty lane somewhere in the environs of Blackheath, one of

these excessive flights of mind which, with more than railroad facility, annihilate not only space but time, carried me off from the rich region of Blackheath and Lee, to one *somewhere* in Ireland—the topography I may not exactly delineate—but it was somewhere in the north-east of that dear, and, to me, seemingly distant land.

Years rolled forth; and, in fancy at least, placed me in the spot where, with a letter from the rector of —— in my hand, I had resolved the expediency of a visit to his glebe; and when endeavouring to silence the quibbles of pride, self-love, or aught else, as to what they might *expect* to see, I finally resolved to go, and shew my hitherto unknown friends, as they styled themselves, simply what they *had* to see. My wandering recollections did not stop at this point, but carried me over so many circumstances of that visit, that, passing over details of the *manner* in which it was made—some of them singularly laughable, I determined on my return to my cottage, to sit down and recapitulate on paper the events of my visit to an Irish rectory.

The house to which I was invited, during an excursion in Ireland which will ever dwell in my cherished remembrance, stood on a green hill, which, from the level of the adjacent lands, seemed of greater eminence than it actually was: there was but little interesting to describe in the surrounding scenery; and all I shall at present say of the inmates of that house is, that the family consisted of the rector, his wife, who was in very bad health, and now absent, and his daughter, a girl of about nineteen. Let the sequel unfold them; it is enough at this moment to say that the life of the former was an humble imita-

tion of his Master, who went about doing good; and in adherence to the practice of his apostle, "preaching peace by Jesus Christ:" and that the latter was one whom books could not describe—all that we would wish nature to form, and all that we trusted grace had renewed.

'Do you wish to see the prettiest girl in the country?' said my host, putting his benevolent countenance partly within the door of the room where I had been the means of detaining the breakfast party, from which he had been summoned, for his hour of audience, ten o'clock, was come—longer than usual.

My eye glanced to his own fair daughter, Nanny Bawn,[1] as he calls her. 'If you do, you must come to the hall directly,' he added; and Nanny saying it was Kate Connolly, invited me to accompany her thither.

Kate was in her holiday dress; a flowered cotton gown was turned up and pinned round her waist, falling down in a peak behind, and leaving at each side, where the narrow white apron did not extend, a sufficient display of the bright green calamanco petticoat, of which, notwithstanding its present brilliancy, two, or perhaps three generations had boasted the possession:[2] her bright scarlet cloak, with its falling collar and large hood, trimmed with broad worsted tape, was not allowed to meet in front, but tied across to keep it from falling off her shoulders,

[1] Bawn signifies fair.

[2] The preservation of a large quilted and generally very brilliant petticoat from generation to generation among the Irish women, is a singular, and, perhaps not usually known, particular of local customs; in some of the eastern counties the women put much pride in exhibiting on Sundays and holidays, a petticoat that has belonged to their grandmothers, or great-grandmothers.

which it only covered: her head was quite uncovered, except by its own plentiful adornment of pale brown hair, which seemed to have taken a yellower tinge from this exposure; for it looked as if the sunbeams always shone on it: her figure was so slightly formed, and her face, notwithstanding the arch expression that played round her mouth, and extended to a particular movement of the eye-brows, was so innocent, so childish-looking, that I would not suppose her age exceeded seventeen, though I heard she was older.

'What a very pretty girl,' I whispered to the rector: he nodded, and smiled assent.

'Well, Kate, what do you want with me? You must tell me at once, for I am in haste this morning.'

Kate looked at her feet and then at Miss Nanny, and casting her eyes finally on the floor, began to twist the corner of her apron round her finger.

Nanny instantly comprehended the case; and throwing me a glance of meaning which fully conveyed the intimation that I was an obstacle to the disclosure the girl had to make, she took my arm with a smile and invited me to see the library.

It was a sweet little room; the walls on two sides covered with books; a third divided between maps and some good paintings, and in the fourth, three windows, opening on a beautiful lawn, were shaded by a natural blind of most luxuriant jessamine and monthly roses.

'What a delicious little bower!' I exclaimed, taking instant possession of a delightful reading chair, and the wish—my early and often repelled wish—to lead a life of ease, and taste, and retirement, rising again in my mind; and before I was

aware it was expressed in words—'And of uselessness,' added Nanny. 'I beg your pardon, *your* life would not in any circumstances be *useless*, but your words sounded *so* like it.'

'Do you read much here?' I inquired.

'No, indeed, I do not,' she replied, shaking her head with a look and a smile that were at most only half expressive of regret.

'How do you employ your time in this lonely place?'

'Oh! in many ways, of which I cannot give you even an outline, so I will not occupy your time longer. I am sorry in the article of taste we cannot gratify you more; but in those of ease and retirement, I think your wish may almost be realized here.' And, with a most provokingly good-humoured face, the rector's daughter nodded her fair head, and left me alone. Whatever might be the cause, books, ease, and idleness pleased me less this morning than I wished to acknowledge. I even found my wishes once taking an opposite direction, and had almost arrived at the conclusion that a life of activity, or, in less equivocal words, of usefulness, was both the most desirable and happiest. I ranged through the ranks of my old acquaintances, from the folio, through all gradations, to the duodecimo; even my ancient favourites, the favourites of my childhood and young years, failed now to please me. At last, seated at a reading-table, with a pile of these before me, I resolved to spend an idle hour in roving, like the bee, among flowers; or the butterfly rather, just sipping the sweets it neglects to extract. How like a dream did it appear to me, the time when drier studies ended, I met with eager impatience the one

single hour, which, though the whole of my time was at my disposal, I allowed myself for this species of literary idleness, when standing on a chair in a library I dared not disarrange, I made poet and philosopher, satirist and humourist, help to amuse the light-winged hour of my childish recreations. These hours, these years are gone; they belonged to the happiest,—at least of earthly happiness the happiest, —the earliest, of my life. But what is Nanny about all this time? I asked myself, awaking from a reverie, and pushing away the books, few of which had been opened, and none read. I determined to try the effect of a walk in relieving the painful feeling that had seized on me.

A little half-formed path through a field, moist and damp from its vicinity to a bog, was chosen by me, in preference to that along the avenue and shaded road beyond it. This was less like anything about cities, less frequented, and so I continued in it until I found the region of bogs, however uncommon, was by no means comfortable, and that it was as well to proceed in a more beaten track.

I walked on some time, allowing my mind to float on in that dreamy, only half-waking state, so playfully described by the poet Cowper, when apparently busied in thought it has almost ceased to think. But the hum of many voices aroused me; it was that sort of hum which cannot be mistaken, coming from a village or country school. I advanced to the door of a white house, opposite to which I saw Nanny's cottage bonnet hanging on the wall, and looking within it, I perceived her standing in the midst of between forty and fifty girls, with a piece of work in her hands, while several, with their's ready, stood near,

anxious each to be the first to secure her attention. The buzz, however, that had drawn mine, came chiefly from the upper room, where about an equal number of boys were engaged, some in conning their tasks half aloud, some in reading entirely aloud, a few rebellious ones in talking in both of these ways, some casting accounts, and some quietly writing. I sat and looked on for some time, but the hour of dismissal was near, and its approach caused so much commotion, in the boys' room especially, that I instinctively put my hand to my head. Nanny smiled, and taking down her bonnet, stepped with me outside the door, saying I was not accustomed to such places. I felt inclined to prove she was mistaken, and was expatiating on the

> 'Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
> And teach the young idea how to shoot,'

when the school was dismissed, and out rushed a parcel of wild boys, jostling, driving, elbowing each other into the open air, and not, I suppose, discerning who was before them: away I went, pushed to the brink of a muddy and large pool, from immersion in which I was saved by a sturdy beggar-woman, who extended her arms about me with the whining expostulation, 'Musha, then is'nt it a shame to go to push the lady that a-way, and yees coming from where ye should larn better manners.' Nanny almost blushed, and altogether laughed at the 'manners' of her students; but the boys were away, running in every direction, gleeful as boys might be let loose from confinement. The girls followed, to do Miss Nanny justice, in much better order.

Nanny had, I found, 'many ways' of employing

her time, though she did not devote any part of it to literary idleness, nor a great part of it to that which I always considered as an indispensable in man or woman—reading. However, the wise man has said, "too much study is a weariness to the flesh, and of making many books there is no end;" so also of reading many books I often have thought, "this also is vanity.' And perhaps I was not disposed to quarrel altogether with Nanny's pursuits, when I happened to find her reading the Bible to a miserable object in a miserable cabin; or engaged in some of the 'many ways' of occupying herself, which a sort of self-delegated office, as her father's assistant in the parish, afforded her.

Happy girl! all her desires, hopes, and prospects circumscribed within the bounds of one parish, and these desires, hopes, and projects having one end—the accomplishment of others' good.

After dinner, the rector, in compliment to me, left the simple topics of which he and his daughter generally spoke, to discuss subjects he was well able to converse on, but which I was wearied of hearing elsewhere. Nanny sat silent, partly through undisguised ignorance of such points, and partly from feeling very little interest in them. On this day she sat some time, apparently abstracted in her own intellectual thoughts, when she abruptly enquired—

'Papa, what did Kate Connolly want with you this morning?'

The question broke in on ideas so unconnected with it, that the good man felt the suddenness of the transition in withdrawing his mind from the scenes and persons it had wandered to, and bringing it

back to the all-important affairs of his own little world, comprised within his parish.

'To beg a holiday for John Jennison to-morrow,' he replied.

'And you granted it, papa, did you not?' Nanny pleaded, placing an elbow on the table as she leaned forward, with a face that might have won the boon if not yet accorded.

The rector shook his head, and threw himself up in his seat, with that air peculiar to himself, yet very dignified, which he always assumed when either his authority was interfered with, or the ground of his principles questioned.

'I am sure George would take his place for to-morrow,' Nanny added.

'My dear, as to Jennison leaving his employment for a day, you know that is a matter of no consequence in the world.'

'Then why not grant poor Kate's request!'

'Because it is not our duty to grant requests, the reasons for which are wrong.'

'Oh, papa, I did not know her's had been so.'

(To be continued.)

ROMISH SERVANTS.

MADAM,

IN reading the paper in your last number, upon Romish servants, it occurred to me that a case had lately fallen under my own knowledge, which seemed to oppose the view you took, on the expediency of admitting Roman Catholics among the inmates of your household. You suppose that the mistress of a family may receive a Papist under her roof, indeed that it is her duty to do so, in order to reclaim her, if possible, from the errors of Popery, and bring another lamb within the fold of Christ. This seems right, and excellent, and judicious, so long as the mistress is there, to watch over the other members of her household, and guard them from contamination. But suppose she be suddenly removed. Suppose a mother, with a young family, is taken from them after a short illness; will she not tremble at the thoughts of leaving them exposed to continual contact with one who may instil into their young and susceptible minds the doctrines of her corrupt religion? Lest you should think this an idle supposition, and an occurrence so unlikely as to be unworthy of attention, I proceed to relate a tale which will prove it to be neither the one nor the other.

I am acquainted with a young lady of a good Protestant family, who, at the age of sixteen, declared herself a member of the church of Rome, left her

family and friends, and has lived abroad with Roman Catholics from that time.

And what occasioned this melancholy change? She lost her mother, an amiable and religious woman, in childhood. Her father shortly married again. Her step-mother treated her unkindly, and neglected her. She was therefore thankful for kindness from any one, and met with it in a *Roman Catholic servant*, from whom she borrowed Popish books. These, and the society of this woman, produced the effect upon her mind of which I have spoken. She declared herself converted to the Romish faith, and after some cruelly harsh treatment in the attempt to reclaim her, which had the effect of binding her more closely to her opinions, her family cast her off for ever; and, at the age of nineteen, she is wandering about the world, homeless, almost friendless, in poverty, and most strongly attached to the religion she has embraced.

I am fearful, Madam, of intruding upon your time, and wearying your patience, by a more detailed account of this poor young lady; and requesting your kindness in the consideration of this letter,

I remain, Madam,

With great respect,

M. C.

[This is, indeed, a lamentable case; and if our anonymous correspondent will furnish us with a real name and address, and satisfactory references, we will do our utmost to bring the poor wanderer within reach of those who will care for her soul.

But we cannot admit an isolated instance, remarkable too as the foregoing, as an argument against the

fulfilment of what seems an imperative duty in cases such as were originally adverted to. It is to be remembered, that the question was not, whether Christian ladies were called on, under all circumstances, to open their doors to Romish domestics; but what, in case of their being obliged so to do, was the obvious path of duty. We spoke of the matter, not as a thing to be done lightly, but as a most important branch of missionary enterprize, attended with danger, and only to be engaged in for the sake and in the strength of the Lord.

We supposed, not a choice between a Romish and a Protestant servant, but between a cruel acquiescence in, and a faithful protest against, the 'damnable heresies' that destroy the soul of the former.

We do not therefore see any reason to retract or to qualify the opinion already set forth; but rather hope that, through the publicity thus given to the sad fate of the young apostate, her rescue may be effected, and the happy assurance realized with regard to the believing mother, that her Christian labour was not in vain in the Lord.]

If called to meet, for Jesu's name,
The world's reproach, contempt, and shame,
Oh may I mark his footsteps there,
And meekly bow, his cross to bear;
Then, resting on his faithful word,
Maintain, despite of foes, the honour of my Lord!

Cummins.

THE MOURNER'S LAMENT.

YES, I'll believe—believe that thou art near,
When all unheeded falls the silent tear!
When my tired spirit, thirsting for repose,
Plucks but the thorn where she had sought the rose!
But happiness and Jesus! who can sever
What through eternity must bloom together?
And He's my Lord—'tis therefore cruel sorrow
That I would say to thee, for aye, good morrow!
Ah! when by faith I touched his wounded side,
Methought I had no other grief beside,
And bath'd me in his blood—'twas joy to hide
My deepest sorrows in that crimson tide!
But now, like some frail pinnace cast ashore,
Where the light breeze can fill her sails no more,
I pensive sit—a solitary thing—
Cheerless, not mute, my harp's discordant string!
For ah! deep sorrow like the raging sea
Bursts all embankments to its misery;
And gravest lessons which the wise would teach
Ne'er ease the spirit, though the heart they reach!
In the still hour philosophy may guide,
She never triumphs o'er the stormy tide!
One voice alone can bid the tempest cease;
I'll wait for it; and when it whispers peace—
In lowly reverence at devotion's shrine
I'll own the hand that heals me is divine!

J. D.

"HEAR THE CHURCH."

DEAR MADAM,

IT has long been matter of painful surprise to me, that the gross and palpable perversion of a passage of holy scripture, upon which the Romish church has founded principally her assumption of universal power, and which is now used by some who have arisen in our own church for very similar purposes, should be passively admitted, as it were, and acquiesced in on all sides, by which means a momentous advantage is gratuitously given to the adversary. I have waited, in the hope that some one of the little band of faithful followers, who have "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty," would have vindicated this portion of his blessed word from the glaring perversion and misapplication by which it has been forced into the support of an unscriptural principle, and thus made the basis of most unscriptural practice. But seeing no such exposition attempted, and observing that your correspondent, 'Clericus Junior,' in the last number of your Magazine, once more brings forward this abused passage, in order to establish his argument in favour of 'the power of the church to interpret the scriptures,' and that he is permitted to do so by his opponent without any remark upon its misapplication—I cannot forbear from asking permission to occupy a little space

in your valuable pages, in order to point out the *fact*, that the direction of our adorable Lord to his disciples, contained in this portion of his holy word, has not the most distant relation to the circumstances and doctrines it has been '*wrested*' to vindicate and uphold. It is a little remarkable, by the way, that 'Clericus Junior' should call the sentence which he quotes (not quite accurately), "And if he will not hear the church, let him be to thee as an heathen man and a publican," 'an *apostolic* command,' as if he were not aware that the words are those of our blessed Lord himself, and not of an apostle; and however improbable it may appear that this should be the case, the practice of taking up a quotation, familiar as this has been made, *without examination*, is so common, that I know it to be very possible; and it may be the less superfluous, therefore, to offer to him, and to your readers, a plain statement of 'the whole matter'—of the command of our gracious Lord, and the circumstance to which it refers, as the passage stands in Matt. xviii. 15—17:—"Moreover, if thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother; but if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established; and if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it to the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be *to thee* as an heathen man and a publican." The whole passage is addressed solely and obviously to individual Christians suffering injury from "a brother," and is a beautiful instance and illustration of the infinite and adorable wisdom and love of him, who "spake as

never man spake"—"If thy brother trespass against thee." How tender the consideration that directs the injured person to "go" to the offender, and "tell him of his fault between" themselves "alone!" He *may* "hear" thy expostulation and make reparation, and then "thou hast gained thy brother;" if he will not, take with thee one or two others"—try all methods before exposing his conduct publicly; but "if he neglect to hear them, tell it to the church"—to the "congregation of faithful men," as our article most scripturally explains the word in this sense, to which the individuals might belong; but if this last resource fails to convince him of his wrong, and to bring him to repentance, then there is no longer an obligation upon thee to consider him and act towards him as "a brother;" "let him be to thee as an heathen man and a publican." In full accordance with this plain direction of his divine Lord and Master, is St. Paul's indignant appeal to the Corinthian Christians (1 Cor. vi. 15) who had utterly disregarded it: "*Dare* any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints?" "Set them to judge who are least esteemed in the church!" "Is it so that there is not one wise man among you, no not one, that shall be able to judge between his brethren, but brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers?" &c. He was a bold man who first dared to 'wrest' from the context, from the middle of a sentence, and from their plain grammatical sense as they stood there, the three words, "hear the church," and convert them into a *positive command* to do something entirely different and opposite to the direct intention of the passage! But it is

the only passage in the Bible in which the words are to be found in this connection with each other, and the only one, therefore, which could be so perverted. What would be the consequence to the law of the land, and to those whose conduct is to be regulated and judged by it, if men dared to deal with its statutes as they thus deal with those of the living God? The fact is, not only that this passage applies solely to private cases of "trespass" between individual Christians, but that the scriptures contain no such command as that a few words of which have been thus forced from their place to sanction; and we might appeal to this circumstance itself for the truth of this assertion, if proof were not at hand; for assuredly if one other passage could have been found in the whole Bible to give that sanction, it would not have escaped the search of the subtle enemy who first perverted this scripture into a weapon against the truth, nor of those who have resumed it in the present day, and are using it with such fatal effect. The voice of God, speaking from "the excellent glory," did indeed proclaim from heaven to his trembling servants, chosen to be his witnesses, and to bear the message of his mercy in Christ Jesus to a lost world, "This is my beloved Son, *hear ye* HIM;" but nowhere has he given a command to "hear the church"—nowhere given authority to any man, or body of men, to be interpreters of his holy word, or committed to them power over men's faith and consciences. The scripture leaves no appeal but to itself, declaring everywhere its own sufficiency—referring *alone* "to the law and to the testimony"—to "Moses and the prophets." And, in fact, if man's heart were not at 'enmity' with its

declarations, and averse to its commands, he would neither desire nor need an interpreter. He needs none to enable him to understand Newton or Bacon; but not 'receiving the truth' of God's revealed will '*in the love of it*,' he seeks for some human interpretation, some 'master upon earth,' some 'voice of the church,' or 'tradition of the elders,' that shall virtually 'make it of none effect,' enabling him to evade its authority and dilute away its force, even while he professes to believe and receive it, to the deceiving his own soul. Here lies the prolific root of every corruption of Christianity, from the time of the 'Nicolaitanes,' (Rev. ii. 6 and 15,) whose 'deeds' and whose 'doctrines' were alike 'hated of the Lord, down to that of the latest form under which it has been corrupted in our own day and our own church; all have had the same end, the bringing in of 'another gospel,' that shall be more acceptable to the natural heart of man: all have sought it by the same means, the exalting some human authority, which shall enable him to accomplish this, with whatever variations and degrees of manner and of subtilty. If, then, your correspondent 'Clericus Junior,' (and oh! how many of our 'Juniors' are there to whom I would earnestly say the same thing!) would 'suffer a word of exhortation' from one who has had far longer experience of the ways of the tempter and of a heart 'deceitful above all things,' I would affectionately entreat him to give himself for a time *entirely* to the study, the *prayerful* study, of the Bible. There he would not 'seek in vain' the 'true light,' that can alone preserve his feet from the traps and snares set in his path by his very guides—the 'light' in which the poor 'sparks' of man's 'kindling,'

which are now perplexing if not misleading him, would soon die away, and leave him to pursue his course with peace and joy in the path that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and, moreover, enable him to guide into it those poor sheep whom he has undertaken to lead and to feed, and for whose safety he has made himself responsible to "the great Shepherd." That he may be enabled thus to find 'light and life' for himself and others, is the fervent prayer of,

Dear Madam,
Yours with grateful respect,
Y. Y.

How great the sway of mystical Babylon! How long have the nations of the earth groaned under the iron yoke of that fierce and idolatrous power. "All nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornications." God hath for wise and secret purposes given them into her hand for his own appointed time; still do many kings wear her chains, though now they sit but lightly; yet a day of deliverance will come, the iron yoke shall be broken, the captive shall be delivered, and the tyranny of mighty Babylon shall cease for ever.—*Caulfield's Fall of Babylon.*

THE TESTIMONY OF PAGANISM TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

No. V.

THE PROMISE OF A DIVINE REDEEMER.

In considering this highly interesting subject, which is not only visible, but prominent throughout all ancient mythology, I shall be once more indebted to our old friend Spearman, of whom we have lately lost sight, but who will now re-appear in our pages as usefully as ever.

But, first, by way of opening the subject, I must extract two very striking and comprehensive passages from the Chevalier Ramsay, whom I have before quoted, and whose Travels of Cyrus, antiquated as some may think them, contain more real and profound learning than half the cheap knowledge of present times put together.

At page 252, he says—'I observe that the traditions of all nations foretel the coming of a hero, who is to descend from heaven, to bring Astræa,' or justice, 'back to the earth.' The Persians call him Mythras, the Egyptians Horus, the Tyrians Adonis, the Greeks Apollo, Hercules, Mars, Mercury, or Jupiter the Conductor, or Saviour.'

In the erudite Discourse on the Mythology of the

Pagans, appended to that work, he says more fully, 'All the poets speak to us of the golden age restored, as of a time when Astræa was to return upon earth; when justice, peace, and innocence were to flourish again with their original lustre, and when everything was to be restored to its primitive perfection. In a word, they sing on all occasions the exploits of a son of Jupiter, who was to quit his heavenly abode and live among men. They give him different names, according to his different functions; sometimes he is Apollo, fighting against Python and the Titans; sometimes he is Hercules, destroying monsters and giants, and purging the earth of their enormities and crimes. One while he is Mercury, or the messenger of Jove, flying about everywhere to execute his commands; and another while he is Perseus, delivering Andromeda, or human nature, from the monster that rose out of the great deep to devour her. He is always some son of Jupiter, giving battles and gaining victories." I may add, that the divine hero is often slain; indeed we have before seen that the chief feature of nearly every Pagan theology is a *slain God*, a thing so contrary to human reason, that we cannot imagine any man absurd enough to have invented it, nor any people foolish enough to have received it, if it had been of man's invention. They must have known it as a divine tradition, a miraculous thing, and not a human fiction. That they did know and believe it, universally, let Osiris, murdered by Typhon,—Odin, killing himself, or devoured by a wolf,—Balder, slain by Hoder,—Bacchus, torn by the Titans,—Hercules, sacrificing himself,—Adonis, slain by a boar,—all testify.

But it will here be objected to me that, even in the book of Genesis itself, there is no mention made that the Deliverer, "the seed of the woman," should be *slain*; it is only said that "his heel" should be "bruised" by the serpent. I make answer, with Spearman, (p. 103.) 'There never would have been any doubt from what fountain the heathen drew their mythology, had it not been for that strange notion which has possessed the heads of our great men, that the Jews had no knowledge of the Messiah but from the occasional hints of him in the prophetic writings: and if the Jews had no prior knowledge of that affair, the Gentiles could have none.....Which is just as absurd as if they should say that the Romans, Corinthians, &c. to whom the apostles wrote, knew nothing of Christianity but from those epistles. The prophecies were delivered to the Jews during their captivity, to *keep up the original* revelation of a Redeemer to come. And even those prophecies which more immediately relate to Christ and his kingdom, are not to be considered as the *measure* of their knowledge in this doctrine; or to be written to inform them of that about which they knew nothing, before the delivery of the prophecies; but only to put them in mind of these things, to keep up their faith, and that they might look forward to him who was to redeem Israel from all their sins. And as the knowledge of atonement by a Saviour to come was of equal interest to all mankind, it was handed down by an uninterrupted tradition from Adam, and propagated by his posterity wherever they settled,'—as we can easily and abundantly prove; for however corrupted may be the mythology, still the Divine Hero, or slain God is prominent in it; and the latter,

after death, is again restored, though often under another name, or in the form of his Son.

God, *slain* by the wicked, and *resuscitated* under the form of *his Son;* could we expect to find a clearer narrative of events, yet future as to their fulfilment, deep and mysterious as to their nature?

Let us now examine more particularly these heroes and slain deities of antiquity; for they were many.

In Egypt, we have the murder of Osiris by Typhon, or the Evil Principle; the grief and wanderings of Isis to seek the fragments of his body; and his restoration under the form of his son Horus, who is so far confused with him, as to be represented as also slain by the Titans, and found dead, though afterwards revived to immortal life.

In the Persian mythology we find a constant conflict maintained between Mythras, the Divine Hero, and Arimanius, the Evil Principle; which is hereafter to terminate in the destruction of the latter, and the restoration of the golden age.

In Scandinavia, some writers represent the great Odin as killing himself, in order to become an immortal god; while others say that he was to be devoured by Feurir the wolf, 'in the twilight of the gods.' At all events, his name was to be added to the list of slain deities. Balder, also, the son of Odin, who seems to be the northern Apollo, is killed by the blind Hader, at a time decreed by fate.

In the Tyrian system of theology, we find that celebrated fable of the death of Adonis, or Thammuz; the lamentation for whose untimely fate was profound, even by the women of Jerusalem, (see Ezek. viii. 14.) But the weeping was not the whole of the performance: funeral obsequies were also

celebrated, and the next day the god was said to be alive, and ascended into heaven. Julius Firmicus says that an image was laid in a bed, as dead, while the mourning continued; and then torches were brought, and the priest anointed the lips of the weepers, and whispered, '*Salvation is come—deliverance is accomplished,*' when immediately the image was taken up, and great joy and feasting succeeded.

In India we do not find a murdered deity; but we have Krishna, the serpent-conqueror, and Vishnou, under ten different incarnations, destroying giants and monsters. We have also what seems to be another tradition of the same future Redeemer, a descent of Vishnou into the infernal dominions of 'the king of serpents.' I have before said that Vishnou may clearly be traced to be Knouph, or Osiris; and this descent into the infernal region of serpents looks very much like a parallel story to the descent of Osiris into the shades, whether Hercules, Orpheus, and Bacchus also went. And although the circumstances of all these descents vary much from each other, yet they are too similar in their nature not to be drawn from one common source—the foreknown exploits of him whom we perpetually confess in our public worship, as having "*descended into hell,*" and *risen* again "the third day." I might satisfactorily elucidate the variations of these several legends; but it is only a branch of our present inquiry, and would occupy too much of our time.

The slain gods of Greece are numerous, besides those personages who must be considered as derived from the same origin, by their exploit of a conquered dragon, or a descent into hell. Of the first class we

have Bacchus, Hercules, Orpheus, Adonis; of the second, Apollo and Hercules again; and the third class comprehends all the first-mentioned, excepting Adonis.

It will perhaps be said that these are mostly demi-gods or heroes only, and not deities of the primary order. I reply that they were all sons of gods. Bacchus and Hercules were sons of Jupiter, Orpheus of Apollo, and Adonis of the supreme Belus; for he is the same with Thammuz. And this parentage, half divine, half human, which makes the hero a *god-man*, is much more to my purpose than any other would have been.

It would take too much time and space to enter into the histories of all these personages; I will only say that Bacchus, under the name of Iachus, bore the same part in the mysteries of Ceres that Horus did in those of Isis; and he is plainly said, by Herodotus (Book ii.), to be the same as Osiris. Spearman quotes an account of a coin struck at Maronea in Thrace, inscribed, '*Bacchus, Saviour* of the Maronites;' and of another belonging to the island of Thasos, which bore this inscription, '*Hercules, Saviour*, of the Thasians.' Hercules indeed a demi-god, the destroyer of all monsters and giants, and more especially of the hydra, (another version of the *dragon*-conquest,) who descended into hell, and returned, bringing captive the guardian of the infernal gates, and who finally sacrificed himself, and became immortal,—possesses too many tokens of identity to require any farther explanation.

Orpheus again bears many marks which stamp him as another version of the same character; the descent into hell, to recover his *serpent-slain* bride,

his victory there, the uncertain manner of his death, (some affirming that he killed himself, and others that he was murdered by a mad multitude of Bacchantes,) and his subsequent immortality, are all striking coincidences with the usual exploits of the divine hero.

Of Adonis we have already spoken; for the Greek fables of his human parentage, the love of Venus for him, &c. are mere poetical additions to the more simple legend of the Tyrian Thammuz.

We must conclude the Grecian list with a glance at Apollo, one of the most prominent among the divine warriors; who was at once a god and a hero, the son of a god and a nymph, and the destroyer of the dragon Python. We have an admirable paragraph in Spearman concerning Apollo. He says, (p. 85.) 'Apollo is the acknowledged symbol of the material light, as light is of Christ, the light that came into the world to lighten every one. So the fable of Apollo and Python may have aimed at prefiguring the conquest of Christ over Satan. The banishment of this deity from heaven, and his feeding the flocks of Admetus upon earth, whence he had the name of Nomius, or the herdsman or shepherd, appears to me the broken tradition of that person who came down from heaven to feed the sons of Adam, whom he calls his sheep, his flock; from which Hebrew name (Adam) *Admetus* naturally enough forms itself. And how ridiculous and unintelligible soever this and the other fables may seem to reasoners and the wisdom of this world, they told the people, in a language plain enough to be understood, that the Deity was to descend to the earth, to dwell there amongst men, and to instruct by precept and example; and

they kept up the expectation of that great *Shepherd and Bishop of souls*, until his advent in the flesh.

Nor is it in Europe and the west of Asia only that this legend is found; it is quite as prominent in Chinese mythology. Ramsay (p. 339.) mentions 'a hero called Kinu Tse, which means Shepherd and Prince,' to whom they also give the titles of the most Holy, the universal Teacher, and the Supreme Truth.' In his sufferings and conflicts he is exactly parallel to Osiris, Mythras, Apollo, or Hercules, and is the divine hero of that nation.

Thus then we see that Paganism, from east to west, and from China to Scandinavia, is full of the exploits, victories, and death of a divine warrior, or God-man.

Let the Socinian say, if he will, that the crucified Messiah was only a human prophet. 'Blind Egypt with her gods,' withstands him to the face; the Greek, the Chinese, the Persian, 'the heathen Dane,' the Indian, the Tyrian, all rise up against him, and declare, as one man, that they were so far certain of the descent, conflicts and death of GOD HIMSELF, that they even put the past for the future, and enrolled the expectations of prophecy among the finished facts of their national history.

X. Q.

Review of Books.

ESSAYS ON ROMANISM. *By the author of 'Essays on the Church.'* Seeley and Burnside.

We have often longed to see the battle of Protestantism, in other words, of Christianity, fought with the sword of the Spirit, independent of the lumbering magazine of superfluous weapons usually labelled 'Antiquity,' or 'The Fathers.' We augured well for the issue of a late discussion in Dublin when our plain-spoken friend, the Rev. T. Gregg, announced his determination of rejecting the fathers, and betaking himself to the grandfathers—namely, the prophets and apostles—nor were we disappointed. Deprived of the mystifying aid of his doubtful allies in folio, the Romish priest was compelled to face the flashes of that immortal sword, and fled from its brightness. We now find an experienced champion of the truth, whose field is literary only, entering the lists against those crafty sophisters—Milner and Wiseman, and their school, equally unembarrassed with this armour of Saul. It brings us back to the days of the church's most glorious triumphs, when a "Thus saith the Lord" was conclusive against all

that man's perverted intellect could suggest: and "It is written," sufficed to put Satan himself to flight.

Of the book before us we can say that it is worthy of the pen which traced the 'Essays on the Church;' it states the question fairly, canvasses it freely, and settles it fully. Deep thought, keen observation, extensive knowledge of the subject, and a striking perspicuity of style are its characteristics. We could not name a more valuable manual of Protestantism, or one so admirably suited to meet the exigencies of this critical juncture.

SEALS OF THE COVENANT OPENED; *or, the Sacraments of the Church considered in their Connection with the great Doctrines of the Gospel. By James J. Cummins.* Seeley and Burnside.

TREATISES on this subject have been multiplying, until it seems scarcely possible to take up any work upon it claiming the character of originality. Yet we will venture to put in such claim on behalf of the modest little volume which, it appears, originated in the desire of a Christian father to improve a temporary confinement, occasioned by indisposition, for the instruction of the younger branches of his family on these important points of devotion. It is, in fact, a brief but perfect compendium of divinity, setting forth the whole gospel of Christ in a tone most devotional, and with a constant reference to holy scripture. The concluding chapter, on 'The expectant State of the Church,' we consider valuable; and the

more so as the gentle Christian spirit in which the whole is written takes away all pretext for disputation. Mr. Cummins often appeals to the authority of Usher, than whom a safer guide, among uninspired men, could not be found. Some helps for prayer, with beautiful original poetry, complete this very useful and delightful pocket companion.

THE WORLD. *By a Deserter. No. II.* Nisbet.

We have looked with extreme anxiety for the appearance of the second number of this singular 'little green book;' we receive it now, and enjoin it on all Christian *parents* as a sacred duty to possess themselves of it, assured that while they turn it to valuable account as a guide to themselves, where their children are concerned, they will find many occasions for extending the benefit by placing it in the hands of such worldly acquaintance as may afford them a hope that they have somewhat of *moral* principle whereon to build, in the absence of a better foundation. Calculated as the little book is for the highest circles, by the elegance of its exterior no less than by the internal evidence of its being the production of a richly-cultivated mind, we do hope it will yet be made the means of abating that fearful nuisance, that national abomination, that moral pest-house and spiritual *abattoir*, which forms the subject of this as of the preceding number—The Theatre.

We know no privilege more to be coveted than that of access to a quarter where, by God's grace, a Christian might have boldness to lay such a book

down in the spirit of the Psalmist, who would say, "I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed."

THE JEW: *or, The Veil taken Away. By the Author of 'Both One in Christ.'* Seeleys, &c.

THIS is a dialogue, purporting to be between a converted and an unconverted Israelite. It sets forth the steps whereby conviction reached the mind of the former; as also the various helps and hindrances that Christians are wont to place in the way of the Hebrew inquirer. It is the work of one who has himself been taught of God to recognize in the crucified Nazarene the King Messiah, the hope of Israel; and who now labours incessantly in spreading among Jews and Gentiles the saving knowledge that has enriched his own soul. The former volume of Mr. Myers, 'Both One in Christ,' has already been noticed in these pages; and we rejoice to learn from many quarters that the blessing attendant on it has been even more extensive than we predicted. It is a beautiful work; we are gladdened by its success.

'The Jew' is also very interesting; and we believe it will be very useful. We must however hope that in a subsequent edition the author may be led to omit all such expressions on the part of the unbelieving Hebrew as cannot but grate painfully on the feelings of a Christian, although perfectly consistent with the speaker's character. We hope Mr. Myers is destined to fill a large, wide, and valuable sphere of usefulness in the church. The Jew, when savingly converted, is generally of all men the most

gifted missionary, the most zealous champion of scripture truth, and the most powerful opponent of the Romish apostacy. Of this the author before us furnishes a proof in both his works. The remarkable fact that the Jews generally have an expectation of their Messiah appearing in the year 1839, is a great encouragement to redoubled diligence in pointing Him out to them as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

SIX SERMONS *on the Causes and Consequences of the Neglect of Public Worship: a view of the advantages of public worship: the motives which should lead to its observance; and the circumstances which render an attendance on its ordinances unprofitable. By the Rev. Robert Shirley Bunbury, A. B., Curate of Stapenhill.* Seeley and Burnside.

THE importance of the subject selected by Mr. Bunbury for his six discourses is generally acknowledged. Neglect of the public ordinances of God's house is the prolific root of evils innumerable, of misery unbounded. Our public scaffolds bear a melancholy testimony to this fact, in the frequent confession of wretched criminals, tracing to such neglect their first step in the paths of ruin. Absence from the place of worship on the one hand, and on the other a mere habit of frequenting it in the lifelessness of a formal system of lip-service, are the enemies with which the preacher here essays to grapple in the strength of the Lord; and we think he has succeeded well. We recommend the book to our friends, both for perusal and circulation.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND ; *or an explanation of its institution and character. By the Rev. J. Cumming, M.A. Minister of the Scottish Church, Crown Court.* **Baisler.**

After fighting most manfully the battle of our establishment in that eventful meeting, in Freemason's Hall, two years ago, which paralyzed in its effects the hostile arms of its opponents, Mr. Cumming now assumes the position of a loyal son of the Kirk, prepared to shew cause on her behalf why she should claim to rank not one whit behind the chiefest of our Protestant churches. It well becomes him thus, with the temperate dignity befitting his office and his cause, to gainsay the absurdities of certain modern divines, who rejoice in an imaginary privilege of exclusiveness, under the sheltering wing of papal Rome, and denounce as worthless the orders of the Scottish church. To these gentlemen it will probably be a matter of no small amazement to find Mr. Cumming holding their favourite doctrine of apostolic succession no less tenaciously than the stiffest high-churchman among them, not even objecting to its transmission through the defiled channel of popery, while he claims on behalf of the Kirk an equal privilege on that score. We recommend the pamphlet, for such it is, to the serious consideration of all parties: there is not an expression in it savouring of strife or bitterness; but like the little twig cast by the prophet into the waters of Marah, we consider it excellently qualified to heal and to sweeten.

THE PROTESTANT.

'Is there any precedent in English history, uncle, for the position in which we are now placed?'

'No, nor in the history of any other country, I imagine. Statesmen have condescended to hold office on very discreditable tenures, and have availed themselves of female influence to sway the judgment of kings, through the medium of unhallowed passions; but it is a new thing in political tactics so to work on the feelings of a young female sovereign, as to place her in direct opposition to both parliament and people, by insisting on retaining in the capacity of cabinet ministers a set of men who had openly declared their incapacity to carry on the government, merely because, in the event of a change, two or three of their nearest female connexions must lose office also, and cease to form a portion of the royal household.'

'But could they not still have enjoyed all the privileges of private friends and chosen companions?'

'Of course they could and would have done so; and in this consists the monstrosity of the conduct that dared so to impose on the inexperience, so to influence the impetuous feelings of a girl, as to persuade her that to the romance of private liking and the uncontrolled indulgence of the will—always a great snare to your sex—every thing must bend; even an empire, and such an empire too as Great

Britain, must be broken. All, all must go to wreck, rather than woman should be thwarted of her imperious will!'

I make many allowances for my uncle on these occasions, suspecting him to be a 'Cœlebs non volens,' through the imperiousness of the will of some fair damsel, about the close of the last century. Therefore I declined putting in any plea in vindication. My uncle finding me thus submissively silent, uncurled his lip and resumed.

'The heaviest blow struck against these Whig ministers is undoubtedly in Lord Roden's committee of inquiry now pending. Bad as their policy has everywhere been, its worst features are exhibited in their Irish misgovernment; and so deep is their dread of the continued exposure, that they would dissolve parliament to-morrow if they dared, in order to stifle it. Happily they dare not do so: the manliness of England would be roused to record many a substantial vote against what is familiarly and not inaptly termed 'The Chambermaid Administration.' In this portentous investigation of their Irish policy they have vauntingly embarked their political all—their cabinet existence. Now the individuals most immediately concerned, personally implicated, and indeed at this moment on their trial at the bar of the upper house, are the Marquis of Normanby and Lord Morpeth: the late viceroy of Ireland, and the chief secretary, who still retains that office. The wife of the former, the sister of the latter nobleman, hold situations in the Queen's household, to which they were, *ex officio*, nominated by the colleagues of their husband and brother. Regard human nature in its best possible light, exalt honour and disinterested patriot-

ism to the highest pitch, in the case of these two ladies, is it not expecting too much from them to anticipate that they should refrain from using the unbounded influence, the incessant opportunities, the peculiar privileges enjoyed by them as regular attendants on her Majesty, to the detriment of those men whose accession to office and continuance in it must necessarily be at the expence of turning out and keeping out the beloved connexions aforesaid?'

'They could not, uncle, even consent to hold their situations, unless for the purpose of serving the interests of those connexions. At least I cannot realize the supposition of such extraordinary selfishness as would, for mere personal gratification, induce me to hold place and enjoy advantages, where those most dear to me had been thrust out from both.'

'Well, and would you accept a most onerous appointment as the immediate responsible adviser of the crown, where the nearest possible connexions of those whom you must supplant enjoyed perpetual access and unlimited confidence?'

'Of course not.'

'Then was it not a most cunning manœuvre to resign openly, to fling off the responsibility of conducting public affairs, acknowledging the impracticability of carrying them on under existing circumstances, yet have such a loop-hole in reserve at which to creep in again, by means of that crafty private instigation at which our young sovereign acted, while obeying as she thought only the impulse of her own warm feelings, by throwing herself on the chivalrous protection of these gallant Whigs, to save her from the hard-hearted dictation of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington?'

'Yes; for now when some great catastrophe occurs through their ruinous mismanagement, we shall be told it is all owing to the causes that induced their late resignation; and to the aggressions of the Tories who forced them to resume office, by compelling them to rally round an oppressed maiden Queen. I agree with you, uncle: the whole thing is unparalleled in the annals of political trickery.'

'They calculated justly on the consistent character of the man who must succeed them—consistent at least in the exercise of worldly wisdom. As to any existing necessity, or any inflexible resolve on the part of the Sovereign, Lord Melbourne, alas! with the aid of closer associates, has prevailed to burst asunder far stronger bonds, far more endearing, far, far more sacred, than could bind the royal mistress to any ladies in waiting. Powerful for evil only, the influence now paramount in our councils utterly fails in accomplishing, because it refuses to attempt, anything that is good. Alas for England! She has fallen under the divine displeasure, and some of its direct menaces are at this moment fulfilled upon her guilty head! We *have* had 'children for princes,' and have flourished under their sway, because directed by wise and just men during their tender age: we *have* had 'women to rule over us,' and have found it a blessing, because our Elizabeth, herself prepared in the school of adversity, and fitted by the severest studies to wield the sceptre of a kingdom, in the history and constitution of which she was deeply read, gave proof of that fitness by selecting the most able, most patriotic, most disinterested counsellors. But when the two are combined—when the hand of tender youth is compelled to as-

sume the reins, and the power virtually ruling both it and the land is that of intriguing females ripe in age, and well versed in all that the selfishness of human nature regards as conducive to its own aggrandizement, at the expense of all that lies without the bounds of its narrow sphere—then is the threat fulfilled; then may the nation tremble.'

'Let us dismiss the subject, uncle: it is too painful. How did you enjoy your recent trip to Liverpool?'

Immediately my dear uncle's countenance lost its sorrowful and indignant expression, brightening up into gladness, such as I love to see shining upon its honest lines.

'Liverpool, my girl, is now a sunshiny place. Such a flood of light streams down upon it from the day-star of divine truth, illumining its candlestick and influencing its every department more or less, that I found a cordial there to cheer my heart, to revive my hope, to demonstrate what the Lord can do, and to rekindle the spirit of prayer, almost quenched under the discouragements that assailed my faith from other quarters.'

'And what do you consider to have been the chief means of bringing about this remarkable change?'

'The chief, I may almost say the sole means used, has been ministerial faithfulness. Alike from the pulpit and the platform the people have been told with authority their duties, not only as professing Christians, but as professedly Christian Englishmen. Spirituality has there been divested of its too often selfish garb; and the mighty principle that our gifted M'Neile so powerfully advocated in Exeter Hall the other day, he has successfully planted, watered, and

rejoiced over in its flourishing growth in his own vineyard—NATIONALISM IN RELIGION. Error has not merely been denounced from his pulpit in general terms, but pointed out, met, branded, and vanquished, wheresoever and under whatsoever form it reared its head. Oh it is beautiful to see the watchman of our Israel so alert at his post, pacing the walls, trying the defences, strengthening the garrison, and all in the spirit of gospel simplicity, zeal and truth?'

'But our dear friend is not alone, uncle?'

'No, God be praised, he has a phalanx of true brothers working in the same spirit: and it is worthy of remark, that poor Ireland, returning us good for evil, has poured a tide of spiritual Protestantism upon the shores of the Mersey, with as free a hand as we extended, in the twelfth century, to inundate her coasts with our Popery. I visited the picturesque ruin of the old priory of Birkenhead, on the opposite side of that beautiful water, and there I found the ancient shrines of idolatry transformed into altars of pure spiritual worship: the broken cells, where superstition once lodged her cowled slaves, made to re-echo the clear tones of gospel tidings; and the very niches of the dark confessional of other days filled with the smiling faces of a little flock, whom the pastor is training in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It was lovely to see the gay flowers shining within the ruin, and waving upon its broken ridges: the broad light of day streaming into the roofless space, and every natural object furnishing a type of the spiritual change. All was so perfectly in keeping: even the pastor who presides over the scene, whose peaceful, domestic

abode raises its head among the ruins, and whose children sport amid the scene where cheerless celibacy wrenched its miserable votaries from all the hallowed endearments of life—even he drew his first breath on the banks of the Foyle, and imbibed the spirit of unyielding Protestantism on the rampart walls of Derry.'

'It is strange, uncle, but it is true, that I have heard pious people denounce, as unsuitable to their office, the peculiar style of preaching that has been so blessed to the towns of Liverpool and Belfast. They say Mr. McNeile and Dr. Cooke are better fitted for the senate than the pulpit.'

'They speak unadvisedly, then; and their assumption is erroneous. Observe the manner in which this nationalism works, when brought to bear upon a congregation. Every individual possesses, however limited, some sphere of influence: and in a busy town, commercial or manufacturing, that sphere is proportionably widened. A man hears a sermon which brings before him forcibly the duties owing, not only owing by him to his God and to his neighbour generally, but also by him to his country, and by the country to his God. He becomes impressed with his responsibilities as a member of the community where providence has placed him: he acts upon it, in his various relationships as a father, a master, an employer. Those who have been rightly taught in the principles of loyalty find encouragement in his countenance; they become more settled, more active in promoting among themselves those principles. Such as have as yet perhaps given no thought to the subject, become rightly impressed, and join the ranks of conservatism; while not a few already misled by

the unanswered plausibilities of evil men and seducers, hear their errors confuted, and abandon the worse for the better way. Every member of such congregation becomes a soldier, enlisted in the cause of good order, qualified to enlist others; and aiding to form a barrier against the incursions of the enemy.'

'But, uncle, admitting all this, how does it bear upon those spiritual things which it is the peculiar province of the clergy to devote themselves to?'

'Thus: we live in times when infidelity, having entrenched itself in high places, is wielding political power to spend its envenomed taint over the land. Whence originate the grants that uphold in being and in activity such spiritual pest-houses as Maynooth; and salary a host of Popish idolators in the colonies? Whence emanates the threat of extending to England the curse of an anti-scriptural national education, so wickedly inflicted on Ireland? Where is found the opposition to such enactments as would shield the Sabbath of the Lord from desecration, and our poor people from the sin of perpetually dishonouring it? You must answer that a junta of God-forgetting men in parliament, calculating on the support of a majority like-minded with themselves, are thus undermining the Christianity of the land, and menacing us with a total abandonment of national religion. Now, the working of such a system of public teaching as Liverpool can shew, is so to influence the mass as to induce their choice of representatives in the senate. They send to it men who know their duty, and will perform it by resisting this flood of desolation: men who will not consent to deliver up their country to antichrist, either papal or infidel, and whose support is not to be gained by

such lures as any unprincipled administration can hold out. We are commanded by the apostle to pray for kings and those in authority, that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives under their rule: the prayer is dictated of God; and he has also appointed the means whereby its answer shall reach us. Under the British constitution immense power is vested in the people, who may use it for good or for evil—for the furtherance of public peace or the promotion of public anarchy. The people choose their representatives, the representatives, according to their majorities, control the ministry; and we need not now to be told how effectually an administration can wield the sceptre of the monarchy. Tell me of the inconsistency of what they call political preaching, indeed! The minister who impresses his congregation with the magnitude of their duties as holders of an elective franchise is but working the appointed means towards the fulfilment of a petition that God has expressly commanded him to put up.'

'And if this had been generally done eleven or twelve years ago, uncle, even on a matter altogether connected with religion, as regarded the re-admission of Popery into our councils, we should not now be compelled to man our national fortress against an increasing host of assailing enemies.'

'No: it is to the criminal neglect of the appointed watchmen who failed to warn their people of the coming sword, that we may attribute every disaster, every cloud now darkening our prospect. Knowing, of a surety, that the gates of hell should never prevail against the church of Christ, they folded their arms in tranquil contemplation of the country's ruin, as though no command had ever been given to seek

the public peace, and to labour for the public good. True, no believing soul shall be lost; but are these people prepared to look on with complacent eye while their dwellings are dismantled, their children famishing, and the blood of their neighbours flowing in torrents? To such a crisis we are now hastening; and happy will it be for those watchmen who, starting from their lethargy, convinced of their error, seeing that the sword which is coming on the LAND is to be pointed out, as well as adversities that threaten the church, shall now apply the trumpet to their lips, and blow the blast of warning.'